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MEMOIRS OF ROYAL LADIES.

VOL. II.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

MEMOIRS

OF

ROYAL LADIES.

BY

EMILY SARAH HOLT.

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

LONGFELLOW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHARLOTTE MARGUERITE DE MONTMORENCY, PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.
From a contemporary print. . . . . *Frontispiece*

ERRATUM IN VOL. I.

Page 309, note 2, line 2, *for* "mother," *read* "brother."

ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page 57, note 1, line 7, *for* "the letter preceding," *read* "the preceding letter."

Page 166, note 1. Since writing this note, I have discovered that the Countess d'Auvergne is identical with Madeleine Charlotte, Countess d'Angoulême, whose husband, before he was created Count d'Angoulême, bore the title of Count d'Auvergne.

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

CHAPTER II.

Marguerite returns to Flanders. — Receives Proposals of Marriage from Henry VII. of England. — His Person and Character. — Signature of the Nuptial Contract. — The Queen of Naples. — Charles V. betrothed to Mary of England. — Death of Philip the Fair. — Marguerite's Epitaph on him. — Her Poetry. — Letter of Condolence from Cardinal d'Amboise. — Marguerite writes to Louis XII. — Henry VII. proposes for her Sister-in-Law. — Marguerite appointed Governess of the Netherlands. — Takes up her Abode at Malines. — Commercial Treaty. — Sends a Jewel to Mary Tudor. — Letter from Maximilian to Marguerite. — Letter from Marguerite to Don Jayme d'Albion. — Non-payment of her Dower. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — Henry VII. to Sir John Wiltshire.

MARGUERITE, once divorced, and twice widowed, and only in her twenty-fifth year, returned once more to the Court of Maximilian. She had remained there scarcely eighteen months, when a fourth aspirant made proposals for her hand. This was Henry VII. King of England. The character of Henry is variously stated by historians, and is generally described as good or bad, according as the writer happened to like or dislike his political conduct.

The opinion which has been most generally adopted, represents him as a stern, cold, suspicious, selfish, avaricious man. It is now pretty certain that the assertion of his ill-treatment of his Queen, the amiable Elizabeth of York, is entirely unfounded; and modern historians in general seem to agree in thinking that, though this King was by no means the gallant Richmond painted in *couleur de rose* by Shakspere, yet neither was he the unfeeling and unnatural being whom other authorities have sketched. It is singular, that there are not only two *characters*, but two *portraits*, of Henry. His enemies represent him as of short stature, weak and sickly in constitution — some add, slightly deformed — with a haggard, care-worn face, high cheek-bones, pale complexion, and sullen, gloomy look. His friends draw a very different picture. I cannot do better than refer to Holinshed for the likeness of Henry of Richmond, as given by those who loved him. "A man of bodie but leane and spare, albeit mightie and strong therewith; of personage and stature somewhat taller than the meane sort of men; of a wonderful beautie and faire complexion; his countenance merie and smiling, especially in his communication. His eies graie, his teeth single, and haire thin." Both friends and foes add that his hair was long and flow-

ing, and of a bright yellow; and most authorities ascribe to him a florid complexion.

The first mention of a matrimonial alliance between Henry and Marguerite appears to have been made when Philip, the brother of the latter, visited England on his way to Spain, in the winter of 1505–6. At this time Henry opened the subject to his guest, who entered into his views with alacrity; and the alliance was proposed to Maximilian and Marguerite. The Emperor acceded at once to the proposal, and strongly urged his daughter to consent also: but Marguerite declined to enter the married state again, alleging to her father and brother that "three times before they had affianced her, wherein she found herself unfortunate."[1] There was only one reason why the Duchess would have been willing to marry the English King: and at the root of that inclination lay her early hostility to France. The Queen of England could do more injury to that country than the Duchess Dowager of Savoy. In all other respects, the match was undesirable; the King was Marguerite's senior by four-and-twenty years, and had won the battle of Bosworth while she was learning to set neat stitches in her embroidery at Amboise: he was, moreover, in

[1] Lettres de Louis XII.

declining health, sinking rapidly under the disease which, three years later, conducted him to the grave. Marguerite's disinclination to the match was overruled in some way: for the marriage contract was signed on the 20th of March, 1506.[1] King Henry VII. liked to have several strings to his bow: and, while paying his addresses to the Duchess, he was offering the same delicate attentions to one or two other ladies. He sent ambassadors to look at the young Queen of Naples[2], and bring back a report of her, according to a list of queries with which he furnished them. Some of these queries are extremely amusing, and show that Henry was very particular as to the personal charms of his future Queen. The commissioners were charged to ascertain not only the colour of Her Majesty's hair, the exact shape of her eyebrows, "the fashion of her nose," the beauty of her hands and teeth, etc., but also to notice if she used perfumes, if there were any appearance of hair growing about her lips, if she ate much or little, *what* she ate and drank, her taste in dress, and many other particulars equally singular and minute.[3]

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

[2] Giovanna, daughter of Alfonso King of Naples and Juana of Aragon: married 1496 her nephew Ferdinand II.; died Aug. 27, 1518.

[3] Appendix to Bacon's Henry VII.

Almost simultaneously with the commencement of Henry's suit to Marguerite, began the protracted negociation for the marriage of Charles, the eldest son of Marguerite's brother Philip, and the Princess Mary Tudor [1], youngest daughter of Henry VII. The person who conducted the negociation on behalf of Charles was his aunt, the Archduchess Marguerite. The affair was still in its infancy, when, on the 25th of September, 1506, Philip the Fair died at Burgos. The grief of Marguerite for the loss of her brother was most intense. A Latin epitaph on him, from her pen, is yet extant.

"Ecce iterum novus dolor accidit
Nec satis erat infortunatissimæ Cæsaris filiæ
Conjugem amisisse dilectissimum
Nisi etiam fratrem unicum
Mors acerba surriperet
Doleo super te frater mi Philippe
REX OPTIME
Nec est qui me consoletur
O vos omnes qui transitis per viam
Attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus." [2]

Marguerite was a poetess; and the desolate feeling which followed the death of Philip occasioned

[1] Born in March, 1496. She was four years older than Charles.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

"Behold, an unwonted sorrow again hath befallen us,
And the daughter of Cæsar hath lost not only her well beloved spouse,

several pieces from her pen. One will suffice as a specimen.

"Me fauldra-t-il toujours ainsi languir,
Me fauldra-t-il enfin ainsi morir?
Nul n'ara-il de mon mal congnoissance?
—Trop a duré; car c'est dès mon enfance."[1]

The following letters passed between the King of France and the Archduchess on this occasion. This was the first renewal of friendship, such as it was, between the Princess who had once been Queen of France, and her old friend, the Duke of Orleans.

CARDINAL D'AMBOISE TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"MADAME, I humbly commend myself to your favour.

"Madame, I have received the letters which you have been pleased to write to me, and your messages, from

---

But also her incomparable brother,
Taken away by an untimely death.
I grieve for thee, my brother Philip,
Most excellent King,
And there is none to comfort me.
'O all ye who pass by,
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!'"

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

"Must I thus ever languish on,
Must I at last thus die, alone?
Shall none my tears and anguish know?
From childhood I have sorrowed so —
Too long it lasts, this weary woe!"

Monsieur Daloyn [1], the bearer of this; thanking you very much, Madame, that you do me the honour to send me news of your welfare. And whereas it has pleased God to take from you the King your brother, I assure you, Madame, that the King my master is much grieved thereat; nevertheless both you and he must submit yourselves to the will of our Lord. And as to what concerns yourself, and my Lords your nephews, I assure you, Madame, that my said Lord [2] will treat them as his own children (as the said Aloyn will more fully declare to you), and on my part I promise you to do the same — praying God, Madame, to give you a long and happy life.

"Written at Bourges the 13th of October. . . .

"G. CARDINAL D'AMBOISE.

"*A Madame Madame la Duchesse de Savoye.*" [3]

Marguerite answered this letter of condolence directly to the King himself.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO LOUIS XII. KING OF FRANCE.

"SIRE, most humbly I commend myself to your favour.

"Sire, I have received from your President Villeneufve your kind and gracious letters, and the message which he gave me from you, for which I cannot sufficiently thank you: namely, the good-will which you show towards my Lords my nephews and me; praying you, Sire, to continue

[1] Probably *Hallewin*.

[2] *i. e.* the King of France.

[3] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 93.

in the same, and always to hold my said Lords my nephews, their countries and affairs, and myself, in especial favour; and this I flatter myself you will willingly do, from the tenor of your said letters; and if there be anything in which I can do you service, I will do it to the utmost of my power, our Lord aiding me, to whom I pray, Sire, to give you a very happy and long life.

"Written at Bourg, this twenty-fifth of October.

"*A Monsr. Monsr. le Roy de France.*"[1]

Scarcely had Philip been consigned to his grave in peace, when Henry VII., still keeping up the negociation with Marguerite, set on foot another to secure the hand of Philip's widow, Juana Queen of Castilla, with whom he appears to have been much struck during her visit to England in the previous spring.[2]

Maximilian had no disposition to reside among the Flemings, who on the demise of Philip were left without ruler; he accordingly committed the government of the Netherlands into the hands of Marguerite, on the 28th of May, 1507.[3] These provinces were, in fact, her share of her mother's property. The following was the warrant by which the Archduchess exercised her powers.

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 95.

[2] See the memoir of Juana Queen of Spain, vol. i. p. 302.

[3] Chronicle of Calais, Appendix.—*Notice sur Marguerite.*

"MAXIMILIAN, *etc.*, to all those who shall see or hear these present letters, greeting.

"As, in accordance with the very humble request and prayer to us made by the deputies of the States, etc., we have accepted the pupillage, maintenance, and government, of our very dear and beloved children[1], Charles, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Spain, etc., and of his brother and sisters, inasmuch as to each in his place can and may henceforth appertain, and to do and accomplish the oaths to this maintenance, pupillage, and government appertaining and accustomed in this case, and according to the custom of our said lands and lordships of the same, having convened the States of the said country in our town of Louvain, where we had hope to be ourself personally, as well as for the very great and necessary affairs which have happened, which we have caused to be declared and expounded to those of the said Estates and others, —it has not been possible for us to be there in person on the said day, as we desired: wherefore, not to leave the said countries and our subjects thereof despoiled and comfortless, we have to the said States sent the high and puissant Prince our very dear and beloved cousin, William, Duke of Jülich and Montz[2], and Messire Sigismond Plouch[3], Doctor and Dean of Envers[4], our counsellor, with power and procuration to swear in our person, and on

[1] Louis XII. wrote to the States requesting them not to recognise the authority of Maximilian as tutor and guardian of the children of his son, because he, the King of France, was a much more proper guardian for them than their own grandfather!

[2] I cannot identify this Prince, unless it be Wilhelm, last Duke of Berg, whose daughter and heiress married Johann IV. Duke of Cleve.

[3] Sigismond Phloug, Prevost of Messina.

[4] Antwerp.

our soul and conscience, as other guardians and tutors are accustomed to swear. And in like manner we have sent and commissioned the high and mighty Princess, our very dear and beloved daughter, Marguerite of Austria and Burgundy, Duchess of Savoy, with all powers and special commandment, as well to receive for and in the name of our said Estates, and of all our said countries, and lordships therein, in general and private, and in such places or place as well and needful shall be, the oaths of our subjects of the said countries, as unto us, as tutor, guardian, and governor of our said children, the lands and lordships thereunto belonging are accustomed to and ought to do; as also, to have, after the said oaths received in our name, during our absence, the rule, government, and administration of our children and lands therein. And, having been informed that our said States assembled at Louvain, with one accord, considering our excuses and hindrances to be reasonable, have consented to receive our said oath by our said proxies; and in like manner, every one of them, in his place, to take their oaths, for and in the name of us, in the accustomed places, according to the form of their franchise and liberties, in the hands of our said very dear and beloved daughter, as the representative of our person, praying her to appear personally in the said accustomed places, to receive in the name of us the said oaths of our subjects, and to cause the oaths to be administered by our said deputies and proxies, in the said places, as it is fitting: which we have allowed to be done, willing our said daughter, for and in our absence and in our name, to rule, govern, and administer [*sic*] our children, together with the said countries, lands, and lordships, as she who, after ourself, is the nearest to them, and to whom of right it appertains best. Know, therefore, that we, all these things considered, and trusting fully and entirely in this our said

daughter touching her prudence and experience, and desiring all the things of the said countries, in our absence, and in the name of us, to be by her conducted, we her commission, ordain, and anew establish, our lieutenant general and governess and administratrix of the persons, bodies, goods, lands, lordships, and countries of our said children, as much as each of them toucheth, with full and entire power and authority to make, conclude, provide, and accomplish, in all things occurring in the said countries in our said absence, for and in our name, in such manner as we ourself should do if we were there in person, as well in deeds of justice, grace, and finance, offices, benefices, confirmations and franchises, as in all other things whatsoever. We place her altogether, during our said absence, in our place, giving her all the power which ourself hath, revoking all other lieutenants for us in the said countries, and declaring that she only shall our said power exercise. And we promise, in good faith, to have and hold firm, stable, and convenient always, all that by our said daughter, in the name of us, in things abovementioned, shall be done; and to confirm, ratify, and approve the same, all and as many times as shall be required of us, never either doing or suffering anything to be done to the contrary.

"Witness, etc."[1]

The Archduchess now proceeded to take formal possession of her dominions. In April, 1507, she arrived at Louvain, and on the 7th of July following, made her state entry into Malines, accompanied by

[1] This document, as will be seen hereafter, was not received by Marguerite till some time after its execution.

her nephew Charles, and her nieces, Leonor, Isabel, Marie, and Catalina. Marguerite was attended by Guillaume de Croy, Lord of Arschott, Adrian Floriszoon (afterwards Pope Adrian VI.), Louis Vacca, and Ludovicus Vives, whom Maximilian had appointed the preceptors of his grandson.

The first act of the Archduchess in her vice-regal capacity, was to abrogate a very disadvantageous commercial treaty which her brother had concluded with Henry VII. during his visit to England in the spring of the preceding year. She obtained several important modifications of this treaty from Henry, and re-established matters as they had previously been in the reign of her great-grandfather, Philippe the Good. In the autumn of this year, the Archduchess despatched plenipotentiaries to Calais to treat with the English commissioners respecting the projected marriage of her nephew with the Princess Mary. She offered her solemn oath, as well as that of the Emperor, for the performance of their part of the treaty. Marguerite sent to her niece elect a jewel "wherein was a goodly balas [ruby], garnished with pearls."[1] Henry VII., on his part, lent the Archduchess fifteen hundred English archers, for

[1] Lives of the Princesses of England — Mary Tudor.

the purpose of defending the dominions of her nephew from the attacks of France and its allies.

Meanwhile, besides keeping up the public treaty for the marriage of Charles of Austria with Mary of England, Henry VII. continued to carry on the secret negociation for his own alliance with Marguerite. Maximilian, who was much more anxious to conclude the treaty than was Marguerite herself, wrote to her in the following terms.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"My good Daughter,

"We have received your letters, in which you express a desire that we should visit you, in order to conclude a satisfactory alliance with England; this we must tell you is not possible, on account of important matters which detain us here. We shall endeavour to go as far as Hagenau [1], in Ferrette, to receive the ambassadors of the King of England, as soon as possible, for we leave this place immediately for Constance, to assemble an army. . . . . Nevertheless, we request you on your part, at all times, to do everything in your power to retain the friendship of the said King of England, and to prevent the formation of any alliance between the two Kings [2]; but, above all, this matter entirely depends on your marriage with him; for without that we have no reason to expect that he will grant us any favour. And with reference to this matter, we have moreover considered that if

[1] A town in the north of Alsace. [2] Of England and France.

you would consent to this marriage which we desire to bring about (since the King of England is by no means willing to marry his son to you), to the end that you should not become his prisoner (a thing which, knowing his strong self-will, you greatly fear, both on your own account and because you might thereafter be unable to render us or our House of Burgundy any services, other than such as should be particularly named in your marriage contract, unless indeed [the King] should agree to your holding the government with us of Brabant and the other regions thereabouts), and that he, above all things, may be satisfied as to the conditions of marriage to be contracted between you, [we consider] that the marriage treaty ought to contain a special clause providing in express terms that you are to be at liberty to assist us in our government for a quarter or for four months every year, or even longer in case of our absence, as circumstances may require: and this being done, you may rest satisfied as to this matter. We request you to send us at once, with all convenient speed, your opinion herein, by the bearer, and we entreat you to consent to this marriage upon the foregoing terms: since it would seem that by marriage upon these terms, you would escape the constraint which you so much fear, as the result of your marriage with the said King of England, in consequence of his rough and blunt character, and it would set me at rest. For thus, the terms being arranged as above, you would govern both England and the House of Burgundy, and you could not be, to use your own words, shut out from the world as a person lost and forgotten.

"Written by the hand (the xvi day of September, 1507) of your good father,

"MAXI."[1]

[1] Corresp. de Max. I.—This is the best translation which I can offer

It is evident from this letter, that the original proposition had been to marry Marguerite to the son of Henry VII., the redoubtable Henry VIII. of wife-killing memory; that Henry VII., who had at first favoured this, would not now consent to it; that Marguerite was indisposed to marry in that quarter at all, and had named to her father her fears of being treated like a prisoner; and that Maximilian, poor innocent man! actually supposed that Henry VII., that astute and crafty Prince, would either allow his wife to reside for a quarter of the year in Flanders, or to govern either England or Burgundy so long as he was capable of doing it himself!

There is a portrait of Marguerite at Hampton Court[1], probably painted for Henry VII. about this time, though the face looks rather older than the age of the original at this period would seem to warrant. The Archduchess wears a black dress, and the odd widow's head-dress of her time, of transparent white muslin. The face is a long oval, of very pale complexion; her eyes are small, and dark brown; her nose is straight, and her lips thick. The fingers are long and tapering.

Marguerite was at this time sojourning at Ma-

of a most involved and perplexing original. In most of Maximilian's letters his meaning has to be guessed at rather than perceived.

[1] Engraved as the frontispiece to the first volume of this work.

lines, her favourite residence; for on the 20th of September, the Emperor writes again to her, requesting her to remove to Antwerp with her nephew and nieces, as she had informed him in her previous letter that the plague had broken out at Malines. In the commencement of 1508, the Archduchess is found endeavouring to negociate a peace between Louis XII. and Maximilian, and expressing great regret when she found it impossible, as will be seen from the following letter.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO DON JAYME D'ALBION, AMBASSADOR OF ARAGON IN FRANCE.

"VERY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND,

"We have received your letters written at Blois in January last, in which you inform us of your welfare, for which we thank you, and beg you to continue so to do: and in reply to your said letters, wherein you inform us of the reason why peace has not been fully concluded between the King[1] my Lord and father and the King of France,— it seems to us that my said Lord and father demanded nothing, to attain the same, but what was perfectly reasonable and absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the said peace; and that if the said King of France had really desired to obtain it, he would have made no difficulty in according the demands of my said Lord and father: and we are greatly annoyed that this meeting has been entirely fruitless, for there is nothing which we so greatly desire as peace between the two Kings, and to attain this we have done our utmost towards my said Lord and father; know-

[1] Maximilian, who is here spoken of by his second title as King of the Romans.

ing that by this means the countries and subjects of my Lord the Prince, our nephew, will be in greater tranquillity than otherwise; and we will continue to do our utmost towards my said Lord and father, in order to find some satisfactory means of securing it. Nevertheless, if it should so happen that the King of France is determined to make war upon the countries of my said Lord and nephew, it would be a most unreasonable thing, seeing that he does not meddle in the least with the differences between my said Lord and father and the said King of France, and is a young orphan Prince, his kinsman and ally, who never injured any man; and if it should occur that he desired to go to war with him, which we cannot believe, since he has no just pretence for so doing, we are determined in that case to oppose him and cause him to be opposed by all the means in our power, having hope in our Lord that he would not permit so violent an outrage to go unpunished; and that the Kings of Aragon and England, his fathers-in-law [1], would not permit him to be used wrongfully and without cause. We have no doubt that our said Lord and father will exert himself and employ all his friends and allies in this cause; and we think it right that you should at once report this to the King your master, if you have not already done so, to know his will and intentions on this subject. So, very dear and most beloved, our Lord be your guard.

"Written at Malines this third of February, 1507.[2]

"MARGUERITE.

"(Countersigned) *Marnix.*

"*To Our very dear and good friend Master Jayme d'Albion, Ambassador for the King of Aragon in the Court of France.*" [3]

---

[1] The King of Aragon was Charles's grandfather.

[2] French style,—ending the year at Easter.

[3] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 107.

The Archduchess still found great difficulty in procuring the annual payment of her dower from the Duke of Savoy; and she seems at this time to have entertained some doubts concerning the proper discharge of her jointure as Dowager Princess of the Asturias. Maximilian writes again to her on these subjects, and also states that he has written to excuse himself to Henry VII. for the delay in the ratification of the treaty,—but whether the treaty in question be that concerning Marguerite or Charles, he does not state.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"VERY DEAR AND MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,

"On account of the important affairs which have engaged us for a month past, we have recently given but scanty replies to your letters, and the messages which you have sent us by your President of Bresse, nor indeed have we thoroughly understood the state of your affairs.

"Concerning the letters of the King of Aragon and of Claude de Cilly, we have heard the contents of the same; and since things are not exactly as we could wish, we think that you had better write graciously to the said King of Aragon, and keep him as good-humoured as you can; so that you may be more secure of receiving your dower; and if you think fit to retain the said Claude de Cilly at his Court for the benefit of your affair, we leave this to your discretion. . . . . .

As to what you have written to us concerning the Lord of Ravestain and the Bishop of Liege, who, it is said, are coming to you on an embassy, we cannot suppose that they would think of coming without safe-conduct. If, therefore, they should apply to you for a safe-conduct, our desire is that you should refer them to us as the chief tutor and guardian [of our children]; and if, perchance, they should be so bold as to come without the said safe-conduct, there will be nothing wrong in detaining them, as the French treated our ambassadors to them [in the same way].

"Moreover, we have hastened the ratification of the treaty with England, according to the minutes which have been sent to us, and without changing the substance of them in any way: we forward them to you by your said deputies, not having dared to trust them to ordinary messengers; and we are now writing courteous apologies to our brother the King of England, such that we hope he will not be displeased with us, and will take the delay of these papers in good part. . . . . .

"We have also written to our cousin the Duke of Savoy, about your dower from that country, such a letter as you desired, and according to the minute which you last sent us; and we shall send it express by one of our own equerries. We are thoroughly determined to aid and assist you, as it is fitting we should do.

"So, very dear and most beloved daughter, our Lord be your guard.

"Written in our town of Augsburg, the xxv day of March, the year xv^{c} and vii.

"Your good father,

"MAXI.

"(Countersigned) *Renner*." [1]

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. 30.

Maximilian and Marguerite found great difficulty in corresponding with each other. Marguerite, with all her Latin and Greek, did not know a word of German, while Maximilian's knowledge of all other languages except that and Flemish was extremely slight. He corresponded with his daughter in French, and generally by means of a secretary; when the Emperor himself takes the pen in hand, the result is often very comical, both as to matter and orthography. Maximilian's style, though involved and frequently unintelligible, is brusque, and to the point; he writes to say what he wishes, and concludes as soon as he has said it. A humorous passage occurs now and then, particularly in his autograph letters. The epistles of Marguerite are much more courtly. For some time after her assumption of the regal power in the Low Countries, her letters to her father consist almost exclusively of recommendations of her servants, officers, etc., to his favour, or intimations that she purposes to present some person named to the vacant post, and wishes to know if the appointment will be agreeable to him. One of these intercessory letters will serve as a specimen of the rest.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER FATHER) THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

"MY MOST REVERED LORD AND FATHER, I commend myself most humbly to your good favour.

"Sire, Claude de Bouton, equerry to the late King my brother (whom God assoil!) will shortly be with you for certain business which he will tell you. And since, Sire, he has served my said late Lord and brother long and well, and that, since his death, he has further been employed in this war of Gueldres, without sparing either personal exertion or expense, I beg of you, Sire, to hold him in especial favour, by which you will confer honour upon me, and give me pleasure. My most revered Lord and father, I pray our Lord for the same, whom may it please to give you a long and happy life, and to grant you the fulfilment of your most high and noble desires.

"Written at Malines, this day." [1]

If we now turn to the King of England, we shall see what were his feelings concerning the treaty with Marguerite, by a letter written with his own hand, on the 24th of May, 1508, to Sir John Wiltshire, the Comptroller of Calais.

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I. avec sa fille, l'Archiduchesse Marguerite, i. letter 31.

KING HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND TO SIR JOHN WILTSHIRE.

H. R.

By the King.

"Trusty and welbeloved, we grete you wele, and have receyved your lettre by the handes of our servaunt Rysbanke, dated at Arras, the xx day of this present moneth of May, wherin ye furst write, how that ye have not oonly delyvered our lettres directed to our Cousine the Duchesse of Savoye, but also according to the tenour and purport of the same, and of our other lettres to you addressed, have declared suche credence as we willed you to disclose to the said Duchesse. Shewinge that with the consideracions conteigned in our said lettres, whiche were thoughte to hir right good and reasonable, she was right wele contented, and hath sent the same our lettres, with other her writinges of hir owne hand, in poost to the King of Romayns hir fader, abyding aunswer of the same within xv dayes, and therfore at this tyme she writeth not unto us in that behalfe. Nevertheles of other devises and matiers concernyng hir commyng to our towne of Calays there to mete with us, (yf we wold take the payne to comme thyder) and, according to the mynde of hir fader to commune and treate with us, as well upon the aliaunce and mariage betwixt the Prince of Castile and our doughter the Lady Mary, as of *other grete matiers*, she willed you to write unto us. Shewing fynally, that *if the Kyng hir fader contynue and persevere in the same opinion, she is fully determyned soo to doo*, desiring to be ascertayned of our mynde and pleasure in that behalfe with diligence.

"As unto *that matier*, we wol that, after al due and

affectuous recommendacions to the said Duchesse, ye on our behalf, with as good and amyable words as ye can use, yeve unto hir our righte herty thankes for that hir kynde and lovynge mynde, in that she wold take the payne and labour to travaile so farre to see and visite us at our said towne. Wherin we counte ourself moche bownde unto hir, and in semblable maner we for our part, hering the famous and honorable reapports that dailly been spoken and publisshed of her manyfold vertuous and other singlier merits, bee as desirous to see and commune with hir; howbeit the contynuaunce of our disease and siknesse hath been suche almoost this foure monethes (wherof we bee not as yet clierly delyvered), that it shuld bee daungerous for us to labour and passe the see as yet; whiche thing is now the more displeasaunt and grevous to us, bicause the same is the occasion of stoppe and lette that we may not conveniently at this tyme reasort unto our saide towne of Calays to visite the said Lady and to treate with her uppon *such honourable matiers* as been conteigned in your said writing; wherunto we bee right gretely mynded and enclyned. Neverthelesse ye may say that, for thadvancement and furtheraunce of the *said matiers*, it is thought to us and our Counsail right expedient and necessary that some discrete and hable personnages shuld be deputed and auctorised aswell by us as the said Lady to treate, commune, and to reduce *the said matiers* to a fynal and perfit conclusion before our metyng togeders; soo that when we booth shal mete at our said towne, we may devise of and uppon other pleasaunt and comfortable matiers, and alsuche weighty causes to bee in maner concluded before our said metyng, for if we shuld there mete, and noon effectuel conclusion should ensue, uppon such greate causes to be treated betwext us, evyll brutes and reapports to the

reioysing of suche as wold bee gladd to here of the lette and breche therof, mought followe uppon the same. Where as and *the said matiers* bee ripely debated before our said meting, it shalbe verray honourable to booth parties, and righte displeasaunt to suche as desire the contrary. Which tyme depending, we trust in Almighty God, not oonly to bee better releved of our said disease and siknesse, so that we shalbe hable and stronge to take our journey to our said towne for thentent above specified, but also in the meane season we truste also to here of the commyng downe of the said King of Romayns. Soo that al our metynges may be toguyders to our more singlier reioysing and comfortes. Howbeit, the said matiers wele debated and dryven to a nere conclusion, we woulde be right gladde (God sending us helthe) to reasorte to our said towne to visite the said Duchesse, though the King hir fader cam nat downe to those lowe parties. Shewing furthermore, that though ther were noon other matiers to bee treated betwixt us and her, wee coude bee righte wele contented to reasort to our said towne oonly to see her, for the honourable reapports that wee daily here of hir. The premisses therfor considered, we wol that ye endevour yourself for the knowlege of hir mynde in the deputing of Ambassadours to commune uppon *those matiers*, and to understande in what place the same shal mete, whether within this our realme or at our towne of Calays. Whiche knowen, we shal auctorise ours with sufficient instrucions there to assemble with theym to treate and conclude uppon *the said matiers* as the caas shal require. And for your certificat made unto us of suche newes as bee conteigned in your said writing concerning the principall rulers abowte the said Duchesse, we can you good thanke, willing you in semblable maner to ascertaigne us of suche other newes as shalbe occurraunt there from tyme to tyme.

Whereby ye shall deserve our further thankes. Yeven under our signet at our manor of Grenwiche, the xxiiij day of May.

To our trusty and welbeloved servaunt John Wilteshire, Comptroller of our towne and marches of Calays.[1]

[1] Chronicle of Calais, appendix, p. 52.

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

CHAP. III.

Preparations at Calais for the Meeting of Henry VII. and Marguerite. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Suspension of the Treaty of Marriage between Charles and Mary. — Treaty of Cambray. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Preparations for the Congress. — Louis XII. to Marguerite. — Marguerite to Henry VII. — She arrives at Cambray. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — Dispute about the Castle of Joux. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — Truce with the Duke of Gueldres. — Articles of the Treaty. — Marguerite performs Homage to Louis XII. by Proxy. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Death of Henry VII. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — She repairs to Flanders. — Andrea da Borgo to Marguerite. — Illness of the Empress. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — Death of the Empress Bianca. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — She quarrels with her Father. — Marguerite to Maximilian. — Her private Life. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Disagreement between the King of France and the Emperor. — Ferry Carondelet to Marguerite. — Her Difficulty in obtaining Money. — Andrea da Borgo to Marguerite. — Marguerite to the Queen of France. — War between the Emperor and the King of France. — Henry VIII. assists the Emperor. — Marguerite receives him at Lille.

THE preparations for the marriage of the Archduke Charles with the Princess Mary of England were now renewed. It was proposed that King Henry VII., the Emperor, the Archduchess, the young Prince Charles, and the Princess Mary, should all

meet at Calais, where the Princess should be delivered to the care of the Archduchess. Orders for the lodging of all these illustrious personages, and for the furniture of their apartments, were drawn up by Henry himself. The Emperor was to be lodged "wher the late deputie dwelled;" the Prince in the staple-house; the King in the Castle; and "my Ladie Margaret Archduches" in the treasurer's house. The preparations to be made for Marguerite's convenience are as follows.

"*For my Lady Margarete, Archduches of Austriche.* — Firste, her bedde chambour to be hanged with riche aras. The secounde chambour also. The iij^{de} of fyne tapestry, a longe trussinge bedde of clothe of gold, and iij cussions of the same. Carpettes aboute her bedde of wolle, and upon the cubbourd and windowes of velvet.

"*The seconde chambour.*—In the seconde chambur, a bedde with a sparver and counterpoint of clothe of golde and velvet perpale, courteynes of double sarcenet, with all that belongeth therto. A clothe of astate of clothe of goulde. A longe carpet on the floure. A chaier covered with crymsyn velvett, and cussions of the same for the saied chaiar and windowes, carpettes for the bourde and windows of velvet or of wolle.

"*Item*, a chambour to be hanged and dressed for her chamberlayn."[1]

This meeting, so much talked of and prepared for, never took place.

In a letter from Maximilian shortly after, we find him testifying his complete confidence in Marguerite's discretion, and entering into a little apologetic explanation concerning his frequent and large applications to her for finances.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"My Daughter,

"You have written to us at great length touching the report which Guilhain Pingon, late of our wardrobe, has made to you in our name, and concerning which you still ask further instruction . . . . . We leave all, in this, as in other things, to your opinion and discretion, being always content that you should decide in all things which concern your honour and profit, and those of our children; because we cannot know the affairs and necessities of those countries as well as you who are on the spot. We shall very soon visit you in person, when you can communicate all these things to us with more safety, as well as anything else which you think can wait until you see us.

"My good daughter, you seem surprised that I have so humbly named to you a possible loan of ten thousand florins, which I may require for the war in Gueldres, and

[1] Chronicle of Calais, appendix, p. 60.

my journey thither. You must understand on this subject, that it is necessary that I should put honour and renown upon my governor, especially since my said governor, whom you are, has so much difficulty in obtaining money; so that she may not have the annoyance of being compelled to draw on her military finances.

"Written with the hand of your good father, this iiii day of July, 1508.

"MAXIMILIEN."[1]

Marguerite seems to have been satisfied by the above explanation, for she sent the money, as we find by another letter from Maximilian a few days afterwards. The negociation between Charles and Mary was suspended in the autumn of this year, the Emperor being too severe in his pecuniary demands to satisfy the miserly King of England. Marguerite is found in September staying at Antwerp, but under orders from Maximilian to repair to Malines with her nephew.

The treaty of Cambray was now in agitation. Marguerite must have exhibited very superior abilities, for she, at barely thirty years of age, was considered able to cope with the crafty Cardinal d'Amboise, the wiliest politician in the world, in the conclusion of this treaty. Towards the end of September, Maximilian writes to Marguerite to inform her that he

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 51.

has made all due preparations for the forthcoming congress, and has entrusted everything to the Cardinal de Gurce, whom he is about to send to her, and to whose statements he requests her to give credence.[1] Maximilian desired Marguerite not to set out for Cambray before he had seen her; he appointed twenty archers of his guard to attend her thither. He purposed to visit her at Antwerp, where she still was. Before her departure, she was ordered to send him sixty or seventy thousand florins; and during her stay at Cambray, the Emperor desired her to retire each night to Valenciennes.[2] On the 27th of October, he requests her to hasten her preparations, so as to be at Cambray as soon as possible; to keep one half of the town for the accommodation of her own attendants, leaving the Cardinal d'Amboise the other half; to summon to the conferences Sir Edmund Wingfield (or, as His Majesty spells it, *Winkenfeld*), the English Ambassador, and also other English envoys; and to allow the King of Aragon's envoy[3] to be present, *if* he were so specially commanded by his royal master. Marguerite was to be attended during the conferences, by the Bishop of Gurce[4], Jacques de

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I. [2] Ibid.

[3] Don Jayme d'Albion.

[4] Matthieu Lang, afterwards Cardinal de Gurce, and Archbishop of Salzburg.

Croy, Bishop of Cambray, "Jehan Pieters" and Mercurin de Gattinara[1], Presidents of the Councils of Malines and Burgundy; and the Sieur d'Aymeries, with an hundred horse, as well as the archers previously appointed. The Sieur de Chièvres, with such other councillors as Marguerite should select, were to accompany her to Valenciennes.[2]

Shortly before the commencement of the congress, Louis XII. thought fit to write himself to the Archduchess, to assure her that he was not less inclined towards peace than herself.

LOUIS XII., KING OF FRANCE, TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME MY COUSIN,[3]

"I have received the letters which you have written to me, and am greatly pleased to see and hear by them of the determination and goodwill which you evidently manifest towards the blessing of peace, and towards the perfect settlement of the matters for conference; informing you on my part (as I have always said and written to you), that you will find me of the same mind, and it shall not be my fault if things do not come to a satisfactory issue, such as, I believe, is desired by every one.

[1] Afterwards a Cardinal, and Chancellor of Charles V.

[2] Correspondance de Maximilien I., i. 99, et seq.

[3] The grandmother of Louis was Claude of Burgundy, sister to Marguerite's great-grandfather.

"And as to the departure of my cousin[1], my Lord the Legate, although my affairs require that he should remain with me, and his presence is very necessary for the execution of several important matters at present on hand, and on the point of conclusion, for which reason his said departure cannot take place so early as you wish,—nevertheless, that you may know my desire to do right in this, the said Lord Legate shall take his departure, in a few days, for the marches of Picardy, with such ample powers that he can, in conjunction with you, come to an entire conclusion of the said matters; and in the mean time, my councillors, the Bishop of Paris and the Count de Carpy, shall set out at once for Cambray, to commence the conference on the matters in question, with the deputies whom you shall send, and also give more ample information concerning the departure of the said Legate.

"In conclusion, I have seen the truce which you have sent me, and enclose a copy of it, the only alteration being that I have named in this my cousins[2] the Bishop of Liége and the Lord of Sédan, whom I wish to be comprised in it. And adieu, Madame my cousin—I commend you to God.

"Written at Rouen the 19th of October.[3]"

Marguerite next addressed her royal suitor at London concerning the forthcoming conferences.

[1] This, I believe, is a mere title of courtesy.
[2] These also were courtesy titles.
[3] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 120.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO HENRY VII., KING OF ENGLAND.

"MOST HIGH, MOST EXCELLENT, AND MOST PUISSANT PRINCE, most honoured Lord and cousin, I commend myself in the most humble manner possible to your gracious favour.

"Be pleased to know, that in accordance with your good advice and counsel, I have solicited the Emperor my Lord and father to condescend to accept a truce for six weeks with the King of France and Sir Charles de Gheldres, in the form and manner contained in the copy which I send you; and since, most high, most excellent, and most puissant Prince, most honoured Lord and cousin, because of the said truce a conference will shortly be held at Cambray, as you have already heard, at which my Lord the Legate of France and I shall be present, to endeavour to enter into conference concerning the differences [between us,] and come to some satisfactory arrangement on the subject; I am of opinion that if it be your pleasure to command your Ambassadors in these parts to repair to the said conference, and, as your representatives, to assist in the mediation and in the settlement of the said matters, this being for the benefit and honour of my Lord my nephew, your son,—it would be much more satisfactory: and the said matters could, by this means, be more reasonably conducted, as you can well understand; wherefore, I entreat you, most high, most excellent, and most puissant Prince, most honoured Lord and cousin, to command your said Ambassadors to repair to the said conferences, that they may aid me to mediate in and settle the said matters; for after to-morrow it will be necessary for me to commence my journey to be at the said conference.

"Most high, most excellent, and most puissant Prince,

most honoured Lord and cousin, I supplicate to this end the blessed Son of God, whom I pray to give you a long and happy life.

"Written at Malines, this 23 of October, 1508.

"Your very humble cousin,

"MARGUERITE."[1]

On the 10th of November, the Emperor commanded his daughter to repair to Mons, until he should send further orders. Marguerite reached Cambray towards the close of November. The Cardinal d'Amboise was accompanied by Etienne Poncher, Bishop of Paris, and the Count de Carpy. Several interviews took place between the Archduchess and the Cardinal, some of them being little else than quarrels and disputes. Marguerite kept the Emperor informed of her differences with the French envoy, as the ensuing letters will show.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER FATHER) THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

"My most revered Lord and Father, I most humbly commend myself to your kind favour.

"Sire, please to know that in treating about the matters for which you have sent me here, I cannot come to any conclusion, unless the Castle of Joux be first restored, of which they[2] allege themselves to have been unjustly deprived, and on

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 122.

[2] The Marquis and Marchioness de Rothelin.

this subject they will listen neither to reason nor contradiction, unless I will consent to give them an equivalent recompense, or else to place the matter in the hands of a third party, until the umpires, who shall be elected, shall have decided who is in the right. However, there is no remedy to this; for they will conclude nothing unless the said place be first restored to them; saying, that after the said restitution shall have taken place, if we have a particular desire to have it [1], we can come to some agreement. Sire, you understand this affair better than I, and what depends upon it; therefore I beg you at once to inform me how I ought to act in this matter. And as to the rest of the affairs, I hope, by the aid of God, after this is arranged, to proceed with them according to your wish.

"My most revered Lord and father, I pray our Lord to be your guard.

"Written at Cambray, this last day of November, xv^{c} viii." [2]

The quarrel about the Castle of Joux was a question of right concerning Louis d'Orléans, Marquis de Rothelin (subsequently Duke de Longueville) and his wife, Jeanne Princess of Neufchâtel, who stated themselves to have been unjustly deprived of this portion of their property. The arrangement finally agreed upon concerning this, was that, while awaiting the decision of the proper authorities, the Castle should remain in the hands of the Emperor's officers; and that the Marquis should, in the mean time,

[1] *i. e.* the Castle of Joux. [2] Corresp. de Max. I., i. 107.

provisionally possess the Castle of Noyers, in Burgundy, with its revenues.

The next difficulty which arose in the congress, was, as will be seen from the following letter, a very different matter.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER FATHER) THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

"My most revered Lord and Father, I most humbly commend myself to your favour.

"Sire, after my arrival in this town, when several interviews had passed between my Lord the French Legate and myself, in the presence of my Lord of Gurce, I approached the matters concerning which you were pleased to charge me, as nearly as possible keeping to the tenor of your instructions; and I only wait from day to day for the conclusion of the said matters.

"Nevertheless, yesterday, my said Lord the Legate, after dinner (though he and I had already settled that the King of Navarre should be included in the peace as your ally), told me and declared that the King his master would not allow the King of Navarre to be included in the said peace, and had written letters to him with his own hand to this effect, which he showed me.

"And because, Sire, I thought the said letters, and the language of my said Lord the Legate, very strange, and the whole affair seemed to me a piece of deceit (considering the conclusion at which I had arrived with the said Lord Legate and his co-commissioners, in the said affair of Navarre, and also that on his arrival here, he had told me that he was provided with full powers), for this reason (considering that by your said instructions you understood

the said King of Navarre to be included in the said peace, and that it would not be to your honour to allow him to be left out, seeing the good-will and desire to do you service, which he shows to you and to your House), I said and declared to the said Lord Legate that I was resolutely determined rather to wash my hands of the whole matter than to permit that the said King of Navarre should not be included in the said peace. Beside this, it annoyed me to find things so nearly approaching a conclusion, and stopped by so insignificant an obstacle; and I determined to depart as soon as possible, remembering the loss of time, and knowing that these were nothing but excuses.

"Sire, since my said Lord the Legate prayed and begged me earnestly to delay my said departure (respecting which he is in a state of uncertainty) for two or three days, and until he could have a reply from the said Lord King his master, to whom he ought to have written satisfactory letters [*auquel il doit avoir escript bonnes lettres*] to which he expects a speedy answer: — considering this, and because I cannot depart so quickly, lest the said Lord Legate or others should say that the fault is mine because of my hasty departure, I consented to remain until Thursday next. These things, Sire, I felt desirous most humbly to communicate to you, that you may know well the position in which I am placed, and that, indeed, for your honour and mine, I could not have acted otherwise.

"Sire, if during my said stay anything should happen, you shall be speedily informed of the same, our Lord aiding me, to whom I pray, my most revered Lord and father, to give you the entire accomplishment of your most noble desires.

"Written at Cambray, this . . . day of December xv^{c} viii."[1]

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. 108.

Another difficulty, which was, indeed, one of the principal matters for which the congress had been convened, was the affair of the Duke de Gueldres. To insert all the letters that passed between Marguerite and her correspondents on this subject[1], would assuredly tire out the reader's patience; so I shall merely add, that part of Marguerite's task was the settlement of a truce between the Emperor and the Duke — the termination of a long and tedious war, in which the King of France had taken part with Gueldres. The truce was concluded — and the Duke violated it in less than two months afterwards.

The following is the substance of the articles which were finally agreed upon between the Archduchess and the Cardinal.

"These are the Articles concluded between the very high, very excellent, and very powerful Princess, the Lady Marguerite of Austria, Duchess Dowager of Savoy, etc., and the very Reverend Father in God Monsieur George d'Amboise, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Apostolic See, etc. In the which articles the general treaty of peace made, accorded, and sworn to, between them, is not mentioned.

"I. As by the treaty of peace last made between the King [of France] and the late King of Castilla, it was expressly provided that the appeals transferred from the

[1] They may be found in the *Correspondance de Maximilien I.* and the *Lettres de Louis XII.*

Council of Flanders sitting at Malines should be sent to the Court of Parliament at Paris, and that in consequence of the said treaty, Jean de le Grach should have remitted a certain law-suit pending between himself on the one part, and Master Jehan Pieters, and Andry de la Coste on the other, etc., to the said Parliament of Paris; and whereas the said Emperor hath forbidden Le Grach to execute the said decree, etc., it shall be ordained that the said treaty made with the said Lord King of Castilla shall take effect. — *Granted by my said Lady the Duchess Dowager of Savoy.*

"II. That it would please the King to remit the fine of the defendants in the last-named case. — *Granted by my Lord the Legate.*

"III. That the Archduke, as Count of Flanders, should be held responsible to the Parliament of Paris only, in a case lately brought before them.— *Granted by my Lord the Legate.*

"IV. That the decree pronounced by the Parliament of Paris against the linen-drapers of Neuve-Eglise should be suspended until the first of May.—*Granted by my Lord the Legate.*

"V. That certain citizens of Ghent, exiled for carrying letters [no doubt seditious] to the King of France, may be restored to their privileges, and permitted to enter the town. — *Granted by my Lady of Savoy.*

"VI. That the sentence of banishment and confiscation pronounced on Jehan Gonnet, be rescinded. — *Granted by my Lady of Savoy.*

"VII. That Massin de Lisle and Ancelot Quartier, suspected of practising to place Therouanne in the hands of the King of Castilla, may be pardoned. — *Granted by my Lord the Legate.*

"VIII. That causes concerning benefices in Flanders

may be tried before the courts of that country, and not in Germany. — *Granted by my Lady of Savoy.*

"IX. That the prohibition of the export of grain from Flanders, may be removed in so far as concerns the citizens of Tournay, Tournesis, Mortaigne, and St. Amand. — *Granted by my Lady of Savoy.*

"X. That the prohibition of the export of grain from France shall not affect the subjects of the Archduke traversing that country. — *Granted by my Lord the Legate.*

"The which articles abovementioned shall be made known to the parties in question, to be their warrant for so doing.

"Done at Cambray, the 11 day of December, 1508.

"MARGUERITE.
"G. CARDINAL D'AMBOISE."[1]

The Archduchess despatched Mercurin de Gattinara to France, to render homage in her name and that of the Archduke, for Burgundy and Flanders, and to see to the execution of the treaty of Cambray. He informs her, in a letter dated March 16th, 1509, that he has done her homage between the hands of the King, "and," he continues, "kissed him in your name, and he said again that 'he should have preferred kissing you to me.' After we had taken leave of the King, we went to the Queen[2], to know if she

[1] Translated and abridged from a minute in the *Lettres de Louis XII.*, i. 136.

[2] Anne of Bretagne; after the death of Charles VIII. she married Louis XII.

wished to command us anything more, informing her that we should despatch a post to you; who [the Queen] showed herself very full of good-will and affection, saying all manner of good of you, and praying you to assist in the maintenance of this peace; and told me she would write to you, which she did, and sent me the letter afterwards, which I herewith send you."[1] The letter of Anne of Bretagne to Marguerite — of the supplanter to the supplanted Queen of France—is unfortunately not forthcoming.

We now arrive at the commencement of the first quarrel between Maximilian and Marguerite. It was by no means the last; and in most of them, the daughter appears to have been the aggressor. Her father responds to her accusations in the following letter.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"My good Daughter,

"I have received your two letters, one after the other, and it seems to me desirable that I should give you a reply with my own hand, so that you may feel sure that you have certain information, without the medium of an interpreter, concerning what so intimately concerns ourself and you also.

"My daughter, you have, in one of your letters to me,

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., i. 159.

and also in these, complained that it seems to you that I wish to deprive you of your privilege of giving all offices, benefices, and collations thereto, without reference to us. Upon this you must please to understand that, in sending to you Master Sigismund Pluq [1], Dean, the President of Burgundy in Bresse, and Master André de Bourgo, we gave them charge to declare to you, in our name and from us,—first, that they should excuse us to you, because when we sent you to Hagenew in Faerret, we ought to have given you letters and full powers, on your departure to take possession of our lands and lordships of the House of Lower Burgundy, and the government, as was concluded between us; however, these, by the fault of our secretary and yours, were not hastened as they ought to have been. . . . .

"But, in despatching the said President and others of our council, we recognise the aforesaid fault, and send you the said letters and powers in due form, to recompense you for the long delay which we have caused; but we have privately told our ambassadors to declare to you in our name that we shall make a record of the benefices, with your seal and by your advice, which you can endorse with our new [seal] (yet in our possession), which seal we will shortly send you, as is stated below.

"In the same way, concerning the offices, our pleasure is, when an office shall fall vacant, that it shall be filled up by you, using our new seal, denoting our consent as tutor; for it seems to me, seeing that I am tutor and grandfather of our children, that I ought to retain some power along with you, to govern you, and for your reputation as well as mine in the end.

"If you had written us only three lines, instead of ten, or two letters or articles in your letters (which were so full

[1] Phloug.

of mysteries that it was impossible to understand them, nor to get at the principal matter [1]) and had these lines been written by you in this manner or form : —' Father, send me at once my powers and commission to administer in your name the oaths, and to undertake the government of Lower Burgundy, for Master Jean Renner, your secretary, has not sent me my said commission, according to the charge which you gave him in the presence of my President of Bresse : '— certainly you should have had the said commission the day after you had written me such lines in your letter concerning the said Renner my secretary.

" We will shortly send you our said new seal, as you will have understood by our other letters.

" If I have given you any annoyance in my adversity of the recent war, I will recompense you for it afterwards. Truly I have been so constantly troubled and confused with bad news, that I knew not where I was— as knoweth our Lord,— May He give you what you most desire, and prosper you.

" Written by the hand of your good father,

" MAXIMILIANUS." [2]

The death of Henry VII., which took place on the 22nd of April in this year, relieved Marguerite from this pertinacious and unwelcome suitor. Maximilian, who does not appear to have received the news of his demise, thus writes to her on the first of May.

[1] I think Marguerite might have returned the compliment.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 103. The Emperor's orthography in this letter is very odd, several French words being encumbered with Latin terminations — *i. e.* "*quant nous vus despeschamus à Hagenew en Faerret, nous cuidamus vous avoer donné lestres,*" &c.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"VERY DEAR AND MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,

"We have received the letters written by your own hand, concerning our brother the King of England; immediately on receiving which, we despatched letters to his son, the contents of which you will perceive by the replies, which we enclose. If you should find that the said King has departed this life, we desire you instantly to despatch by those persons named and accredited in our said letters, such instructions as you think best, and send them at once to his said son. If not, you will take no notice of it, and destroy our said letters.

"So, very dear and most beloved daughter, our Lord be your guard.

"Given at Stockart, the first day of May, the year one thousand five hundred and nine. Your good father,

"MAXI.

"(Countersigned) *Renner*." [1]

The next letter from Marguerite to Maximilian is on matters of a more domestic nature. She shall speak for herself.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER FATHER) THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

"MY MOST REVERED LORD AND FATHER, I most humbly commend myself to your favour.

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 112.

"Sire, at the time when my Lord my nephew and I had determined to go to Malines, there to pass the Feast of All Saints and the rest of the winter, the Lady Isabeau my niece took the small-pox, and after her the Lady Marye. Moreover, Sire, this very day news has reached me that the Lady Leonor complains of her head; and the doctors fear that she also may take the said disease. For which cause, Sire, and since the doctors tell me that the said malady is infectious, and that my Lord my nephew might take it, they are of opinion that I ought not to stir hence, nor to take my said Lord and nephew to Malines, to avoid the danger of the said disease, which is very dangerous, even in winter, on account of the cold. Wherefore, Sire, having heard the opinion of the said doctors upon this matter, — seeing also, that he is at present very well—I have, according to the advice of the said doctors, and of those who are about my said Lord and nephew, in order that we may avoid all danger, concluded and determined to keep my said Lord in this town, until the said Ladies my nieces shall be perfectly cured, and all danger shall be over. Of these things, Sire, I inform you in all humility, praying you to take it in good part, and upon this and everything else to let me have such commands as you please, which I will obey to the best of my ability, our Lord aiding me, to whom I pray, my most revered Lord and father, to give you a long and happy life, together with the fulfilment of your most high and noble desires.

"Written at Brussels, the xxix of October, xv^{c} ix." [1]

There is, unfortunately, no information of the convalescence of the royal patients; they seem to

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 153.

have recovered before long, as Maximilian's letters testify no anxiety on the subject.

Marguerite, about this time, complained of her father's writing *rude* letters to her! Maximilian, always good-natured, permitted the insult, condescended to excuse himself, and sent her a present by way of making peace.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"VERY DEAR AND MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,

"Some days ago you wrote to me, in answer to my letters, which were replies to yours preceding them, in which you charge us with writing letters to you which are often rude; to your opinion, thus expressed in your last letters, I submit: but certainly I ought not to write you rude letters; for it would be unreasonable, towards you who conduct things so well in all respects; and in order to restore peace between us, I send you herein enclosed a carbuncle, of which your grandfather, the Emperor Frederic, was very fond, and which I accidentally found yesterday in an old coffer; for I believe you like carbuncles."[1]

Again we find Marguerite immersed in diplomacy. The Emperor's Ambassadors in France write thus to her, on the 15th of September, 1510.

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 223.

ANDREA DA BORGO AND DR. DE MOTA TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME, ...

"We have this morning received a messenger from you, with your letters of the eighth day of this present month, as well as a letter of your said father, of the second of this said month, in which he only writes that he sends us the copy of a letter which he has written to England, of which we send you a transcript. We have been this morning with the King, and have shown him the letter, and both he and the whole council exhibited great joy and pleasure; and it were impossible for him to have addressed us in more satisfactory terms than he did, concerning the Emperor your said father, who treats him so sincerely and affectionately. . . . . We also showed him your letter, and read it to him, as well as the transcript of the letters which the Emperor wrote to you, from which he derived additional joy and pleasure, and spoke so much in your honour and praise that it would be impossible to exceed it, and we could not write the half of his observations upon your wisdom, constancy, and good government; and [he said] that your administration in those countries was good and profitable not only for the Emperor your said father, and for my Lord your nephew, but also for himself and for all Christendom; and he thanked you a thousand times for your said letters, commanding that on his part a gracious letter should be written to you (which we enclose) and desiring us to write the remainder; and [he] also told us, beside, several anecdotes of your infancy, and said, that when the meeting takes place between the Emperor, yourself, and him (upon which he is fully determined), he would talk more plainly with you; and

communicated to us several other good and happily devised schemes: and it seems to us, Madame, that you would do well to write him a good and gracious letter." [1]

Marguerite's step-mother, the Empress Bianca Maria[2], died of consumption, in December, 1510. Maximilian informed his daughter a short time before of the illness of the Empress, and Marguerite, in her reply, says,

"Sire, I have also by your said letters heard of the serious illness of the Queen my stepmother [3], whereat I am greatly grieved for the love which I bear to you and to her. And according to the contents of your said letters, I have consulted my doctors on the subject, who think it a very strange and serious disease [4]; but they say that, unless they had more ample information on the said matter, they could not give a decided opinion; so that it will be necessary that some physician thoroughly informed of the said matter should send in writing an exact account of her complaint,— from which I pray God that, by His mercy,

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., ii. 25.

[2] Bianca Maria was the elder daughter of Galeazzo Maria IV., Duke of Milan, and Bona of Savoy. She was born in 1472, and married at two years of age, to Philibert I., Duke of Savoy, her first cousin, who left her a widow before she was eleven years old; she married the Emperor Maximilian in 1492.

[3] The title of Queen given to Bianca, (like that of King of the Romans applied to her husband,) was the previous title borne by the Empress before the accession of Maximilian.

[4] Other unusual symptoms appear to have been mixed with those commonly attendant on consumption.

if it be for the good of her soul, she may recover: nevertheless, Sire, if it should please God to determine otherwise, we must submit to His will."[1]

The news of the death of the Empress Bianca was communicated to Marguerite by Maximilian, on the 3rd of January, 1511. The Emperor was not with his wife at the time of her death; he says that she expired after "having received all her sacraments as becomes a Catholic, and as it appertained to so good and virtuous a Princess. Which, as to our good daughter, we desire, in great affliction, to signify to you; for we know that as you are joyous in our prosperity, so you will be afflicted at the loss of our good and virtuous companion, the soul of whom, as your good stepmother, we commend to you, and you will cause her to be prayed for in all churches and monasteries of that part."[2] The Emperor desired Marguerite to put his "very dear and beloved children" into mourning, as well as the knights of his Order[3], and the principal members of her privy council, whom he desired might accompany the young Prince and Princesses to offer on the altar for the repose of the deceased Empress. The following is

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. 383.

[2] Correspondance de Maximilien I., i. 467.

[3] The Golden Fleece, founded by Philippe le Bon in 1430.

Marguerite's consolatory reply to the above-quoted letter: —

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER FATHER) THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

"My most revered Lord and Father, I most humbly commend myself to your gracious favour.

"Sire, by the letters which you have been pleased to write to me, dated the 3rd of this month, I have been made acquainted with the sad and lamentable news of the demise of my late Lady and stepmother, which has exceedingly grieved me, both because of the sorrow which I know it must have caused you, and because of the great affection which I bore to her, a Princess so virtuous and exemplary that I think there can be no heart so stony and inhuman as not to regret her death. Nevertheless, Sire, seeing and considering that this sorrow can bring no relief, but must rather tend to procure incurable evils and maladies,—and that to pay the debt of nature is so natural an event that none, be he great or small, can escape it,—it behoves us to exercise the virtue of patience, and, in putting on this outward mourning, to have recourse to spiritual consolation, calling to mind the beautiful and holy life which she led up to the hour of her death, and the good grace of our Lord in permitting her to receive all the sacraments with such perfect conviction and repentance of her sins at the hour of her said demise, that we may assuredly believe her soul to be in the kingdom of Paradise; and that she may reach it the sooner, if perchance she be in the pains of Purgatory, we only need to offer prayers and celebrate masses to remedy this. In which, Sire, I shall show myself a good and obedient daughter, and shall certainly do what you have commanded me, entreating you to banish all regret

from your mind, and to conform yourself to the Divine will, thanking our Lord for what it has pleased Him to do, remembering that He does all things for the best."[1]

This letter shows us that Marguerite's religion was the natural religion (if it deserve the name) of the unregenerate heart, tinctured, in her case, with Romanism. The sources from which she seeks to draw and to impart consolation are, first, the impossibility of averting the evil in question; secondly, the recollection of the "beautiful and holy life" led by the deceased Empress; and if she should happen to be in Purgatory, a few masses only are required to extricate her. Marguerite's third suggestion is the only one which even approaches to the teaching of Him of whom she professed herself a disciple—where she exhorts the Emperor to "conform himself to the Divine will, and to thank our LORD for that which it has pleased Him to do, remembering that He does all things for the best."

Soon after the beginning of this year, Maximilian and Marguerite appear to have had a slight disagreement. In an undated letter, about this time, Maximilian complains of his daughter's letters in the following amusing style.

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 361.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"My good Daughter,

"I have received your cross letters about the despatch of the Bishop of Gurce upon divers important matters, etc. Certainly you ought to consider, that if what you have at heart be this affair of France, what I have at heart is my honour, in the war, and in the perplexity of my condition: my negligence neither injures nor benefits you; but you should remember that Rome was not built in a day. I see my said Lord of Gurce in this, who desired to make his court to you by so doing; but he shall leave at once for your Court, and shall take you all that you charged him to bring you from us.

"Written by the hand of your good father,

"MAXIMILIEN.

"Wednesday."

The Emperor came to see his daughter in June, 1511. Marguerite, hearing of his approach, sent him an invitation to supper with herself and the young Princesses, and Maximilian accepted it by a short note, in which he requests that supper may be ready at five o'clock.[1] Shortly after his return, Maximilian took a singular fancy, which he communicated to Marguerite in a most original epistle: this was, to abdicate the throne of Germany, and assume the

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I., ii. 14.

triple crown of Rome. The following is the letter in question, written by the Emperor's own hand.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.[1]

"VERY DEAR AND MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,

". . . . . We send the Bishop of Gurce to-morrow to Rome, to the Pope, to find some means of agreeing with him to take us for a coadjutor, so that after his death we may be sure of having the Papacy, and of becoming a priest, and afterwards a saint; in which case you will be obliged after my death to worship me, of which I shall be extremely proud.

"I send herewith a messenger to the King of Aragon, to beg him to assist us in obtaining this, which he is satisfied to do, provided I resign the empire to our common son[2], Charles; with this also I am contented.

"The people and gentlemen of Rome have made an alliance against the French and Spaniards, and they number xx thousand combatants, and have sent to us to say they will assist in making a Pope of one in my position, and a German, and that they are determined to have neither a Frenchman, an Aragonese, nor even a Venetian.

"I have also begun to sound the Cardinals, in which ij C. or iij C. thousand ducats will do me great service, considering the partiality which they already exhibit.

"The King of Aragon has sent news to his Ambassador that he will command the Spanish Cardinals to favour our claim to the Papacy.

"I beg of you to keep this matter secret; otherwise I fear

[1] The original of this comical effusion is printed in the Appendix.

[2] Grandson.

all the world will know it in two or three days; for it is very difficult to manage so great a matter secretly, for which so many men are necessary, as well as money, aid, and skill (*pratike*). And adieu.

"Done by the hand of your good father,

"MAXIMILIANUS, future Pope.

"The xviij day of September.

"P.S.—The *Papa* has intermittent fever (? *vyevers dubls*), and cannot live long.

"*To the hands of my good daughter the Archduchess of Ostrice, Dowager of Savoy.*"[1]

The Pope did not die of the fever; he lived for about a year afterwards; but, notwithstanding all his "*pratike*," Maximilian's hope of attaining the tiara was never fulfilled. In the month following that in which Maximilian's letter was penned, Ferry Carondelet writes to Marguerite, "The Pope, who seems to be cured of the great malady which he has had, shows himself to entertain singular affection for you, by speaking, when you are named, more honourably of you and to your praise than of any other Princess in Christendom."[2]

About this time there arose a disagreement and many suspicions between the Emperor and the King of France. Andrea del Borgo had already written

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., iv. 1. [2] Ibid., iii. 79.

to Marguerite, to entreat her to use her best endeavours to maintain peace between the rival Princes. Maximilian, at war first with Venice, and afterwards with France, was constantly sending to her for funds, which it was not in her power to give him. She assures him in one of her letters[1], that she would pledge all her jewels, if he wished it, to any person who would lend the required sum on them; "for, Monseigneur," she adds, "you know that I am your sole and only daughter."

The Governess of the Netherlands was at this time somewhat unpopular with her subjects. She writes to Maximilian —

"Sire, because the people have always found me submissive to your will, and ready to obey you to the utmost of my power, as well in this affair of Gueldres as in other things, they begin (set on, as I believe, by some evil-disposed persons) to murmur against me, saying that I wish for nothing but war, and desire to destroy them, as you have done before, and various other wicked speeches, all tending to excite the populace to revolt; and what is worse, on the night of Good Friday, some placards were secretly pasted on the doors of the church in this town[2], in derision and contempt of me,—which are all, Sire, improper things, which your coming might remedy, and you will see the position of our affairs, which have great need of your help; for I no longer know what to do in this matter,

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I., ii. 161.

[2] Probably Malines.

seeing the small assistance which I obtain from somebody[1], and the poverty of my finances. And if all were on the point of being lost for want of a thousand florins, the treasurer tells me he has no means of obtaining them."[2]

It was three months before Maximilian answered Marguerite's appeal by visiting the Netherlands in person. In the mean time she received the following amusing note from him, which shows that she gave some part of her time to the feminine art of needlework.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"My good Daughter,

"I have received by the bearer of these the fine shirts and ruffles (*? huves*[3]), partly made by your own hand, with which we are much pleased, chiefly because I see by this your care for the welfare of our person; so that when, in the course of this year we shall wear our cuirass (*? couraige*[3]), which is rough and heavy, then our body will be comforted by the softness and sweet scent of this beautiful linen, being such as the angels in Paradise use for their rai-

[1] Can this mean Henry VIII.? Marguerite denied receiving pecuniary assistance from Henry, but her mere denial is worth very little.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., i. letter 380.

[3] Roquefort's *Glossaire de la Langue Romane* gives *huves* as *ornemens de tête de femme*, and assigns no meaning to *couraige*. As the Emperor's spelling is not to be depended on, those curious in the matter will find the original of this very odd letter in the Appendix.

ment [!]. And we will do our best to thank you shortly by an image of a future saint, also of our own making.[1]

"On account of the bad news which I daily receive from the King of Aragon, I would not send this bearer, who is a servant of Master Loys [Maroton]; but since all seems well again, by the letters of Master André de Bourgo, I have hastily despatched him to bear you this good news. And adieu.

"Written with the hand of your good father, who desires soon to see you once more. Done the xvii of May.

"MAXI."[2]

The spring of 1512 brought an exchange of courtesies between Marguerite and her old rival, the Queen of France. Her Ambassador writes to her as follows.

ANDREA DA BORGO TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME . . . .

"Though the Queen is not yet entirely cured[3], and does not see strangers, she has nevertheless permitted me to speak with her, to tell her what the Emperor wrote

[1] The only meaning which I can attach to this odd sentence, is, that the Emperor was painting a picture of himself, which he designed to send to Marguerite. Two circumstances, however, render this doubtful; I nowhere find that Maximilian was an artist; and at the time of Marguerite's death, her collection of portraits did not comprise even one likeness of her father. For the reason of this explanation of the phrase "*un futur saincte*," see the letter preceding from Maximilian.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 380.

[3] She was recovering from intermittent fever.

to me some days ago, and also to take leave of her. I found her in bed, though considerably better, and looking well in the face; and after I had executed the commands of your said father, I also did my duty as your proxy by lamenting past misfortunes, and congratulating her on her convalescence and prosperity; and I said so much of you and of my Lord your nephew, to the intent that the King and she should always regard you favourably, as their relatives. She replied graciously, in a speech full of kind words, informing me, that as to the matter of Gueldres, the King really does his utmost, and that she has assisted, and will always do so; and she prayed you, Madame, that on your part also, since you have been the means[1] of so excellent a friendship and alliance as that which now exists between the two Houses, that you would exert yourself, now that so many set themselves causelessly and wrongfully against the King that he shall be treated as he deserves, and as is meet in return for his good-will and kind actions towards the Emperor and your House. She said many things to show how desirable and necessary is the continuation of the said friendship, and what deceptions are practised by those who falsely show themselves well disposed towards the Emperor and my Lord [the King], requesting me to write to you to this effect, and to assure you that the greatest desire she has in the world is for the maintenance of the alliance between these two Houses; and that this House [of Burgundy] did not appreciate the good-will of the King. In this manner she spoke to me, Madame; and if it seem good to you, you may write to my secretary as to the reply which he shall make to these remarks on the part of the Queen, when he is permitted to speak to her."[2]

[1] By concluding the Treaty of Cambray.

[2] Lettres de Louis XII., iii. 258.

In the summer of 1513, we find Marguerite writing the following letter to Anne of Bretagne — a letter, it may be added, as false as it seems indignantly true.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA, TO ANNE, QUEEN OF FRANCE AND DUCHESS OF BRETAGNE.

"MADAME, I most humbly commend myself to your kind favour.

"Madame, I received your letters, and heard of your welfare, by the Lord of Vorne, your cupbearer, and also of the good-will and affection which you bear to my Lord the Prince my nephew and to myself, for which I thank you with all my heart, and assure you that you would perceive that I entertain no less a feeling towards you, if it were in the power of my said Lord and myself to do you any pleasure or service. And whereas in your letters you recommend to me the blessing of peace, God knows, Madame, whether or not until now I have used my best endeavours to obtain it; and I dare tell you that if the remonstrances which have hitherto been made at different times upon this subject to my Lord the Most Christian King and you, had been taken as they ought to have been, and esteemed rather more highly than they have been, affairs would never have come to the condition of estrangement and bitterness in which they now are. This has annoyed me greatly, for whatever people choose to say, I desire peace as much as any person living; and would to God that I were clever enough on my part to conclude a thorough and universal peace throughout Christendom; for I would spare no labour to do so, and should consider myself only too happy to obtain so great a blessing, by the aid of our

Lord, to whom I pray, Madame, to give you a long and happy life.

"Written at Brussels, the . . . day of August, the year thirteen." [1]

In the war which ensued between England and France, Marguerite played a deceitful part. Louis XII. wrote to her to announce his intended war, and to ask which side she purposed to aid. The Emperor and the Archduchess, while secretly assisting England, took care to leave Louis in the dark, beguiling him, by repeated assurances of friendship, into the idea that they would not oppose him. After a time their assistance to the English cause was given openly; and when Henry VIII. led an army to the battle of Guinegate, Marguerite sent him an invitation to visit her at Lille. It was conveyed to the camp before Thérouanne by Philippe de Brésilles, who wrote thus to his royal mistress from that place.

PHILIPPE DE BRÉSILLES TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME . . . .

"The Grand Equerry, my Lord Lisle, has been to me, to beg of me that I would convey to you his most humble respects, and the hearty desire which he has to do you service; I think you know sufficiently well that he is

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., iv. 191.

the second King, and it seems to me that it is only proper that you should write him a gracious letter, for he it is who does and undoes all. This knoweth God, who give you, Madame, whatever you most desire.

"From the camp before Thérouanne, this Wednesday last.

"Your most humble and most obedient slave,

"PHILIPPE DE BRÉGILLES."[1]

If the Archduchess wrote to Lord Lisle, her letter has apparently perished. The young King accepted her invitation, and, in an evil hour for her, she received Henry VIII. and his suite in her Court at Lille, accompanied by Maximilian and Charles. The result of this meeting was the commencement of a new era in the life of the Archduchess Marguerite.

[1] Lettres de Louis XII., iv. 197.

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

CHAP. IV.

Charles Brandon. — Marguerite's Love for him. — She visits Tournay. — Festivities there. — Marguerite accused of Dishonesty. — Marguerite to Sir Richard Wingfield. — Coolness between Marguerite and her Father. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Anne of Beaujeu to Marguerite. — Protracted Negociation for the Marriage of Charles. — Brandon created Duke of Suffolk. — Indisposition of Marguerite. — The King of France her Suitor. — Henry VIII. to Maximilian. — Anger of the Emperor. — He ceases to write to his Daughter. — Her Letters to him. — Dismissal of Louis Maroton. — Henry VIII. purposes sending Suffolk as Ambassador to Marguerite. — Her Remonstrance. — Philippe de Brésilles to Marguerite. — Negociation for the Marriage of Charles and Mary Tudor broken off. — Marriage of Mary to the King of France. — Marriage of Mary and Suffolk. — Marguerite unkindly treated by her Nephew. — Her Remonstrance. — She appeals to Maximilian. — Maximilian to Marguerite and Charles. — Charles accuses Marguerite of Avarice. — Her Reply. — Death of the King of Aragon. — Charles leaves the Netherlands. — Decree in Favour of Marguerite. — Her Progress through the Low Countries with Charles. — Erection of Convents. — Maximilian to Marguerite. — Last Illness and Death of Maximilian.

In the suite of King Henry VIII. to Lille came one of his most especial and most celebrated favourites, the "Grand Equerry" and "second King" of the note from Philippe de Brésilles, quoted in the preceding chapter. This was Sir Charles Brandon, who had recently been created Viscount Lisle, in

prospect of the fulfillment of a matrimonial contract between himself and the infant Elizabeth Grey, Viscountess Lisle. Brandon was as showy in his mental acquirements as in his personal accomplishments: but whether, under the show, there was any real worth—whether he bore a heart, or only the outward semblance of one—historians are at issue: let us give him the benefit of the doubt. He was a large-made man, tall and elegantly proportioned, with dark brown eyes and hair; he was considered handsome in his countenance, courtly in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his address. Such was the man who was destined to create a complete revolution in the heart, and to subdue the affections, of the royal widow of Juan the Beloved and Philibert the Fair, though not to overcome that which in Marguerite of Austria was stronger than affection—her overwhelming pride of blood. In return for the courtesy with which he had been treated during his visit to Lille, Henry VIII., about the close of September, requested Maximilian's permission to solicit the presence of Marguerite at Tournay. The Emperor replied to his application by a letter to the Archduchess, desiring her to repair to that place. Nothing was more entirely consonant with the wishes of Marguerite than a visit to Tournay; but in

order to avert the suspicions of the Emperor from the *mésalliance* which she contemplated, she actually descended to deception towards the kind and indulgent father who had ever stood her friend. She writes to him that she has received his commands concerning her departure for Tournay, and that, if he thinks her presence necessary there, and that she can do him some service by going, she is ready to obey his orders in this as in everything else; but otherwise "it is not becoming in a widow to trot about visiting armies for pleasure!"[1] Marguerite wrote this at Lille; and on the eleventh of October she set out for Tournay, accompanied by her nephew Charles, "and divers other nobles;" Henry met them outside the town, "and them brought into Tornay with greate triumphe. The noys went that the Lord Lysle made request of mariage to the Ladye Margarete Duches of Savoy, and doughter to themperour Maximilian, whiche before that tyme was departed from the King with manye riche giftes and money borowed; but whether he profered mariage or not, *she favored him highly.* There the Prynce and Duches sojorned with great solace by the space of x dayes. Durying whiche tyme, the xviij daye of October, began the justes."[2] These

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I., ii. 203. [2] Hall's Chronicle.

were held in a place paved with black marble; and to prevent the horses slipping, they were shod with felt. "The Kyng and the Lorde Lysle aunswered all commers; uppon the Kyng attended xxiiij knyghtes on foote, in coates of purple velvet and cloth of gold. A tent of cloth of gold was sett in the place for the armoree and releve; the Kyng had a base and a trapper of purple velvet both sett full of SS. of fyne bullion, and the Lord Lisle in the same suyte. Ther were many speres broken and many a good buffet geven; the strangers, as the Lord Walon and Lorde Emery, and other, dyd right well. When the justes were done, the Kyng and al the other unhelmed them; and rode about the tylt and dyd great reverence to the ladies; and then the herauldes cryed, 'To lodgyng!'

"This night the King made a sumpteous banket of a c. dishes to the Prince of Castell and the Lady Margarete, and to all other Lordes and ladies, and after the banket the ladies daunsed; and then came in the Kyng and a xi. in a maske, all richely appareled with bonettes of gold, and when they had passed the time at their pleasure, the garmentes of the maske were cast of amongest the ladies, take who could take.

"The xx daye of October the Prynce of Castell

and the Lady Margarete, with many great giftes to them geven, returned to Lyle with all their trayne."[1]

His Majesty's visit to Lille, combined probably with other things, had greatly diminished Marguerite's finances; for about this time she makes piteous complaints to her father of being short of money. She was extremely indignant on finding that the Swiss soldiers in her pay accused her of retaining the money due to them for her own use, and of receiving money from Henry VIII. "Monseigneur," she exclaims, "I have never received a sou! . . . If I have until now employed all my property in serving you and my Lord my nephew, I am not now about to revenge myself on my soldiers!"

Meanwhile, a gradual coldness was growing between Maximilian and Marguerite. While her whole soul was thus agitated by contending passions, her letters to her father became shorter, colder, and more complaining than usual: until at length Maximilian gently reproached his daughter in the following sorrowful strain. His tone is unchanged except in its mournfulness; cold as she had grown, and unkindly as she had acted, she is still his "very dear and most beloved daughter."

[1] Hall's Chronicle.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. TO (HIS DAUGHTER) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"VERY DEAR AND MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,

"By your last letters to us, you desire to know whether we still wish to accomplish the marriage between the Duke of Lorraine and our eldest daughter Leonora. Certainly our opinion and wish upon this subject is and has been always the same, even during the lifetime of the late King Don Philippe; and only the other day we told you so by word of mouth; but you have forgotten this—for then also I gave charge to the Lord of Chièvres to reopen the question; but it seemed to me that my Lord of Lorraine asked too much, for which reason the said Lord of Chièvres abandoned the negociation: after which I so subtly contrived it that the Duke of Lorraine was satisfied with reasonable articles of marriage.

"You write to me, also, in your said letter, and wrongfully accuse me, of frequently writing to you letters contrary to my opinion. I know not whence comes this bad opinion which you have of me; I think you must take me for a Frenchman, whose character throughout the world is that they readily change their mind: the other day you promised me in a letter that you would write me no more unkind letters without reason; but I see distinctly that you can easily forget it. If you will make my fickleness clear to me, by your letters, you shall receive such reasonable excuses from me, the most wretched being in the world, that you will have cause to be satisfied with me.

"Again, you write that I have given you no answer on the subject of Guilain, my valet de chambre. Certainly I answered you, and wrote fully from my village of Ysbrouc[1],

[1] Innspruck?

that I was content to do so, as you will shortly hear from the said Guilhain on his return; we have also for this cause detained the English Ambassador here; it is possible that the letters may have been lost.

"Further on in your letter, you charge me with not having confidence in you, and not keeping your counsel. Truly I marvel much at such thoughtless writing; for I well know that I have never given you the least occasion nor cause to imagine such a thing against me; for I placed you in a post of honour about us, our countries, and subjects, always saying and preaching all honourable and good things of you and of your person: but if you always continue to write me unkind letters without cause, I think indeed that at length I shall see reason to alter my course.

"The affair between us three Kings[1] you consider important, and I insignificant, as you will hear more fully from Guilain. It is a whole year since the King of Aragon, after he had recovered his rights in the kingdom of Naples, broke the alliance at Cambray, leaving me without assistance; and, to outdo this, he has now sent us only four hundred simple lances, without any foot-soldiers or other combatants; which is a great shame of him, and a bad example to me. You well know what faith the English kept with the good Duke Philippe, and his son Duke Charles, our ancestors. However, I shall continue to advance, in the hope of better fortune . . . . And adieu.

"Done by the hand of your good father, if you know him truly.

"MAXI.

"P. S. We return you your unreasonable letters; burn them, and write to me frequently and kindly, as I am accustomed to do."[2]

[1] Maximilian I., Ferdinand the Catholic, and Henry VIII.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. Letter 543.

It is evident that the tone of Marguerite's recent letters had pained and annoyed Maximilian exceedingly. The paternal benediction which always ends his letters, "Very dear and most beloved daughter, our LORD be your guard," is omitted in this, and instead of it we find merely a cold "Adieu." Had he known all the dissimulation which Marguerite was practising towards him, it is probable that his reproachful, yet gentle, letter would have been penned in a sterner strain.

About this time Marguerite was reminded, by the receipt of a letter in a once familiar hand, of the existence of an old enemy, long since retired from the stage of public life. This was her sister-in-law, Anne of Beaujeu, who, after selecting the infant heiress of Burgundy as Queen of France, had rejected her on the appearance of a wealthier Princess.

THE DUCHESS DE BOURBON TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME MY NIECE,[1]

"I have been informed by my officers of Beaujolais that there is a certain number of men assembled, calling themselves soldiers, who have no master . . . who have come into my county of Dombes on the part of the Empire, and have taken two of my subjects and sent them

[1] Marguerite's grandmother, Isabelle de Bourbon, was the sister of Pierre Duke of Bourbon, the husband of Anne.

through your county of Bresse into Franche-Comté, and as it seems to me that you would not suffer such things to be done, I wished you to know of them, that you might issue orders so that reparation might be made to me, and henceforth not permit such proceedings to take place; for I would not suffer any outrage to be committed against your subjects, Madame my niece, if it might please you to remedy this oppression, and to inform me of it, and I on my part will do the same, so that our subjects may live in safety. Praying God, Madame my niece, to give you his grace.

"Written at Molins [Moulins], the xx day of August.

"Your good aunt,

"ANNE DE FRANCE."[1]

The marriage treaty between Charles and Mary Tudor still "dragged its slow length along." Henry VIII. wrote to Marguerite, requesting her to superintend the preparation of dresses for his sister, "forasmuch as the King's pleasure is that my Lady the Princess's[2] apparel for her person shall be according to the fashion and manner of those parts." Henry provided "all cloth of every sort" for his sister's use, praying Marguerite "to devise for the making thereof after such manner as shall best please her."[3]

[1] Lettres de Louis XII. iv. 197.

[2] Mary was styled "Princess of Castile," after her proxy marriage with Charles in 1508.

[3] Lives of the Princesses of England, by Mrs. Everett Green.

In February, 1514, Charles Brandon, Viscount Lisle, was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Suffolk. As there were only two other Dukes in England at this time[1], it has been suggested that this promotion was probably intended as a means of furthering his suit to the Archduchess Marguerite. The newly-created Duke appeared at a tournament equipped in new and splendid armour, having taken for his device a black staff, with these words inscribed on it in large white letters,

"WHO CAN HOLD THAT WILL AWAY?"

While Suffolk was tilting at Westminster, Marguerite was occupied in preparations for the approaching marriage of her niece Marie with Louis King of Hungary. A second quarrel with Maximilian followed, who had just before written her some very kind letters. The second disagreement, however, was not so severe, nor so lasting, as the first. Shortly afterwards, Marguerite complains of cold and tooth-ache, adding that she will write to the Emperor with her own hand as soon as she feels better.[2]

At this juncture, the Archduchess was troubled

[1] Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and Howard, Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Correspondance de Maximilien I.

with a new suitor. This was Louis King of France, who had just lost his wife, Anne of Bretagne.[1] This proposition had only just been made, when Maximilian received a piece of information which was the cause of the third and most serious of his quarrels with Marguerite. This was the news, which the reader knows already, and which it seems strange that the Emperor had never heard before, of the intention of the Archduchess to ally herself in marriage with a subject of the King of England. His informant, whose motive is difficult to fathom, was no other than the inconstant King of England, who sent his letter in the first instance to Marguerite herself, requesting her to send it to Maximilian, or throw it into the fire, according to her pleasure.

HENRY VIII. KING OF ENGLAND TO MAXIMILIAN I. EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

"MOST HIGH, MOST EXCELLENT, AND MOST PUISSANT PRINCE, our most dear and honoured brother and cousin, in as true and hearty wise as possible we commend ourself unto you, and give you to know that we have heard, to our right hearty grief and displeasure, that the common report is in divers places that marriage should be contracted between our very dear and beloved sister, cousin, and good neighbour, the Archduchess of Austria, Duchess and Countess of Burgundy, and Duchess Dowager of

[1] Anne of Bretagne died at Blois, Jan. 9, 1514.

Savoy, your daughter, and our very dear and loyal cousin and councillor the Duke of Suffolk, whereat we have greatly marvelled, and yet do marvel, not being able to think truly whence the said report can issue and arise; and assuring you that on our part we shall do our utmost to know and search secretly whether it may arise from these parts, that thereupon we may do such justice as is fit: wherefore we pray you, and require you most earnestly, most high, most excellent, and most puissant Prince, our most dear and honoured brother and cousin, that on your part you would cause inquiry to be made in your realms, to hear truly whence this can come and arise: and if you find that it comes from those parts, then grievously to punish the authors thereof, on your part, as we are right truly determined to do on ours, if it be found to proceed from this realm. And furthermore we pray you not to pay any regard unto the saying or report which may be made to you until you shall truly understand whence it cometh: for we cannot otherwise believe, imagine, nor think, but that it is moved and does arise from divers evil-disposed persons, who desire to find ways and means of sowing discord between you and us; truly certifying you that whatsoever words may be dropped to cause distrust, you will always find us a firm, constant, and truly loving Prince to you, and one desiring the honour, good estate, prosperity, and profit of you and yours, as of ourself, for you are the Prince of all living in whom we put most affiance, as knoweth our Lord, who, most high, most excellent, and most puissant Prince, our most honoured brother and cousin, have you in his most holy and worthy keeping, and give you good life and long.

"Given at our Palace of Westmonstier [*sic*] near our city of London, the iv. day of March, 1514."[1]

[1] Lettres de Louis XII. iv. 274.

The reason which incited Marguerite to forward this letter is as incomprehensible as that which excited Henry VIII. to write it. However, it was forwarded, and in due course reached Maximilian. There is no reproachful letter from the Emperor to his daughter this time. Maximilian's anger lay too deep for words. To all her letters, the Archduchess received nothing in answer: the Emperor maintained a complete and gloomy silence. Her epistles are as courtly and elegant as usual; no overt allusion is made either to the Emperor's sombre silence, or to its cause. She writes that she is going to take her nephew and nieces to La Vure and Brussels, where she will await the letters which she hopes shortly to receive from him; then, that the King of Denmark has been married by proxy to her niece Isabel, "whom certainly it did one good to look at";[1] and that Monseigneur, desiring to show himself a good brother, danced so much at the ball after the marriage, that "he finds himself invaded by a fever;" then, that Monseigneur is very much better: nothing comes in reply from Maximilian but mere state papers, of which Marguerite carefully acknowledges the receipt. Not until the middle of July is there any announcement of the arrival of

[1] Correspondance de Maximilien I.

one of his customary familiar letters. When they do come, however, they contain no reproaches.

Among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum are two mysterious letters, evidently a translation, in the handwriting of Sir Richard Wingfield, and endorsed "Secrete matiers of the Duke of Southfolke." The French originals have not been discovered; but those acquainted with the previous and subsequent occurrences in this singular and romantic love-story, can have no doubt that the destroyed originals came from the pen of Marguerite of Austria.[1] The translation is given below.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE TO SIR RICHARD WINGFIELD.

[*My Ladye began thys wrytyng before the komyng of Morroton*[2], *who kame to Lovayne on sondaye last.*]

"My Lorde the Anbassadoure,

"Sythe that I see that I may not have tydynges fro themperour so soon, yt semethe me that I schulde do

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[1] To Mrs. Everett Green the credit is due of having first suggested, by comparison with the passage above quoted from Hall, who was the true authoress of these mysterious letters, which before that had baffled the penetration of all who examined them.

[2] Louis Maroton, Marguerite's secretary. The name of this confidential servant authenticates the letters as those of the Archduchess.

welle no longar for to tarye to depeche thys jentyllman. And for that by my lettres addressynge on to the Kynge and to the Dewke, off that I dare not aventure me to wryt on to them so at lengthe of thys besynes be cawse that I fear my lettres to be evelle keptt, I me determyne to wryt to yow at lengthe to thend that off alle ye may the better theme advertyse of myn entent.

"Ye may know, my Lorde the Anbassadour, that after sume dayes havynge been at Tornay, knowynge fro daye to daye the greatt love and trust that the Kynge baare and hadd to the personage wyche ys no neede to name; also with the vertwe and grace of his person, the wyche me semyde that I have not myche seen jentyllman to aproche yt; also consyderynge the desyre the wyche allwaye he schewed me that he hadde to do me servyce; all thes thynges consydered by me, I have allwayes forced me to do unto hym alle honneur and plesure, the wyche to me semede to be welle agreable unto the Kynge hys good mastyr; who, as I may imagyne, seyinge the good cheere and wylle the wyche I baare him, wythe the love wyche he berethe unto hyme, by many times spake unto me, for to knowe yff thys good wyll whyche I baare on to the sayd personage yt mytt streche on to sume effecte of promisse of maryage, seying that yt was the facion of the ladys off Ynglande, and thatt it was not ther hollden for hevylle; whereunto many tymes I answered the most grasyoslye that was to me possyble, knowynge thys thynge not to proceed but off love wyche he baare hym, the severalle of raysons wherfor it was not to me possyble, onles I schulde fawlle in the evylle grace of my father and of alle thys contre. Also that yt was not heer the custome, and that I schuld be dyshonowred, and hollden for a foolle and lyett.[1] But

[1] *i. e.* light.

alle my resons mytt not hellpe me, that withowt reste he spake theroff to me. That seyinge, and that he hadde yt so mych att the hartt, for hym not to angre, I fownd to hym oone other reson, to hym sayinge, that yff now I hadde welle the wylle so for to do, that zytt I ne wolde nor durst thynke, seynge hys retorne to be so nye, and that yt schulld be to me to myche grett dysplesure to loose so good compagnye; of the wyche he contented hym sumewhatt better, and passed the thynge unto hys departyng, and thane begane to saye me that the departynge drewe nye, and that he knew welle that the ladyes schulld forgett them; and that he knew welle I schulld be pressyde for to marye me, and that I was zyt to yonge for to abyde thws[1]; and that the ladyes of hys contre dyd remarye at fyftye and threscore yeeres. Whereupon I answered, that I hadd never hadde wylle so to do, and that I was to mych unhappye in hosbondes; but he wolde nott beleve me. And after, by two tymes, in presence of the personnage that ze know, he [the King] retornyd to say the same wordes, saying mor, 'I knowe welle, Madame, and am sewre that my fellawe schalbe to you a trew servant, and that he ys alltogeder yowres, but whe feare that ye schalle not do in lyk wysse, for oon schalle force you to be agayne maryed; and that ze schalle not be fownd owt of [? in] thys contre at my returne.' That wyche I promysed to hym I schulde not do; and for that he desyred gretly thereof to be more assured, he maad me to promyse in hys hand that howsoever I schulde be pressyde of my father, or otherwysse, I schulld not make alyance of maryage [with] prynce off the worlde, at the lest unto hys returne, or the end of the yeer. The wyche I dydde wyllynglye, for I thynke not to agayne never to putt me where I have hadde so myche of onhappe

[1] Marguerite was now thirty-three.

and infortune. And afterwards made his fellawe to do the semblable, who, as I believe and semeth me, sayd of avanture, as hys mastyr me schewed agayne, that he schuld never do thynge, were yt of maryage, or to take ladye nor mastresse withowt my commandment[1], but wollde contynew all hys lyff my rygthe humble servant; and that yt was to hyme I nowt honour, so myche honestlye, and so good soortt, as was possyble. And thees wordes wher sayd at Tornaye in my chambre oon nytt after souper, welle laatt. The other tyme was at Lylle, the day befor that they schullde depart, that he spake to me longe at the head of a koppboorde, he and his fellawe, of the departyng, wyche was not without dysplesure welle greatt of all persones. And agayne, affter many devyses and regrettes, he maad me to reconferme in hys hand, and the same of hys fellawe, the lyke promesse aforsayde. And the sayd personnage in my hande, withowtt that I reqwyred hym, maad me the semblable, and that for allwayes he schullde be to me trewe and humble servant; and I to hyme promysed to be to hyme syche mastresse alle my lyff as to hym who me semed desyred to do me most of servyce. And opon thys there was no mo woordes of thys affayre, nor hathe not been sythe, yff not sume gracyewsse lettres, the wyche have been I now evelle keppt.

"Ferther as to the woordes.

"And I promesse you, my Lord the Anbassadoure, that thys ys the trowthe, and I knowe not other thynge. I kannot telle yff the Kynge, wyche was trwcheman, by cawse off the love wyche he berethe hym, mytt have taken yt mor forwarde for to enterprett mor hys desyre, but the thynge ys suche, and trowthe.

"My Lorde the Anbassadowre, for that yt hathe been

[1] It will be seen, a little further on, how Brandon kept his vow.

sayd unto me that he mytt have schewed oon rynge wher thear ys oo dyamant of myne, that wyche I kannot beleve, for I estyme hym myche a man of vertw and wysse, but allwayes I wylle welle schewe you the trowthe, to the end to answere to alle. I tak non in thys affayr to wyttnesse but the Kynge and hym; and hymself fyrst: yt ys that oo nytt at Tournaye, beyng at the bankett, after the bankett he put hymselfe opon hys knees befor me, and in spekyng and hyme playng, he drew fro my fynger the rynge, and put yt upon hys, and sythe schewde yt me, and I tooke to lawhe, and to hym sayd that he was a theefe, and that I thowthe not that the Kynge hadde with hym ledde theves out of hys contre. Thys word *laron* he kowlde not understonde; wherfor I was constrayned for to aske how oo sayde in Flamysche *laron*. And afterwardes I sayd to him in Flamysche *dieffe*, and I preyde him many tymes to gyff yt me agayne, for that it was to myche knowen. Butt he understood me not weelle; and kept yt on to the next daye that I spake to the Kynge, hym reqwyrynge to make hym to gyff yt me, becawse yt was to myche knowen. I promysyng hym oon off my bracellettes the wyche I waare, the wyche I gave hym. And than he gaffe me the sayd rynge, the wyche oon other tyme at Lylle, beyng sett nye to my Lady of Hornes[1], and he befor upon his knees, yt tooke agayne fro my fyngar. I spake to the Kynge to have yt agayne, but yt was not possyble, for he sayd unto me that he wold gyffe me others better, and that I schwlde leve hyme thatt. I sayd unto hym that yt was not for the valewe, but for that yt was to myche knowen. He wold not wnderstand yt, and departyde fro me.

"The morow after he browte me oone fayr poynt of

[1] Marguerite Countess Horn, one of the Archduchess's principal ladies of honour.

dyamant, and oon table of rwbye, and schewed me that yt was for the other rynge; wherfor I durst no more speke of yt, yff not to beseche hym that yt schwlde not be schewed to ony person; the wyche hath not alle bene to me doon. (Thus, my Lord the Anbassadour, see alle of thys affayr, and for to knowe myn advysse opon alle, I schalle gyff yt you mor at lengthe, wych is thys.)

"Thatt yff the thynges hadd not been so pwblysched, the wyche I find the most strange of the worllde, knowyng that creatur of the worlde, at the lest on my partye, kowlde thereof never speke, for thatt wych I hadd sayde and doon was for not to annoye the Kynge, for I knewe welle that yt kam to hym of gret love for to speke so far forthe as off maryage. And of oon other Prynce I hadd not so welle taken yt as of hym, for I holde hym alle goode and that he thynketh none evelle, wherffor I have not wylled to dysplesse hym. And in thys besynesse I have found mysellf mor empeched for to know that wyche mesemed towched to the Kynge then that wyche me towchede.

"By oone bylle I shall put you in wrytynge alle the inconvenyences wyche may happen of thys thynge. Also that wyche semeth to me for the remedye owt to be doon; but, for that I have no laysure, I shall make an hende, prayng yow to do with thys that wych the berare shall saye yow, and no mor. I trow that ye know thys hand.

(*Thus sygnede*) M.

"The Second Wrytynge.

"My Lorde the Anbassadoure, ye may have seene how the thynges have been, and ye know the unhappy brwytt wyche thereof hathe ron not onlye heer but on alle partyes, as welle yn Allmayne as yn alle contrees. Wheroff I have fownd myselfe so myche abasschede that I kannot

ymagyne wherfor thys thynge ys sayed so openlye as yn the handes of marchantz strangers. And for to saye you the trowthe, I have been constrayned as well by the councelle of my servantes as of the Lord Berques and others, to make enqwyre whereoff yt kame, and as welle by informacion as wrytynges allwey I have fownde that yt procedyde fro Ynglonde. Wheroff I have hadde on marvelowse sorowe. And I have lettres of the sellf hande of an Ynglysche marchant, the wyche hathe been the fyrst that hath maade the wagers, as Bresylle knowthe weelle.

"Now, my Lorde the Anbassadoure, the Kynge, at the reqwest of the sayd Bresylle, and the personage allso, have doon many thynges for to remedye to thys fortune, whereyn I am holldyn on to tham, but zyt I see that the brewtt ys so enprynted in the fantasyes of pepulle, and fear if that yt contynew longe, that alle thatt wyche ys done ys not inowe, for I contynew alleweye in feare. And alsoe I know that I maye not schewe towardes the personage the weelle and honowre wyche I desyr to do as byfor.

"For zytt I dar not wryt unto hym whan I have any thynge to do towardes the Kynge; nor I dar not onlye spek of hym. And I am constraynede to entreat hym in alle thynge lyke a stranger, at the lest befor folkes, the wyche doth me so myche dyspleasure that I kannot wryt yt, seyng that I take hym so myche for my good frend and servant; and that I am constraynede so to do, and also I see that to this jentyllmanne onlye wyche is heer I dar not spek or loke to hym. Wherof I am so myche dysplesant that nothyng mor. He himsellf aperceyvethe welle that everé oone beholldethe hyme of the othere syede.

"And as to the dessent of the Kynge yt schalle behove me to speke so soberlye as I may me constrayne, for yt ys the thyng that I desyr as myche as hys comyng. And the same of my Lady Marye, as God knowthe. The hart me

brekethe wan yt behoveth me to dyssymble, not yn thys but in many others. And yt semeth to me that I may not soe welle serve the Kynge, beyng in thys fear, as befor; so when the Kynge schalle dessende that I schalbe allwayes in thys payne, and I fealle me I schalle not daar speke nor schew good semblant to the sayde personnage; wheras I wolld make to hym myche honnowr and good cheer, I schalle not dare beholld hym with a good hye, what dysplesure schalbe the same to hym and to me. And I know no remedye but the same that Bresylle schalle schew you for to put remedye to alle.[1] I wolld not constrayne hym to yt agaynst hys wylle, but, and he desyr ever that I do hym honowr or plesure, yt ys force that yt be so, *not for that I have not the good wylle towards hym, syche as ever I have hadde, but for that I am for myne honnowr constrayned so to do.*

"I praye you weelle myche to take payne for to make welle to understand to the Kynge and to the personage thys thynge, to thende that I may do to hym better servyce, and to hys fellawe plesure. I praye you to do of thys as of the other.[2]

(*Lyke wysse assygned*) "M."

The Archduchess was not mistaken as to the

[1] *Note by Sir Richard Wingfield:* — "Bresylle sayde ther was no waye to avoyd the brewt but that my Lord schulld marye the Ladye Lylle, as more at length I have wreten on to my sayd Lord."

[2] Show it to the King? or, put it in the fire? It has been remarked that those letters which contained most earnest requests to the recipient to burn them, are the most carefully preserved of any. Marguerite's fear that her letters were "evil kept" has certainly been verified as to these.

"brewtt" of her semi-engagement with Brandon. His eldest daughter, by his first wife, Margaret Neville, was sent over to be educated at her Court, as well as an adopted daughter whom he had saved from drowning. There can be little doubt from the above letters, that Marguerite would have married Brandon, had her pride and her fear of the world permitted her to do so.

Marguerite's trials were by no means over; for in March she discovered, to her annoyance and dismay, that Henry was calmly deliberating the sending of Suffolk to her Court as Ambassador. She wrote instantly to the King begging him to despatch some other person; and Philippe de Brésilles, to whom her mission was confided, assured her of the success of her entreaties in the following terms: —

"PHILIPPE DE BRÉSILLES, ENVOY FROM FLANDERS TO ENGLAND, TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME, as much and as humbly as is possible, I commend myself to your grace.

"Madame, I believe that what you most desire to know is how far I have found the King disposed to remedy the grievance for which I have come to him. I found him so favourably inclined that first of all he asked me what you would like to be done, and also requested that I would

consider what was best. Upon this, Madame, I laid before him the three points with which you had charged me.

"With regard to the first,—that he should not consent on any account to the appearance of my Lord of Suffolk [*Monsieur de Sufort*] at your Court,—he was soon satisfied that it should be so, though he represented to me the sumptuous preparations which were already made for the said Lord of Suffolk; moreover, that all the Estates of his country and kingdom, having been assembled and informed of the said Lord's departure, would be greatly surprised, fearing that some great estrangement had taken place between yourself, Madame, and the said Lord King and these countries: notwithstanding, he agreed to send you the Comptroller of Calais [1], instead of Monsieur de Lyle, Lord of Suffolk.

"As to the second point, Madame, which is that concerning the merchant,—the King sent immediately for him, and caused him to be examined in my presence by my Lord of Suffolk and the Bishop of *Lingon*[2], the Almoner; the said merchant deposed that it was true that he had lent money on the security of a letter, which another English merchant had written to him from Flanders, when the King was there:—which letter shall be recovered, and the said merchant committed to prison with the other, and then we shall know all. It is true, Madame, that unless your goodness prevent it, I see that the King and my Lord of Suffolk are determined to punish these merchants even to death; nevertheless, when they spoke to me about it beforehand, I told them that it was not by any means your desire to be so vindictive, and that they should not in any way administer corporal punishment to the said

[1] Sir Richard Wingfield was one of the governors of Calais in this year.

[2] Wolsey.

merchants without hearing from you. You will be pleased to intimate your pleasure.

"Madame, concerning the third point—that is, the marriage[1], — this they considered the most oppressive of the whole, and the King, in the first place, told me at once that it was not reasonable to request any change in this; that if my Lord of Suffolk should do so, he would then be bound, and that when the young lady came of age, she would be at liberty to say what she pleased. Madame, seeing that the King and my Lord of Suffolk might be annoyed at this request, I gave them to understand that you had not supposed that it would in any way trouble him further than the mere anticipation of the time: and with this they were contented.

"Madame, the King, two or three days before my arrival, received news that the Admiral of France had said that a marriage treaty was pending between the French King and you; to which the King replied before his whole council, that in that, as in other things, he had confidence in you, and that if everybody told him the contrary, he would not credit it: and in truth he gives me sufficiently to understand the same, by honouring me in every way, and showing me all kinds of attention, and the Queen[2] and Princess[3] also, so much that I am quite ashamed. Moreover, Madame, concerning your visit and good news, the King and all the members of his council took it very well. It is true that the Bishop of Lincoln told me that the secretary of the Catholic King had passed through France on his way to the Imperial Court, and had already returned by way of the said France, with which they are not at all

[1] Marguerite having insisted that Suffolk should *at once* marry Lady Lisle, his infant *fiancée*.

[2] Katherine of Aragon.

[3] Mary Tudor.

pleased; if you know anything about it, you will do well to inform them of it.

"Madame, my Lord of Suffolk has spoken to me about the little girl whom he saved from drowning, fearing that she, and also the English gentleman who is with you, might be the means of augmenting the evil reports, and he wished to send for the latter at once; I told him there was no need for his giving himself any uneasiness about that, and that both of them were there before this report was spread at all; and as to yourself, Madame, he might rest assured that you would not on that account cease to treat both of them with kindness; nor indeed ought you to do so, seeing the regret which the said Lord exhibits, and the desire which he has to remedy it as far as lies in his power: as knoweth God, and may he give you that which your noble heart desires.

"From London, this Saturday at noon.

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"PHILIPPE DE BRÉGILLES.

"*A Madame.*"

In the first heat of the Emperor's anger, the treaty between Charles and Mary was first delayed, and then broken off, though Marguerite entreated Maximilian to confirm it with passionate earnestness. The English King immediately married his sister to Marguerite's last suitor, the King of France. Suffolk had already forsaken and forgotten the Archduchess; and by the time that Maximilian had recovered from his angry silence, Suffolk had not only recovered

his disappointment, but had also found time to fall in love with the Princess Mary. The subject was apparently dropped by all parties; and one of Marguerite's letters to the Emperor, in March, 1515[1], quietly announces, without note or comment, that "the King of England has despatched a large embassy to the King of France[2], at the head of which is the Duke of Suffolk, who has, I understand, received an express charge to demand and bring home the Queen Dowager." Suffolk and Mary were already clandestinely married when Marguerite penned these words.

Towards the close of 1515, we find Maximilian annoyed with Marguerite for dismissing Louis Maroton, concerning whose fidelity she had expressed her suspicions some time before. Maximilian himself took charge of his old servant, whom he shortly afterwards sent on a mission to Rome. It is evident that Maroton was concerned in the transmission of Marguerite's letters to Sir Richard Wingfield; and, very near the time of his visit to Louvain, an English merchant is found writing from Flanders to a brother merchant in England, and transmitting the news of the Archduchess's attachment to the Duke.

[1] *Correspondance de Maximilien I.* ii. Letter 592.

[2] Francis I., who succeeded Louis XII.

monarchy, and this is the legitimate inheritance of the young King Loys of Bohemia, the future husband[1] of the said Lady Marye. The kingdoms[2] also of which the said King of Denmark is Lord, are three fine, large, and ancient kingdoms, notwithstanding that his subjects therein are rude and uncivilised. On the other hand, they are both handsome Princes, and virtuous persons, gifted with all noble qualities and manners[3]; for which reason our said daughters will enjoy a higher dignity, and pass their lives in this world in great joy, happiness, and safety. And," continues Maximilian, with a sprinkling of his quiet satire, "to better or greater husbands we could not have allied them, unless one King might take two wives!"[4]

A few weeks after this, Maximilian, having in the interim received Marguerite's letter, wrote to her and Charles. The former despatch is chiefly on political matters: but at the end of it he says —

"We write herewith in your favour to our said

[1] Isabel was married at this time; Marie was only betrothed.

[2] Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

[3] This portrait might be true of Louis of Hungary, but was very far from the truth as regarded Christiern of Denmark, "the Nero of the North." At this period his character was probably not fully developed; but the lot of Isabel of Austria proved anything but "joy and happiness."

[4] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 336.

son, as you will see by the enclosed copy of our letter. We shall likewise send a decided order to Casins, the maître-d'hôtel, desiring him to pay more respect to our letters addressed to yourself, and take better care of them, leaving it to the postmaster to deliver them to you, unless we should wish to send them more privately and by another hand."[1]

The enclosed letter to Charles contained the following passage: —

"We make no doubt, that, in consideration of the honour and love which you owe to our very dear daughter, your aunt, you communicate to her your most important and intricate affairs, and that you make use of her good advice and counsel, in which you will naturally find more satisfaction, wisdom, and assistance, than in any other. In which course, as a good father, we exhort you to continue, affectionately desiring you, after the trouble which she has taken during your minority in the administration of your countries, seeing that her fondest hopes and affections centre in you, and that you are her heir, to supply her with a decent pension, such as she has before enjoyed; which we trust you will do, seeing she has truly merited it from you."[2]

Charles retorted to this gentle reproof by accusing

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 341. [2] Ibid. (*note*).

his aunt of avarice in her political actions. Marguerite replied to this new charge by the following list of her benefactions as Governess of the Netherlands.

"*Imprimis*, to the Duke of Jülich, who accompanied Madame on her return from Germany, a great cup of silver gilt, weighing sixteen marks, which was given her by the town of Antwerp.

"*Item*, to the Comptroller of Calais, who came to her on an embassy from the King of England, half a dozen cups, two pots, and two flagons, all of silver, weighing altogether fifty-five marks.

"*Item*, to the English ambassadors, who came to treat of the marriage between her and the late King Henry VII., the same sent over afterwards to treat of the peace of Cambray: to wit—to the Earl of Surrey, a cup of gold, from which Madame drank daily, weighing three hundred gold crowns; to Richard Wingfield, second Ambassador, twenty ells of velvet, twenty ells of satin, and twenty ells of damask; to the third Ambassador, Monsieur des Rooles [Mr. Dayrolles?] twenty ells of velvet, and twenty ells of damask; and to their herald, twenty ells of damask.

"*Item*, to Monsieur the Legate, at the treaty of Cambray, by the advice of the council, a very handsome gold cup, weighing about six hundred crowns, with its cover garnished with large pearls, forming five clusters of five pearls each, and between each cluster a table of balas, very fine, each of the five tables being valued at more than 350 gold florins. The foot of the cup also presented five clusters of middle-sized pearls, and five other tables of balas. The said cup, altogether, surmounted by a large and beautiful

emerald, was valued at more than 4000 gold florins. The Cardinal d'Amboise thought it so valuable and handsome, that he considered himself obliged to present it to King Louis XII.

"*Item*, to Monsieur the Bishop of Paris, as ecclesiastic, was given a fine and rich book of the Hours, which had been purchased from Maillardet for the sum of four hundred gold crowns. This was decorated all over with gold; on the two clasps were two superb table diamonds, and a bookmark made of a large balas ruby, extending all along, which was valued at more than a thousand florins, and to which were attached cords of silk to the number of twenty-five, each adorned with a pearl.

"*Item*, to the Count de Carpy, two large and rich flagons of silver which Madame brought from Spain, weighing each twenty-two marks, handsomely wrought.

"*Item*, to heralds, hussars, and other under-officers of France, being in the same embassy, from four to five hundred gold crowns.

"All given the better to nourish peace and love between France and this House, as the affairs of Monsieur required it.

"*Item*, other ambassadors, men-at-arms, gentlemen, and officers, received various gifts and presents, amounting to more than 5000 florins.

"*Item*, Madame has lent her money to the affairs of the State, and has greatly reduced the ordinary expenses of her own household, to the amount of 25,000 *livres*, beside giving wine in the cause of the government; and otherwise she should, in her travels, extend her expenses always to twelve or fourteen hundred *livres* per month.

"*Item*, she remembers that, during three years, far from receiving any pension for her services, she has spent her dower, so long as it lasted.

"For the rest, it will not be found that during her administration she has given from the finances of Monsieur any gratification to any one of her servants. If it have been done, it is the financial officers who have done it, and not she." [1]

In the midst of these unnatural family quarrels, Ferdinand the Catholic breathed his last, bequeathing to his daughter Juana, and to her eldest son Charles, the kingdom of Aragon. The insanity of the Queen rendering her incapable of governing, Charles assumed the sceptre of Aragon, as well as those of Castilla, Leon, and Granada, inherited from his grandmother. Before leaving the Netherlands, the young King offered a fresh insult to his aunt Marguerite, by appointing a council of regency, in which he only gave her a single voice, and that at the pleasure of the other members. When he reached Spain, however, he appears to have come to a juster determination concerning the amount of power which should be allowed to his foster-mother. He accordingly promulgated a most untruthful decree — but Charles V. seldom did tell the truth except by accident — to the effect that "for the great and singular love and affection and confidence which we have and hold towards the person of our very

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

dear Lady and aunt the Archduchess Dowager of Savoy, and knowing by true experience the great care, pains, and solicitude which she has taken and takes daily for the progress and conduct of our affairs in our Low Countries, as well during the time of our minority and tender age as since, and even since we have been absent from our said countries, without sparing her person nor her own goods; we, to this lady our aunt, for these causes and others which move us, to the end moreover that she may be more esteemed, and authorised, and have more courage and occasion to continue in the conduct of our said affairs as she has done until now [1]" — to her especial care was committed the signature of all acts, the keeping of the signet, and the collation of all the offices.

Charles's return to the Netherlands was followed by a progress of the new Sovereign through the whole of his dominions. Everywhere he was accompanied by Marguerite, "who at least halved with him the enthusiasm of the people." [2]

The Archduchess now turned her attention to religion; perhaps partly, at least, with the view of securing an asylum for her old age, when the short-lived favour of her variable nephew should have

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.* [2] Ibid.

waned. She erected at Notre Dame de Brou, where her husband Philibert was buried, a Convent of the Annunciation, and another of the same order at Bruges; and she invited the nuns of the original convent of the order, founded at Bourges by Jeanne de Valois [1], to reside in her new erections.

The renewed confidence of Charles in Marguerite greatly delighted the Emperor. "We have received your letters of the xxv. of October," he writes to Marguerite, "and have by the same understood the honour and authority which our good son the Catholic King has conferred on you, which we are very joyous to hear, and have good hope that you will so well acquit yourself in the good address and conduct of his affairs, that he will see cause not only to be satisfied therewith, but also will augment your said authority more and more, as your good nephew. In doing which, he cannot do anything more agreeable to ourself." [2]

This affectionate little note was one of the last which Marguerite ever received from Maximilian. The Emperor had not been well since the preceding summer; and when winter approached, he retired to Welz in Upper Austria, where he pursued his usual amusement of hunting, in the hope that the fresh

[1] See the memoir of that Princess.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 372.

air of the mountains might benefit his health. On his return one evening from the chase, being extremely thirsty, he called for a melon, which he hastily devoured in the hope of allaying his thirst. The result of this, as in the case of Philibert and Philip, was an intermittent fever; but Maximilian's constitution was naturally strong, and he would probably have recovered the effect of his imprudence, had he not further taken a very violent medicine, which changed the character of his malady from an intermittent to a constant fever. During the weakness caused by this, inflammation of the bowels set in; and, no longer able to support his double disease, Maximilian died in Welz Castle, at three o'clock in the morning of the 12th of January, 1519.

The Emperor commanded in his will, that his body should be completely shaved, and all his teeth extracted before burial. He desired to be interred with ashes in his coffin. "I give," said the dying Emperor, "my soul to my Sovereign Creator; my corpse to be placed in the earth, without any pomp, but simply, in the town of Neustadt; and my heart in the city of Bruges, by Marie of Burgundy my wife."[1] Maximilian died in the sixtieth year of his age, and the sixteenth of his reign.

[1] *Notice sur Maximilien.*

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

CHAP. V.

Marie Queen of Hungary and Anna Queen of Poland to Marguerite. — Marguerite's Exertions to secure the Election of her Nephew to the Empire. — Charles V. to Marguerite. — Coronation of Charles. — Marguerite resigns her Property to her Nephew. — War between Germany and France. — Battle of Pavia. — Marguerite to Dr. Knight. — Truce concluded between Marguerite and Louise de Savoie. — Treaty of Madrid. — The King of France restores Charolais to Marguerite. — Marriage of Charles V. to Isabel of Portugal. — Death of Isabel Queen of Denmark. — Troubles of Marguerite. — Spread of Lutheranism. — Marguerite's persecuting Edicts. — *Paix des Dames.* — Marguerite's Journey to Cambray. — Interview between Marguerite and Louise de Savoie. — Last Meeting of Marguerite with Suffolk. — Difficulties in the Conclusion of the Treaty. — Conditions of Peace. — Ratification of the Treaty. — Marguerite visited by the King of France. — Medal struck in her Honour. — Portrait of Marguerite. — Her Private Life. — Poems. — Anecdote of her. — Marguerite to the Abbess of the Annunciation, at Bruges. — She sets out for Brou. — Stops at Malines. — Accident to her from treading on Glass. — Her Physicians resolve to amputate her Foot. — Marguerite's last Letter to Charles V. — Death of Marguerite. — Her Funeral. — Harangues in her Praise.

IT was impossible for Marguerite not to feel that the death of Maximilian was as great a blow to her political interests as to her private affections. Her nephew was now her sole ruler; and he had not

hitherto shown himself so grateful as to warrant her to hope for much kindness or consideration from him. There were, nevertheless, others, who sympathised with her in her sorrow. She received the following letter from her nieces, Marie Queen of Hungary, and Anna Queen of Poland, wife of the Archduke Ferdinand.

THE QUEENS OF HUNGARY AND POLAND TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

"To the Most Serene Princess and Lady, our most loving mother, health and unceasing increase both of filial love and of all happiness, and of our most singular esteem.

"It is beyond our power to explain, for tears and incredible grief of mind, with what sorrow and distress both our young hearts are filled on the very sad and melancholy occasion of the death of our late common Lord and much revered father, the Lord Maximilian Augustus. Yet what pleaseth the immortal God ought not to be displeasing to miserable mortals, such as we are; and we feel that our every hope is to be placed in the Lord. Whose most Sacred Majesty we address in incessant prayer, for the welfare of his pious soul, as well as for the safe and speedy arrival of his most Serene Highness, our husband and brother, our dearly beloved King, Ferdinand: from whom we hope to derive, in sweet intercourse, some alleviation of our very great and unbounded grief. We have judged it right to acquaint your Serene Highness, our most benign Lady, with all this; most earnestly beseeching you, by your favour, to accomplish and to further these our

petitions, that our Lord, husband, and brother aforesaid may soon set out on his prosperous journey to join us.[1] To whose favourable consideration we again and again commend ourselves, as well as to that of your Serene Highness, whom may the Supreme Artificer of all things preserve in all happiness for ever.

"Given at Innspruck, the 22nd day of January, in the year of our Lord 1519.

"From your said daughters,

"ANNA REGINA, } *Signed by their*
"MARIA REGINA, } *own hands.*"[2]

Once more, actuated by her love for her foster-son, Marguerite plunged into politics. The election of the new Emperor was greatly contested. Beside the Archduke Charles, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and the Duke of Saxony, were candidates for the vacant throne. Marguerite strained every nerve to secure the election of her nephew. Every post carried urgent letters from her pen to the Count Palatine, Maximilian de Berghes, Hendrik of Nassau, the Cardinals de Sion and de Gurce, and other electors or influential persons. The Archbishops of Cologne, Mentz, and Treves were propitiated by five hundred thousand gold florins; the nephew of the Archbishop of Treves re-

[1] It is evident that Ferdinand was staying with Marguerite.

[2] *Notice sur Maximilien.* The original of this letter is in Latin.

ceived five hundred florins, and the valet of the Cardinal de Mentz a hundred florins. To the brother of the Elector of Cologne, who was said to have more influence than the Elector himself, Marguerite sent two thousand florins. Charles, on his part, was not idle, as will be seen from the following letter.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. TO (HIS AUNT) THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA.

"MADAME, MY GOOD AUNT, MOST DEAR AND LOYAL,

"We have received your letters of the viii. and eleventh of this month, as well as several copies of letters which have been written to you our aunt, from Germany, England, and elsewhere, by which we perceive the great care, loyalty, and diligence, which you exhibit in all our affairs, and especially in that of Germany, and we commend the progress which you have made towards the Prince-Electors and others, sending persons to Germany, England, and Rome — wherein we bless God our Creator that our affairs are in so good a position, and that you on your part use all diligence, as we do on ours, sparing nothing; nor do we cease constantly to write to Rome, England, Germany, and elsewhere, wherever it is necessary: for in a matter of so much weight, we will omit nothing that can be of service. Recommending you always to persevere in your good offices, according to the confidence which we repose in you." [1]

Charles proceeds to state in this letter, that he has written letters and sent messengers to the

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 444. (*note*).

Marquis Joachim[1], the Duke of Saxony[2], the Count Palatine, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Lord of Zevenburghe, the Cardinal de Gurce, the King of England, and others, to request them to assist him in his endeavours to obtain the imperial crown. Henry VIII. and the Duke of Saxony had before this retired from the contest, and the former readily gave his aid in favour of Charles.

In writing to Marguerite upon such occasions, Maximilian always thought proper to *thank* her for her exertions; Charles, as has been seen, did not condescend so far. His letter, throughout, is the letter of a Sovereign. "The father had shown himself, as it always happens, more tender, more indulgent, than the son!"[3]

The labours of Marguerite were crowned with success. Charles obtained the empire; and immediately repaired to Brussels to visit his aunt, who was greatly pleased thereby, and received him "with much honour."[4] She accompanied him to Aix-la-Chapelle, and was present at his coronation there as Emperor of Germany.

Before Henry VIII. returned home from the gorgeous spectacle known as the Field of the

[1] Of Brandenburg.
[2] The notorious George *Dives*.
[3] *Notice sur Marguerite*.
[4] Hilarion de Coste.

Cloth of Gold, he received a visit at Calais from the Emperor, accompanied by his aunt, the Lady Marguerite. They arrived at Calais on Wednesday, the eleventh of July, 1521, "and there continued with feasting, dancing, and masking, to the 14th of July."[1] This was Marguerite's last meeting with Henry VIII., and her sole interview with Katherine of Aragon. On Saturday, the 14th, the Emperor and Archduchess took leave of their royal hosts, and returned to Gravelines.

Marguerite inherited from her mother various duchies, counties, and lordships, her right to which was confirmed by the will of Maximilian. Instead, however, of requiring Charles to grant her these rights, she deliberately resigned the whole to him. Charles showed himself slightly moved by this proof of his aunt's disinterested love. He gave her, in return, the town and territory of Malines for her life, with an annual income of two hundred thousand gold Philippine florins.[2]

A new motive now arose for the exertions of Marguerite in favour of Charles. Francis I., who could not conceal his anger at the triumph of his rival, made war upon the new Emperor. Charles left to

[1] Baker's Chronicle.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

Marguerite the business of obtaining men and money from the Netherlands. The Archduchess convoked an assembly of the three estates at Mons, where she made a speech so affecting, that the whole assembly enthusiastically voted her the subsidy she demanded. Her gratification at the battle of Pavia will be seen from the following letter.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR, DR. KNIGHT.

"MONSIEUR THE AMBASSADOR,

"This morning, a little before our dinner, we received from Italy the best news in the world—to wit, how it has pleased God to give the army of the Emperor victory over his enemies, and that the King of France is a prisoner, xiiij M. of his men killed in battle, and all the rest defeated and taken, without one having escaped. And, wishing to communicate this news to you, we sent to your lodgings, whence, however, you have, as we are told, departed for Malines (*? malvies*), or we should have gone thither also; but this news has delayed us for to-day. And though we suppose that you will already have been informed of it, yet it is so cheering that we wished to write these two words (*ces deux motz*). And to-morrow, when we shall be at Malines, we will tell you the rest. Notwithstanding that two gentlemen, one from the Archduke [Ferdinand] my nephew, and the other from the Duke of Milan, have gone in haste to England to inform the King of the same, we also have written to our ambassadors to inform the said

Lord King and my Lord the Legate.[1] So, Monsieur the Ambassador, our Lord keep you.

"From Brussels, this vj of March, M. V. xxiiij.

"MARGUERITE.

"We shall not set out until the day after to-morrow, so that to-morrow we can give thanks to God for this good news."[2]

After the capture of the French King at the battle of Pavia, the Archduchess spared no pains to accomplish a peace between the rival Sovereigns, and it was no fault of hers that Francis was not delivered from captivity long before Charles chose to release him. Envoys from the King's mother, Louise de Savoie, visited Marguerite, and found her extremely well disposed towards the royal prisoner. Louise and Marguerite concluded a six months' truce at Breda, "for the honour of GOD, for the good of Christianity, and to avoid the rigours of war, and the execrable and incalculable evils which are committed during and under colour of it."[3] Nicholas Perrenot, one of Marguerite's councillors, was despatched by his royal mistress to the Imperial Court, with orders to be present at all conferences between the Emperor and the King, and to assist in the conclusion

[1] Cardinal Wolsey. [2] Cott. MSS. Galba, B. viii. fol. 107.

[3] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

of a treaty between them. The result was the Treaty of Madrid, which Francis violated the instant he was released: this treaty expressly declared that the Archduchess had "had a great hand in the peace," [1] and restored to her, in return for her good offices, the county of Charolais, with other Burgundian lordships, of which the French Monarch had previously robbed her.

The year 1526 brought to the Archduchess more than one annoyance. It opened with the marriage of Charles V. to Isabel of Portugal, on the 10th of January; and Marguerite, in congratulating the Emperor on this occasion, recommended to him her faithful subjects in the Netherlands, and remarked concerning her extreme anxiety "to see the extirpation of the Lutheran sect." [2] Marguerite's hatred of Luther was not limited to words. The envoy who carried the letter of the Archduchess spoke to the Emperor in praise of her manner of life. "There has not been," said he, "either any Chancellor or Governor of this country who has been accustomed to live so simply as my said Lady has done." [3]

Only a few days after this, on the 19th of January, Marguerite's niece Isabel, Queen of Denmark, the

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.* [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

gentlest and most amiable of the sisters, herself a nursing mother of "the Lutheran sect," died at Ghent, in the 25th year of her age, of a broken heart. When her last hour came, Isabel requested with her dying breath that her children might be confided to the care of her aunt Marguerite, whom through her life she ever addressed as her mother. The Archduchess undertook the charge; she educated the two Princesses, Dorothea[1] and Christierna[2], under her own eye; while she entrusted their brother, Prince John of Denmark, to the sage tutorship of the celebrated magician Cornelius Agrippa, who was one of the principal persons in her literary and scientific Court.

Military troubles began to thicken round the path of the young Emperor. The Turks menaced the eastern provinces of his empire; France invaded him on the west; he met with disasters in Lombardy; while at the battle of Mohatz fell the young King Louis of Hungary, the husband of his sister Marie. Subsidies came in too slowly for Charles's wants; and he angrily accused Marguerite of not obtaining

[1] Dorothea married Friedrich of the Pfalz, and died without issue.

[2] Christierna married François I. Duke of Lorraine. She is an ancestress of the reigning Emperor of Austria.

for him as much from the Netherlands as they ought to yield. To these external troubles was now added what, in the eyes of the Archduchess, was a religious one.

A short time only had elapsed since the Augustinian monk, Martin Luther by name, had posted up his theses on the door of the church at Wittemberg; and already the doctrines inculcated by them were rapidly spreading both in Germany and France. To the horror of the Archduchess, the "new religion" found favour in her own provinces. Marguerite rose up in the plenitude of her power, ignorantly hoping to crush the reviving faith to the dust, and not knowing, or refusing to recognise, that she was fighting against GOD. The Governess of the Low Countries, nevertheless, was far more moderate in her decrees than most other rulers. She addressed a circular letter to the churches and monasteries, recommending them only to permit "wise, exemplary, and enlightened orators" to enter their pulpits; and she requested the preachers to be cautious and prudent in their language, and to make no public mention either of the Reformers or of their doctrines. She moreover prohibited all "those assemblies of the new sect where the Divine service is reduced to the mere reading of the Bible. These assemblies," she

added, "have for their end to weaken the reverence of the people for the sacraments, for the honour which belongs to the mother of God and the saints, for prayers for the dead, for fasting, and other precepts of the Church."[1] What was this but an open confession that the Bible read in these assemblies prohibited the practices and doctrines in question? The Archduchess further condemned all who spoke against the sacraments, the Virgin, the saints, fasts, or any of the prayers or ceremonies of the Church, to a fine of twenty florins; the second time that they were convicted before the magistrates of the same offence, they were to be fined forty florins; for the third time, eighty florins; and on the crime being repeated a fourth time, they were banished from the country. These measures produced no change whatever in the progress of the new doctrines, unless it were to make them spread the faster; and, three years afterwards, on the 14th of October, 1529, the Archduchess Regent promulgated a second edict; by which it was decreed, that any one of her subjects who was possessed of the writings of Luther or his adherents, should bring them to the magistrates, before the month of November ensuing; the penalty for disobedience in this instance being confiscation of

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

goods, or death. Now began the actual persecution. Marguerite hesitated long before she signed the death-warrants of the Lutherans; but she gave way at last, and under her Regency the first martyrdoms took place in the Netherlands. In justice to Marguerite, it must nevertheless be said, that she never became a sanguinary and merciless persecutor, like her grand-niece and successor in the Regency, Marguerite of Parma.[1] Her woman's heart shrank from inflicting even on heretics the extreme penalty of death. "It is not to her that we must attribute the condemnation of the famous Jean de Bakker, vicar of Wurden;"[2] nevertheless the penalty was inflicted, and the heretic condemned, though Marguerite's counsellors are probably much more to blame than the Archduchess herself.

Though it has led to a chronological error of a few months, I have preferred to anticipate the event, in order to present a connected account of the Lutheran persecution; and the story must therefore return to the July preceding the second edict of October 1529, in order to detail the last political event of Marguerite's life — the second Treaty of Cambray, commonly called the *Paix des Dames*.

[1] Natural daughter of Charles V. and Margriete van Geest, and widow of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

Charles V. and Francis I. were both heartily tired of their protracted war, and the former, especially, showed a strong inclination to make peace with his enemy. Marguerite instantly suggested that a treaty should be arranged between the ladies of their families, and proposed Cambray as a convenient neutral place where they might meet. "Offensive and defensive," said the Archduchess, "the league must be, and the most ample that can be made."[1]

Marguerite arrived at Valenciennes on her way to Cambray—thus precisely retracing the route she had taken as divorced Queen of France—on the 23rd of June, 1529. She was accompanied by Erard de la Marck, Cardinal of Liége, the Counts of Hoochstraten and Buren, and many councillors and other gentlemen. When she reached Valenciennes, she found that town full of the rumour that the King of France, who was then near Laon, meditated carrying off the Archduchess and her suite. Marguerite, on hearing this, prudently remained at Valenciennes, and several deputations from Louise de Savoie were needed to reassure her before she would proceed to Cambray. There was even a convention concluded between the royal ladies, as to the ceremonies attendant on their reception, and the position which each

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

was to occupy. The Archduchess quitted Valenciennes on Sunday, July 4th, for Bouchain, where she slept, and dined on the following day. After dinner she resumed her journey. At Escaudœuvres, she found the Bishop of Cambray, Robert de Croy, awaiting her, attended by a brilliant suite, and accompanied by his suffragan, and the Abbots of St. Hubert, Vaucelles, St. André du Câteau, and Ferny. As soon as the Bishop had made his congratulatory speech to the Archduchess, he took leave of her, and returned to the town, to be ready to receive the Duchess d'Angoulême. Marguerite entered Cambray about three o'clock in the afternoon, and alighted at the Abbey of St. Hubert, where her lodgings had been prepared. About five o'clock the Duchess d'Angoulême arrived, seated in a splendid litter, and surrounded by the principal nobility of France, and a suite of four hundred pages and gentlemen-at-arms. On the right hand of Louise de Savoie sat her daughter, Marguerite Queen of Navarre; and on her left, Marie of Luxemburg, Countess de Vendôme. The three ladies immediately repaired to the Abbey of St. Hubert, where the Archduchess awaited their coming. Louise cordially embraced her sister-in-law; it was the first time they had met since the triumphal entry of Marguerite into Geneva as the

bride of Philibert the Fair. The two Princesses conversed privately for a few minutes, and afterwards entered into general conversation, until seven o'clock, when the Duchess took her departure, accompanied by the Queen and the Countess, to her apartments in the Hôtel St. Pol.

The Duchess d'Angoulême and the Queen of Navarre were not the only old friends whom Marguerite met at Cambray. It was a trying time for her; for thither, as Ambassador extraordinary from Henry VIII., came her old lover, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whom she was obliged to receive in full Court, as calmly and as courteously as if they had never met before. There is no proof that Marguerite wrote to deprecate his presence on this occasion. If she did, Henry evidently did not regard it.

The first request of Louise de Savoie, which was about as modest as those that succeeded it, was, that the keys of the town should be delivered every night into her own hand, and that three hostages should be given by the Archduchess to the King, as security for the safety of herself and her suite! These unreasonable demands were delicately evaded, and Louise had the good sense not to press them. The better to pursue their negociations, the royal ladies

opened a passage between their houses, which stood side by side. Each of the fair plenipotentiaries was at first inflexible to the demands of the other. Marguerite insisted on the ratification of the violated Treaty of Madrid, in all its points; and this Louise would not promise. Louise demanded that the Emperor should resign Burgundy [1], and that Marguerite refused to grant. So obstinately each Princess urged her point, that the conclusion to which both came was that nothing could be concluded. They determined, however, to make one more effort to obtain peace. Marguerite urged the absolute necessity of peace so strongly to the Emperor, that he at last consented to resign the cradle of his House to procure it. The Archduchess at once wrote to the Duchess d'Angoulême, to inform her that the Emperor was ready to concede his (or rather Marguerite's) right to Burgundy, on condition of receiving two millions of golden crowns from France; the offer of which had been constantly made to him before,

[1] The French Court asserted that Burgundy was a fief of the Crown of France, conferred on heirs male only, and that at the death of Charles the Bold it ought to revert to France. The Imperial Court, with more truth, alleged that Burgundy was inheritable by females, and that Marie, the daughter of Charles the Bold, transmitted the ducal crown to her posterity. Marie was the mother of Marguerite, and the Emperor Charles V. was her heir-at-law.

and as pertinaciously rejected.[1] This having been the great impediment, the consideration of a treaty was now resumed. The conditions of peace upon which the royal ladies finally determined, were these.

I. The adoption of the Treaty of Madrid, in all points except —

II. The cession of Burgundy to France.

III. Two millions of golden crowns to be paid by the King to the Emperor, in consideration of this, which should also cover the ransom of the King's sons, who had remained as hostages in the hands of the Emperor.

IV. The marriage of the King of France with the Emperor's eldest sister, Leonor, Queen Dowager of Portugal.

V. The reversion of the attainder of the Constable de Bourbon, by the King of France.

VI. The restoration of the principality of Orange to Philibert de Challon, with an indemnity, for his previous deprivation of it, of ten thousand golden ducats.

VII. The liquidation of the Emperor's debt to the King of England, and the redemption of the golden

[1] Historians have almost invariably hitherto looked at this question from the *French* side of it. In the affair of Burgundy the Emperor was certainly in the right.

fleur-de-lis (one of the principal state jewels of the empire), left in pledge with Henry VII. by Philip the Fair; this was to be paid by the King of France, as part of his purchase-money for Burgundy.

While this treaty was in progress, numerous royal and noble gentlemen repaired to Cambray. There were at that place four Sovereign Princes, eight Cardinals, ten Archbishops, thirty-three Bishops, eighty-seven Dukes and Counts, and four hundred noblemen of lower rank. Peace was signed on the 24th of July, between ten and eleven o'clock at night; and proclaimed with great ceremony in the Church of Notre Dame de Cambray, in the presence of the Archduchess Marguerite, the Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Queen of Navarre.

On the 14th of August, high mass was chanted by the Bishop of Cambray in the Cathedral. When the service was concluded, the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Archduchess Marguerite, and the Duke of Suffolk, rose and approached the high altar, before which they knelt on rich cushions of cloth of gold. The Bishop of Cambray stood on the steps of the altar, to receive the oaths of the plenipotentiaries for the maintenance of the treaty. Each oath was taken in precisely the same terms; it is, therefore, only requisite to give that of the Archduchess Marguerite.

"We, Marguerite, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess Dowager of Savoy, etc., aunt of the very high, very excellent, and most puissant Prince, Charles, by Divine clemency elected Emperor of the Romans, always Augustus, Catholic King of the Spains, the Two Sicilies, and Jerusalem, etc., swear and promise in good faith, on the word of a Princess, and on the holy Gospels of God and the canon of the mass, in presence of the holy sacrament of the altar, and this on the soul of our said very dear Lord and nephew, according to the power and special commandment which we have from him, that he shall keep, observe, and maintain the treaty of peace, friendship, alliance, and confederation, together with all and each of the articles therein mentioned; done, concluded, and accorded in this city of Cambray, this day, for and in the name of our said very dear Lord and nephew, and the very high, very excellent, and most puissant Prince Francoys, by the grace of God Most Christian King of France; between the very high and very illustrious Princess, our very dear and most beloved sister, Madame Loyse, mother of the said Most Christian King, Duchess of Angoulmois, Anjou, etc., having power and special command from the said Lord King her son, of one part, and ourself of the other:—and that our said very dear Lord and nephew shall avow, accept, approve, ratify, and have in favour, all the contents of this treaty, without in any way violating it, directly or indirectly, under any colour whatsoever: and in witness of this we have signed these presents with our hand, and caused them to be countersigned by one of our beloved and trusty secretaries. Done at the said town of Cambray, the 5th day of the month of August, in the year one thousand five hundred and twenty nine. "MARGUERITE."

"*By my said Lady's command,*
DES BARRES." [1]

[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

The Archduchess pronounced this oath with one hand on the Bible, and the other on a fragment of the "true" cross. The Duchess d'Angoulême and the Duke of Suffolk then took the oath in the same way. The witnesses to the triple oath were, the Cardinal Legate Giovanni di Salviati[2]; Cardinal Erard de la Marck[1]; Cardinal Antoine Duprat, Archbishop of Sens and Chancellor of France[2]; Jean de Carondelet, Archbishop of Palermo[1]; François de Tournon, Archbishop of Bourges[2]; Antoine de Lalaing, Count of Hoochstraten[1]; Antoine de Croy, Lord of Sempy[1]; Guillaume Duke de Montmorency[2], and Anne his son.[2] The *Te Deum* was chanted, and largesse announced to the populace; and the Duchess and Archduchess returned to their Hôtels. This was the last interview between Marguerite and her old, though not very true, lover, the Duke of Suffolk; and there is nothing to show that during the time of his sojourn at Cambray, they ever met except in public. King Francis, who awaited the signing of the treaty at Compiègne, immediately visited Marguerite at Cambray, to ratify it in person. Great *fêtes* were given in the Hôtel St. Pol. On the 12th of August they parted—

[1] These were the Emperor's witnesses.
[2] Witnesses for the King of France.

Francis, with Louise and the King and Queen of Navarre, returned to France, while Marguerite took her way back to her Palace at Malines.[1]

A medal was struck in honour of the treaty of Cambray. It was of copper, and bore on the obverse a double eagle on a shield, surrounded by the insignia of the Golden Fleece. The legend was —"*Jettons de messeurs des finances de C*[*ambray.*]" The reverse was a bouquet of flowers, the topmost being a daisy (*marguerite*); with the date, 1529, and the well-known motto of the Archduchess — "*Fortvne infortvne fort vne.*"[2]

One of the odd-looking portraits which adorn the *Lettres de Louis XII.* is a likeness of Marguerite at this period of her life. She wears the same description of dress as in her portrait at Hampton Court, with the addition of the regal mantle of ermine. Her countenance is anything but fair or prepossessing; but this may be the fault of either painter or engraver. The shape of the face is oval; the nose large and pointed, the eyes large also, and almond-shaped; her mouth, which is small, has the full Burgundian under lip.

The domestic life of the Archduchess at Malines

[1] Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, by Miss Freer.

[2] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

was of a quiet and intellectual character. Jean Molinet, Jean Le Maire des Belges, and Remi du Puys, were successively her librarians and historiographers. Erasmus, heretic though he was, was her friend and occasional guest; while Cornelius Agrippa, as was before stated, was a member of her household. Among her ladies and most intimate friends was Marguerite de Croy, Countess Horn, a woman of highly cultivated mind, and, as were nearly all the members of Marguerite's Court, a poetess. I am acquainted with the names of only four of her Maids of Honour: these were, Mademoiselle Likerke, a Fleming; Mademoiselle Fontaine, apparently a Frenchwoman; Mademoiselle Madeleine de Rochester, evidently an Englishwoman, and probably the little protegée of Suffolk; and last, not least, "Mademoiselle de Bullan," better known as Anne Boleyn, afterwards Queen of England.

The Archduchess herself was quite as much a poetess as any of her ladies. The state library of Burgundy once possessed three volumes of poems by her, one of which was adorned with *marguerites* on every page, and contained, as frontispiece, a portrait of the Archduchess on her knees. These valuable relics of Marguerite are no longer to be found. The French carried them away to Paris

in 1794; but they are not now, though the contrary has been stated, in the Bibliothèque Impériale. A rhyme has been preserved which was written by the Archduchess on a pane of glass — to whom addressed I cannot state.

"Lisez, entendez, ma cousine,
Car c'est Margot qui fait la rime."

There is also extant a poetical epitaph written by Marguerite on her pet parrot, an antiquated bird which had been a gift from Sigismond Duke of Austria to Marie of Burgundy. Marguerite loved the bird for her mother's sake; she always attended to its wants herself, and greatly regretted its death, which took place from extreme old age, during one of her visits to Germany. The name which she bestowed on her favourite was "L'Amant Vert." The epitaph is as follows: —

"Soubz ce tumbel qui est dur conclave
Gist l'Amant Verd et le très noble esclave
Dont le hault cœur de vraye amour pure yvre
N'a peu souffrir perdre sa dame et vivre
De peu assez." [1]

After her return from Cambray, Marguerite applied herself to literary pursuits more ardently than

[1] "Here in his woful prison-house, the grave,
Lies the Green Lover and most noble slave;
Whose true heart's fondness might not brook the woe
To lose his Lady and survive the blow."

ever. Her physicians, fearing that she would injure her health, recommended her to limit her studies; but she answered,

"The body is always well, if the mind be attended to."[1]

The magnificent mausoleum which the Archduchess had been for twenty-five years erecting over the grave of her last husband, Philibert the Fair, was now approaching completion. Towards the month of November, 1530, Marguerite determined to repair in person to Brou, in order to hasten the progress of the work. After having paid this last tribute to the memory of Philibert, she purposed returning to Flanders, and spending the remainder of her days in her Convent of the Annunciation at Bruges. The following letter was written about this time.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO THE ABBESS OF THE ANNUNCIATION, BRUGES.

"My good Mother, my Friend,

"I am determined, by the aid of God, to end my life well and piously, with you. . . . Let all my good daughters offer up prayers with the intention which I have always named to you: for the time draws near, since the Emperor is coming,—to whom, by God's assistance, I shall give a good account of the charge and government which it

[1] Miss Costello's Anne of Britanny.

has pleased him to entrust to me. And this done, I will resign myself to the will of God, and of our good mistress, his glorious mother; praying you, my good mother, my friend, that I may not be forgotten in your [prayers]."[1]

Marguerite set out from Antwerp on her projected journey to Brou, about the beginning of November; she stopped at Malines in her way, to settle some business matters before leaving Flanders. On the morning of the 15th of that month, she felt slightly indisposed on awaking, and requested a glass of water. Madeleine Rochester presented her with water in a crystal bowl. In receiving the vessel again from Marguerite, Madeleine accidentally let it fall: it was broken in pieces, and one of the fragments, unperceived by Miss Rochester, fell into the slipper of the Archduchess. A few minutes after this, Marguerite rose; and on putting on her slipper, felt a slight pain in her foot. Disregarding it, she took several steps, but feeling the pain increase, she pulled off her slipper, and one of her physicians, on examining the foot, soon discovered the fragment of glass, and extracted it. The pain, however, did not decrease; and before long, the injured limb showed symptoms of gangrene. The wound became at length so serious,

[1] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 455.

that, on the 23rd, the physicians, after a consultation, were unanimous in their decision that amputation was unavoidable. None of them, however, could be induced to break the news to the illustrious invalid. At length this painful task was undertaken by her almoner, Antoine de Montécut. Marguerite consented in an instant to the performance of the operation; she only requested that it might be delayed until she could receive the sacrament. She accordingly communicated on the 27th; and on the following day, she drew up a codicil to her will.

The 30th of November was the day appointed for the operation; but by that time the gangrene had reached the body, and why it was delayed so long, or why the physicians still resolved to perform it when too late, is incomprehensible. The Archduchess herself felt that the operation would be of no avail. With her dying breath she dictated her last letter to the stern and heartless nephew whom she had cherished with a mother's love.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA TO (HER NEPHEW) THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

"SIRE,

"The hour has come when I can no longer write to you with my own hand, for I am so ill, that I doubt not my life will be short. My mind is satisfied and at rest,

and entirely resigned to receive whatever it shall please God to send me, without any regret, except the privation of your presence, and my inability to speak to you and see you once more before I die. Under these circumstances, I will partly remedy this misfortune by this my letter, which I fear will be the last that you will ever receive from me. I have made you my sole heir by my will, the fulfilment of which I commend to you. I leave you these your countries, which during your absence I have not merely kept as you left them at your departure, but greatly augmented; and I render you the government of them, in which I believe that I have loyally acquitted myself, and in such a manner that I hope for remuneration from God, satisfaction from you, Sire, and good-will from your subjects; especially recommending you to maintain peace, and above all with the Kings of England and France. Finally, Sire, I entreat you that the love which it has pleased you to bear to the poor body may remind you to seek the salvation of the soul[1], and be a recommendation of my poor servants and maids. So I give you the last adieu, praying God, Sire, to grant you prosperity and long life.

"From Malines, the last day of November, 1530.

"Your very humble aunt,

"MARGUERITE."[2]

Thus having resigned the government which she had held for three and twenty years, and for the faithful discharge of whose duties she "hoped to receive remuneration from GOD," having taken her last farewell of her adopted son, and having set her house

[1] *i. e.* by offering masses for the repose of her soul.

[2] Corresp. de Max. I., ii. 457 (*note*).

in order, Marguerite calmly signified to the physicians that she was ready for the performance of the operation. They, anxious to deaden the pain, administered a strong dose of opium to the royal patient, with the intention of throwing her into a profound sleep. So strong, indeed, was the medicine, and so deep the slumber, that Marguerite of Austria woke no more, for in that heavy sleep her spirit passed away, about midnight on the 30th of November, 1530. She was about six weeks short of the completion of her 51st year.

The Emperor proved no kinder a friend in his aunt's death than he had done in her life. Her last request concerning the place of her interment was disregarded. She was buried, not at the Church of St. Nicholas at Bourg, but with her husband Philibert at Brou. The coffin of the Archduchess, on its journey to its last resting-place, was deposited in the Church of the Annunciation at Bruges, where her mother, Marie of Burgundy, lay buried, and where Marguerite herself had proposed to retire in her old age. Thence it was borne to Brou, and laid by those of Philibert Duke of Savoy, and his mother, Marguerite de Bourbon.

Magnificent obsequies were celebrated for the "Lady Marguerite." Harangues in her praise were

uttered by Cornelius Agrippa at Malines, by Antoine de Saix at Brou, and lastly, by Jean Fabri at Cologne, in the presence of Charles V. The monument which she had raised over her husband served also for herself: and so long as the boasted "progress" of the nineteenth century leaves that gorgeous sepulchre in its beauty, no other memorial will be needed of Marguerite d'Autriche,

"La fleur des fleurs, le chois de Marguerites." [1]

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[1] "The flower of flowers, the pearl of Margarets."
Epistre de l'Amant Verd, by Jean Le Maire des Belges.

The Most Beautiful.

CHARLOTTE

DE MONTMORENCY, PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.

Mais leur gloire tombe par terre ;
Et comme elle a l'éclat du verre,
Elle en a la fragilité.

L'Evêque Godoy.

CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCY,

PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry of Charlotte. — Her Mother. — Birth of Charlotte. — Her Education. — Her first Appearance in Public. — The Connétable's Dinner-party. — He proposes to marry his Daughter to Bassompierre. — Bassompierre accepts the Offer. — Approval of their Friends. — Introduction of the *Fiancés* to each other. — The contract of Marriage signed. — Approved by the King. — Character of Bassompierre. — Beauty of Charlotte. — Annoyance of Monsieur de Bouillon. — The Queen's Masque at the Louvre. — The King falls in love with Charlotte. — His Interview with her. — He commands Bassompierre to resign her Hand. — Proposes to marry her to the Prince of Condé. — The King's second Interview with Charlotte. — Verses addressed to her by Malherbe. — The Prince invites Bassompierre to his Betrothal. — The King commands him to be present. — His reluctant Obedience.

IT has been well said by the excellent Cecil, that the whole course of a man's future life may depend, under GOD, upon his turning down one street instead of another. The following memoir is one amongst many proofs of the truth of that remark. It is the narrative of a troublous and most eventful life, whose turning-point was—a Court ballet!

The celebrated Connétable de Montmorency, one of the most important characters on the Court stage during the reign of Francis I., died in battle, in 1567, at the advanced age of eighty. He had married Madeleine, one of the three daughters of René, natural son of Filippo Duke of Savoy. The eldest son of the Connétable, François, died without issue; the second son, Henri, succeeded him in the high office of Connétable of France.[1] He seems to have been a pompous conceited man, always very busy, and never getting anything done. He was thrice married: first, to Antoinette de la Marck[2], in 1558; secondly, in 1593, to Louise de Budos[3]; and thrdly, to Laurence de Clermont[4], the aunt of Louise, in 1601.

Louise de Budos was a fair lady, who, on her first appearance at Court, attracted the attention of that singular man, Henri IV. She passed on, however, with no further notice from him; and indeed, she was but "a star, that glittered and went out."[5] She died

[1] Henri de Montmorency, the first of his name, died April 1, 1614.

[2] The daughter of Robert Prince of Sédan, and grand-aunt of Turenne.

[3] Daughter of Jaques de Budos, Viscount of Portes.

[4] Daughter of Claude, Baron Montoison. She was divorced by the Duke.

[5] Dreux de Radier.

at Chantilly, five years after her marriage, leaving three children—Charlotte, Henri, and Charles.[1]

Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorency, the subject of this memoir, was born, probably at Chantilly, on the 11th of May, 1594. She lost her mother, as I have stated, before she was five years of age, and was brought up under the care of her aunt Charlotte, widow of Charles Duke d'Angoulême.[2]

The young Charlotte "came out" when only in her sixteenth year. She first appeared in public at a grand ball given by the Queen[3], on the 14th of September, 1608; to which she was escorted by a friend of her father, the celebrated Maréchal de Bassompierre. The King[4], with whom Bassompierre was a great favourite, noticed kindly the timid, delicate-looking girl whom he was leading, and gave them the place of honour in the dances.

A short time after this ball, the Connétable de Montmorency invited several of his friends to dinner.

[1] Henri succeeded his father; Charles died in his childhood.

[2] Anderson states that this lady was her sister, the daughter of Antoinette de la Marck: Bassompierre, who must have known the relationship between them, always speaks of Madame d'Angoulême as our heroine's aunt.

[3] Marie de' Medici, second wife of Henri IV.

[4] Henri IV., son of Antoine of Vendôme and Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre; born Dec. 13, 1553; succeeded to the throne of Navarre June 19, 1572; to that of France, Aug. 2, 1589; died May 14, 1610.

The list comprised the Maréchal de Bassompierre, the Duke d'Epernon, the Marquis de Roquelaure, and Messrs. Zamet, Du Tillet, Girard, and La Cave.

The guests readily saw that the Duke de Montmorency had something more in view than merely entertaining his friends: and as soon as the solid portion of the repast was concluded, the noble host with much ceremony, proceeded to make a speech; which after a long previous peroration, he ended in the following terms:

"My friends, it has pleased GOD to give me a daughter, who is nobly born, and of a marriageable age; and I have endeavoured to dispose of her in marriage in such a way as to content both her and myself. For this reason, I seek for a husband for my daughter, and a son-in-law for myself, who shall be agreeable to our hearts and desires. Now, though I might have the choice of all the Princes of France for her, I have not the slightest intention of giving her a high rank, but simply of making her comfortable; so that we may both live — for the course of her life and the remainder of mine — in happiness and contentment. And the esteem which I feel for the family, the person, the fortune, and the advantages of birth, possessed by Monsieur de Bassompierre, has determined me to offer to him (who

cannot have the least expectation of it), that which is sought by persons of much higher rank than himself. I have desired to do this in the presence of my best friends, who are also his own: and I tell you, Monsieur de Bassompierre," continued the Duke, addressing himself to that gentleman individually, "that, having as dearly loved you ever since I knew you, as if you had been my own child, I wish to give you this present proof of it, by making you become such in truth through marriage with my daughter, who, I think, ought to be happy with you; knowing, as I do, your naturally good disposition, and that you also will feel yourself happy and honoured in espousing the daughter and grand-daughter of the Connétable of France, and of the House of Montmorency; and so also shall I be for the remainder of my days, if I see you two contented and happy together. I will give her a dowry of a hundred thousand crowns, and my brother will leave her fifty thousand more at his death. If, then, nothing hinders you from marrying, I will now commission Girard here, to treat with your friends, or with your mother, if she be here, concerning the necessary articles and agreements."

Exhausted by his long and pompous oration, and the paucity of his full stops, and having, we are

assured, "tears of joy in his eyes," the Duke reseated himself. Bassompierre, a perfect courtier, "confused with a new and expected honour, knew not what words to employ which should be worthy of the subject." At length he answered,

"So great and unexpected a distinction, Sir, as this which you have been pleased to confer upon me, deprives me of the faculty of speech, and leaves me incapable of anything save admiration of my good fortune. As this distinction is above either my ambition or my merit, so it can only be repaid by most humble services and infinite submission. This, my life will be too short to satisfy; and I can only offer you a heart which shall be eternally the slave of your will. Sir, you will give to Mademoiselle your daughter, not a husband, but a creature by whom she shall incessantly be adored as a Princess, and respected as a Queen; and you have likewise chosen for yourself, not so much a son-in-law, as a domestic servant of your house, all whose actions will depend on your wish and request. If, in the excess of joy which is in my heart, there could remain to me any other consideration, I would ask your permission, Sir, to name my sole apprehension: which is, that Mademoiselle de Montmorency may regret to quit the rank of a Princess, of which she may reasonably

feel assured, to occupy that of a simple lady; and rather than give the least uneasiness to her, I should prefer to die, and lose the gracious proposition which you have been pleased to make me!"

Bassompierre was occupying a low seat, next to the Duke; and as he concluded this disgustingly adulatory speech, he knelt on the ground, and kissed the hand of his host, who returned the compliment by a long embrace.

"Pray do not trouble yourself in the least about this!" said the Connétable, in reply to Bassompierre's expression of fear as to his daughter's feelings on the subject: "before speaking to you, I questioned my daughter concerning her wishes, and found her quite disposed to obey the will of her father, especially in this instance, wherein it is not disagreeable to her."

The host then demanded the opinion of his guests upon the laudatory speeches and the little dramatic scene which they had just heard and seen; and all with one voice praised his selection.

The Duke then added, that there was no need to blaze the affair abroad, and he begged them to keep it secret, until a convenient time for divulging it should arrive; because he was as yet on bad terms with the King, owing to his having declined to consent to a contract of marriage, proposed by His

Majesty, between Monsieur de Montmorency[1], the Duke's eldest son, and Mademoiselle de Verneuil[2], the King's natural daughter. He then requested Bassompierre to return in the evening, when he should be introduced to his young *fiancée* as her future lord.[3]

When Bassompierre repaired to the Duke's house in the evening, he found the Connétable, Madame d'Angoulême[4], and Mademoiselle de Montmorency. The Duke presented the latter to him, saying, "My son, I commend to you this lady — salute her." Bassompierre obeyed.

On the following day, the contract of marriage between Bassompierre and Charlotte was signed by the Duke de Montmorency[5], Madame de Bassompierre, Du Tillet, and Girard. The Duke desired that Bassompierre should employ the 50,000 crowns, in purchasing the commission of Colonel-General of the Light Cavalry; but Madame de Bassompierre

[1] Henri, mentioned before, who succeeded to the Dukedom.

[2] Gabrielle Angélique, daughter of Henri IV. and Henriette de Verneuil; born at Fontainebleau, Jan. 21, 1603; married in 1622, Bernard de la Valette, Duke d'Epernon; died in April 1627.

[3] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

[4] Charlotte d'Angoulême was the widow of Charles Count of Angoulême, natural son of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet.

[5] This noble Peer being ignorant of the arts of reading and writing, must have signed, I presume, by a *mark*.

promised to secure this for her son at her own expense, if the Duke would give Fère-en-Tartenois to his daughter and her heirs. To this the Duke consented, and requested Bassompierre to arrange his affairs, and rejoin him privately at Chantilly, where the marriage should take place without ceremony.

Monsieur de Roquelaure then suggested to the Duke, that to marry his daughter without first naming the subject to the King, would be an act of contempt by which His Majesty might be yet more seriously offended than he then was. The Duke replied by asking Bassompierre to break the matter to the King himself. This he accordingly did some time after in the presence of Roquelaure. The King was extremely gracious, and promised upon this to make up his quarrel with the Duke.[1]

Bassompierre, the *fiancé* of our heroine, was fifteen years her senior, having been born in Lorraine in 1579. He was exceedingly handsome and graceful, highly accomplished, wealthy, and good-natured: but he had no more notion of principle, nor even of morality, than had the sword which he wore. He loved Charlotte — not, as he did others, transiently; this seems to have been his one real and abiding attachment, which ended only with his life. Charlotte,

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

too, loved him: but her affection, though at its commencement as sincere as his own, did not last so long.

About this time, Mademoiselle de Montmorency was present at one of the Queen's evening parties. The King saw her, and expressed his admiration of her, saying that she was "a perfect beauty."[1] She was now between fifteen and sixteen years of age: a graceful girl, with very light hair, and blue eyes. "Never," says one of her panegyrists[2], "had anything been seen so beautiful. The fairness of her complexion was admirable; her eyes, lively and full of tenderness, would have inspired the most indifferent; there were no traits of her countenance which had not been moulded by the Graces. The sound of her voice, her carriage, her least actions, had a charm which it was impossible to avoid admiring."

So far the contract between Charlotte and Bassompierre seemed to go on satisfactorily. But now an obstacle arose. Charlotte danced in a Court masque—Bassompierre forgot to call upon one of her cousins. Those two incidents parted them for ever.

Monsieur de Bouillon, the nephew of the Duke de Montmorency[3], was extremly piqued at Bassom-

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre. [2] Cardinal Bentivoglio.
[3] Henri de la Tour, Viscount of Turenne, born 1555, died 1623.

pierre's absence of mind, in having forgotten to pay him the complimentary visit which was considered essential from the bridegroom to all the relatives of the bride elect. The day after the Queen's party, at which Charlotte had been so much admired, Bouillon maliciously whispered to the King, that "he was surprised His Majesty should give permission to Monsieur le Connétable to espouse his daughter to Monsieur de Bassompierre, when Monsieur le Prince [of Condé] was of an age to marry. It was very unadvisable to ally him out of France; and in France there was no one for him but Mdlles. de Mayenne and Montmorency; and Mademoiselle de Mayenne[1] would not do, because the League was already too powerful to need such a chief."

The King said, "he would think about it," and went to bed.

On the following day, the Queen began the rehearsal of a grand masque, which was to be acted at Court in the subsequent Lent. It was named, "The Nymphs of Diana," and twelve beautiful young ladies

His relationship to the Duke was somewhat complex, as it arose from his first wife being the niece of Antoinette de la Marck; to Charlotte he was, properly speaking, no relation at all.

[1] Mademoiselle de Mayenne was Renée, younger daughter of Charles, the celebrated Duke de Mayenne, and Henrique of Savoy; she married in 1613, Mario Duke of Ognano, and died in 1688.

of the Court represented the goddess and her attendant nymphs. Charlotte, attired as one of the latter, danced with a dart in her hand.[1] The great hall of the Louvre was cleared for the rehearsal, and the Queen herself superintended the performance. This ballet rehearsal took place in January, 1609. The King presented himself to watch the young dancers, accompanied by Monsieur le Grand, and Montespan, Captain of the Guards. Monsieur le Grand, "according to his custom of admiring everything new,"[2] pointed out to the King the graceful figure of Charlotte, who at the moment was executing a *pas seul*. "How pretty!" said Henri, and passed on.

On that very evening, the King and the Duke de Montmorency were both attacked with gout; and the marriage of Bassompierre and Charlotte was postponed.[3]

Struggling between the pain given him by the gout, and that occasioned by a sensation of which Charlotte was the object, and which he was pleased to dignify with the title of *love*, the King sent for the young nymph whose budding charms were creating such havoc in the halls of the Louvre. She obeyed the royal mandate; and His Majesty conversed with her, on this occasion, paternally.

[1] Dreux de Radier. [2] Mémoires de Bassompierre. [3] *Ibid.*

"I will love you as my daughter!" said he, benignantly; "during the year of Monsieur de Bassompierre's office as gentleman of the chamber, you shall reside at the Louvre. Would you like this? — Because, if you feel the slightest repugnance to marrying Bassompierre, I will break the contract between you, and you shall espouse the Prince of Condé, if you prefer it."

"Sire," replied Charlotte, innocently, "since such is the will of my father, I shall esteem myself happy with Monsieur de Bassompierre."[1]

The King then permitted her to depart. The next morning he sent for Bassompierre, and inquired why he had not watched in his apartment that night? Bassompierre replied, that his turn was not until the following night, the last having fallen to the Duke de Gramont. The rest of the story shall be told by Bassompierre himself.

"The King requested me to kneel on a footstool beside his bed, and then said that he had been thinking about my marriage. I said, that but for the Duke's attack of gout, it would have taken place already. The King replied, that he thought of marrying me to Mademoiselle d'Aumale.[2] I asked if His Majesty

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

[2] Anne, daughter of Charles Duke d'Aumale, and Marie of Elbœuf; she married, in 1618, Henri Duke of Savoie-Nemours, and died in 1638.

wished me to have two wives? Then he answered me, with a great sigh.

"'Bassompierre, I will speak to thee as a friend. I have become, not only in love with, but furious and *outré* for Mademoiselle de Montmorency. If thou marriest her, and she loves thee, I shall hate thee! If she loved me, thou wouldst hate me. It would be much better that we should not allow this to interrupt our mutual good-will; for I love thee, both from affection and inclination. I am determined to marry her to my nephew the Prince of Condé[1], and to keep her near my own family. It will be the consolation and entertainment of the old age on which I must now enter. I will give my nephew (who is young, and loves the chase a hundred thousand times better than the ladies) a hundred thousand francs a year to amuse himself with: and from her I ask no other species of gratitude than her love, without pretending to anything more!'"

It never seems to have entered Henri's head that *he* could resign his will for the sake of any one else: and it may reasonably be doubted what gratitude Charlotte could have been expected to feel towards

[1] Condé was not really Henri's nephew, but his second cousin. It is well known that at this time the terms "cousin" and "nephew" were considered interchangeable.

him, for violently disappointing her hopes and wishes for the gratification of his own. During this unique speech, Bassompierre was engaged in prudent reflections, more creditable to his head than to his heart.

"As he said this, I considered, that if I should reply that I would not quit my pursuit, it would be an imprudent and useless thing, because he was all-powerful. I determined to yield to him with a good grace, and said,

"'Sire! I have ever ardently desired one thing, which has presented itself to me when least I expected it: that is, by some signal proof to testify to your Majesty the extreme and ardent passion which I have for you, and how truly I love you. Certainly, I could not meet with a higher than this — to quit, without sorrow, without regret, so illustrious an alliance, so perfect a lady, and one so violently beloved by me: — but by this pure and frank resignation which I make, I in some sort please your Majesty. Yes, Sire—I desist from it for ever! and I trust that this new affection may bring as much joy to you, as the loss of it would cause me sorrow, were it not that consideration for your Majesty would prevent my feeling it!'"

Was there ever a like speech made under the

same circumstances? But our hero shall proceed: —

"Then the King embraced me — and *wept!* — assuring me, that he would do as much for me as for one of his natural children, and that he loved me dearly [!]; that I might assure myself of this, and that he appreciated my frankness and friendliness."

What a strange notion of love and friendship Henri must have possessed!

"Upon this, the arrival of the Princes and nobles made me rise; he called me again, and told me that he would make me marry his cousin of Aumale. I told him, that he had power to unmarry me, but not to marry me again elsewhere, and that I would never do it. And with that closed our conversation.

"It is true, that as under Heaven there was at that time nothing so beautiful as Mademoiselle de Montmorency, nor more graceful, nor more perfect, she was deeply imprinted in my heart; but as it was a love regulated by marriage, I did not feel it so strongly as I ought to have done [!]

"In the evening Madame d'Angoulême arrived with her niece. He [the King] spoke to the aunt, and then, for a long time, to the niece; then he spoke to the aunt again. As Mademoiselle de Montmorency retired, I looking at her, she shrugged

her shoulders at me, to show me what the King had said to her. I do not lie when I say that this action pierced me to the heart; and it so greatly touched me, that not being able to continue the game, I pretended to bleed from the nose, and departed. I went home, and for two days was like one possessed."

The King was desirous to address Mademoiselle de Montmorency in verse; but not being able to perpetrate a poem himself, he applied to Malherbe to do so for him. The poet produced the following verses[1]: —

"A quelles roses ne fait honte
De son teint la vive fraîcheur?
Quelle neige a tant de blancheur
Que sa gorge ne surmonte?
Et quelle flamme luit aux cieux,
Claire et nette comme ses yeux?

"Soit que de ses douces merveilles
Sa parole enchante les sens, —
Soit que sa voix de ses accens
Frappe les cœurs et les oreilles, —
A qui ne fait-elle avouer,
Qu'on ne peut assez la louer?"[2]

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[1] Dreux de Radier.

[2] Imitated:

Where the roses which are not
Shamèd by her fair fresh glow?
Where the whiteness of the snow
Which is whiter than her throat?

We must now permit Bassompierre to continue his narrative.

"Two or three days afterwards, I met the Prince of Condé[1], who asked me to accompany him to visit Mademoiselle de Montmorency. I made him a low bow, but I did not go.

"One morning, when I was in attendance on the King, the Prince said,

"'Monsieur de Bassompierre, I beg you to visit me this afternoon, to accompany me to my betrothal.'

"The King asked me what he had said?

"'A thing, Sire, which I will not do.'

"'What is that?'

"'That I should accompany him to see him betrothed. Is he not old enough to go alone? Can-

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Or where the light within the skies
So clear and pleasant as her eyes?

When her wondrous words and sweet
All the senses do rejoice —
When the accents of her voice
Ear and heart alike do greet —
Who is not ready to confess,
Praise reacheth not her perfectness?

[1] Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, the second of his name, was the only son of Henri I., by his second wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille: he was born Sept. 1st, 1588, and was therefore only six years older than our heroine.

not he be betrothed without me? I will answer for it, that if he were accompanied by no one but myself, his suite would be small!'

"The King said that he wished me to go. I replied, that I most humbly begged him not to command it me; for I would not do it. His Majesty ought to be contented that I had abandoned my passion, at the first mention of his will and desire, without forcing me to be led in triumph, after having deprived me of my bride-elect and of all my happiness!

"The King, who was the best of men [!], replied to me,

"'I see well, Bassompierre, that you are angry; but I am sure that you will not fail to go, when you reflect that it is my nephew, the first Prince of the blood, who has himself invited you.'

"And with this he left me, and commanded Messrs. de Praslin and De Termes to dine with me, and persuade me to go; which I did, after remonstrating: but fate so ordained it that I only set out when the Princesses were leading the bride to the Louvre, and she passed before my apartment."[1]

What followed, when Bassompierre arrived at the Louvre, will be seen in the next chapter.

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCY,

PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.

CHAP. II.

Betrothal of Charlotte to the Prince of Condé — Illness of Bassompierre. — Charlotte bestows the Prize at a Race at Court. — Her Marriage. — Present at Queen Marguerite's Ball. — The Prince retires from Court with his Bride. — Unhappiness of the Princess. — Her visit to Vertueil. — The King meets her there. — Princess hurried away by her Mother-in-Law. — Prince conveys her to Muret. — Her unwilling Journey to Landrécies. — Anger of the King. — The Archduke Albrecht summoned to deliver the Prince and Princess. — Princess conveyed to Brussels. — Prince sets out for Italy. — Princess endeavours to obtain a Divorce from the Pope. — Threatening Messages from France to the Archduke. — Death of Henri IV. — Condé returns to Paris. — Countess d'Auvergne sent to fetch the Princess home. — Condé's political Intrigues. — He joins the 'Princes' League.' — Reconciliation of Condé with the Queen Regent. — Arrest of the Prince. — Committed to the Bastille. — Princess visits him in Prison. — Their Reconciliation. — Princess takes the Small-pox. — Condé transferred to Vincennes. — Charlotte follows him there. — Birth of twin Sons. — Princess dangerously ill. — Her Recovery. — Birth of her Daughter. — Liberation of the Prince and Princess. — Playfulness of Charlotte's Disposition. — Birth of her third and fourth Sons. — Illness of the Princess. — Her Journey to Lyons. — Engaged in political Intrigue. — Bears the Train of the Princess Henriette. — Birth of her youngest Son. — Execution of her Brother. — Marriage of her eldest Son and Daughter. — Princess

quarrels with Madame de Montbazon. — Illness and Death of Condé. — Princess's Indifference to Him. — Princess visited by the Queen. — Death of Bassompierre.

THE gallery of the Louvre was gorgeously decorated, on the afternoon of the 30th of March, 1609. By the side of the altar stood Henri the Great in sumptuous array; and, by a refinement of cruelty peculiar to himself, he selected Bassompierre from all his courtiers, to be his personal attendant during the ceremony. In a magnificent chair of state sat the Queen, Marie de' Medici, blazing with diamonds; and behind her stood the Countess of Soissons[1] and the beautiful Princess de Conti.[2] The Prince of Condé stood awaiting his bride before the altar; and near him were his uncles of Conti[3] and Soissons[4], and his father-in-law elect, Henri Duke de Montmorency.

And now a soft rustling was heard, and from the portals of the gallery, attended by her white-robed

[1] Anne, dr. of Louis Count of Montasie; married, Dec. 27, 1601, to Charles Count of Soissons; died June 17, 1644.

[2] Louise Marguerite, only daughter of Henri I. Duke of Guise, and Catherine of Nevers; she married, 1605, François Prince of Conti; and, secondly and clandestinely, the Maréchal de Bassompierre; died Apr. 30, 1631.

[3] François, second son of Louis I. Prince of Condé, and Eléonore of Roye; born 1558, died 1614.

[4] Charles, youngest son of Louis I. Prince of Condé, by his second wife Françoise of Rothelin; born 1562, died 1594.

bridesmaids, the bride entered the temporary chapel. With a slow firm step she walked forward to the altar, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her face colourless as marble. Her long fair hair fell in ringlets upon her neck and bosom, and her pale lips wore that slight compression which told that she had steeled her heart to go calmly through a ceremony from which it shrank unutterably.

So, in splendid bridal robes, glittering diamonds, wondrous beauty, and bitter sorrow, Charlotte de Montmorency passed on to the altar. Truly that day it *was* an altar, and her heart was the sacrifice! She stood motionless almost as a statue, while the iniquitous ceremony proceeded, and Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorency became Princess of Condé.

Immediately after the conclusion of the last prayer, the Queen, rising from her state chair, warmly embraced her new cousin, the unhappy bride, and the King saluted her on each cheek; while the Princess de Conti and Countess of Soissons, with the Princes of the family, crowded round to offer their felicitations to their new relative. Condé, who had not much romance in his composition — a rare thing amongst the Condés—then took the hand of his bride and led her away.

Bassompierre went home, and at once fell ill

of tertian fever. He had so far recovered by Shrove Tuesday, that he was able to be present at the Arsenal, where there was a race for a ring given by Charlotte; "and the King," adds Bassompierre, "called me to him, to assist him in entertaining the lady who gave the ring, which I think I did very well!"[1]

The marriage of the Prince and Charlotte took place shortly after this, at Chantilly; and the new Princess made her *début* in Parisian society, at a ball given by Queen Marguerite.[2]

The Prince of Condé was perfectly aware of the state of his royal cousin's feelings towards his young Princess, and he accordingly withdrew her as much as possible from Court, keeping her in a secluded country seat, with no society save that of his mother[3] and himself. Now, neither of them was a very agreeable companion, for the Princess Dowager was stiff and pompous, and the Prince cold, reserved, and

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

[2] Queen Marguerite de Valois was the youngest daughter of Henri II. of France and Catherine de' Medici, and the first and divorced wife of Henri the Great. She was born on the 14th of May, 1552; and died on the 27th of Mar. 1615. She must not be confused with her aunt Marguerite de Valois, the Duchess of Savoy; or with her great-aunt Marguerite de Valois, the celebrated Queen of Navarre.

[3] Charlotte Catherine de la Tremouille, widow of Henri II. Prince of Condé; married 1586, died 1629.

saturnine. The young Princess was very unhappy in this position. She was naturally fond of gaiety, and not without some vanity, which there was nothing to gratify at Verteuil; and she had, moreover, what neither of her companions had — a warm, confiding heart. Hers was not a nature calmly to endure the freezing temperature to which it was subjected. Many a thought went after the brilliant saloons of Paris; and not a few strayed vainly and mournfully to Bassompierre. The Princess had not the remotest idea of the King's passion for her. She knew, indeed, that she had attracted a good deal of his attention, and her vanity was much gratified thereby: but the consequences she saw not.

The Prince, whose heart was set wholly upon the sports of hunting and coursing, which in his eyes were of much more importance than the happiness of his girl-wife, invited several of his friends and dependants to celebrate with him the Feast of St. Hubert, the patron saint of his favourite recreations. The Sieur and Dame de Trigny, whose house was situated about three or four leagues from the Abbey of Verteuil, invited the two Princesses to dine with them on that day. The invitation was accepted, and on the morning in question, the ladies set out in a coach for Trigny. While they were on their

way, a carriage passed them with the royal liveries. The Princess Dowager, who watched her daughter-in-law most narrowly, instantly took the alarm, fearing that some *rendezvous* had been concerted between Monsieur de Trigny and the King. She beckoned to some of the royal huntsmen whom she saw at a short distance, and one of them, advancing before the rest, came to the coach-door in obedience to the call of the Princess. In reply to her hurried inquiry if the King were out, he at once divested her of all fear, by informing her that a captain of the royal hunt was pursuing a stag with his friends, and had placed relays as she saw. While the attention of the Princess Dowager was turned to the huntsman, Charlotte, who sat at the door of the coach [1], amused herself with contemplating the picturesque appearance of the other huntsmen, who stood at a short distance with the hounds. To her extreme astonishment, she perceived one dressed like the rest in livery, and wearing a large black plaster over the left eye, whose face she well knew to be that of Henri the Great himself. The young

[1] The Princess Dowager's carriage was evidently one of those large old coaches in which, besides back and front seats like the modern, there were also one or more seats in the recesses of the doors. A little later in this memoir, we shall find the Queen of France riding in a carriage of this description.

Princess was more surprised at this unexpected *rencontre* than she had ever felt before in her life; but she did not dare to tell the Princess Dowager, lest she should repeat it to the Prince. In detailing this narrative many long years afterwards, when all those concerned therein, except herself, were in their graves, Charlotte naïvely acknowledged that this freak of the old King "had not displeased her."[1] It probably told on the large amount of vanity which she undoubtedly possessed, at least at that period of her life. The Princess Dowager, deceived by the huntsman's statements, and not undeceived by Charlotte, directed her coachman to proceed, and they shortly arrived at Trigny. On the Princesses entering the drawing-room accompanied by Madame de Trigny, Charlotte uttered an exclamation of delight at the exquisite beauty of the landscape as seen from its windows. Madame de Trigny quietly replied, "If you like to put your head out of that window," indicating the one she meant, "your Highness will see a still more agreeable prospect." The unsuspecting Princess, who had a keen relish for the beauties of nature, ran to the window in question; when, to her extreme surprise, she saw the King standing at the window of a pavilion

[1] Lord Stanhope's Life of Louis Prince of Condé.

opposite, holding one hand on his lips, and the other on his heart. The meaning of these rather doubtful signals, we are informed, was to send her a kiss from the one, and to inform her that she was enshrined in the other. Without pausing to consider the results that might follow, or to reflect upon the line of conduct which she should pursue, the frightened and astonished Charlotte hurriedly exclaimed, "O heavens! what is this? Madame, the King is here!" The Princess Dowager at once flew into a terrific passion, and divided her words between ordering her coach, and denouncing Monsieur de Trigny in all the abusive terms she could think of. This portion of the scene must have been somewhat ludicrous: but it was exchanged for one approaching solemnity, when the King himself appeared, and throwing himself at the feet of the Princess Dowager, entreated her most piteously to stay. There was nothing ludicrous then, in the look and tone with which the stately daughter of La Tremouille turned to the Monarch, and poured out her reproach and anger on his guilty head. The King promised her any thing she chose to ask, if she would remain. The Princess Dowager turned away without deigning to reply, and, taking the hand of her daughter-in-law, the young Princess, sternly and silently

re-entered her carriage, and returned to Verteuil. The Prince of Condé came late back from his hunting match; but, before anything else was permitted to be done, the Princess his mother detailed to him, in the presence of the timid and trembling Charlotte, who dreaded some explosion of his wrath, every particular of the meeting with the King. The Prince immediately set out with the young Princess for Muret; and, leaving her there, returned himself to Verteuil.

A few days after this adventure, Charlotte's quiet retreat at Muret was invaded by a carriage and eight horses. It was the night of the 30th of November. From the carriage at once sprang the Prince, who, on entering the house, communicated to his wife, in his usual stern, unsympathetic tone, that she must prepare for a long journey on the morrow. As soon as it was light, he roused her, and within a very short space of time the Princess was standing at the door, where she found four horses awaiting her and her suite, three of which were saddled with pillions. The Prince lifted Charlotte on one of the pillions, and bade a trusty valet mount before her; Mademoiselle de Certeau, and the Princess's maid, Philipette, were desired to occupy the others, while Rochefort and Touray (officers attending Condé) mounted in front.

The Prince himself then sprang into the saddle of the remaining horse, and, at a signal from him, the party set off at a gallop.

Well might Charlotte feel alarmed in such a position. The morose character of her husband was no safeguard for her, and all her attendants were completely at his orders. Mile after mile the young Princess was borne upon her pillion, until, as dusk came on, she heard her native tongue exchanged for a foreign one, and strange costumes and scenes met her eye; at length, in a quaint old city, when the tears which sorrow had brought to her eyes were dried from weariness and terror, the exhausted horses were bidden to stand: and as the Prince lifted his wife from her saddle, and told her she might rest now, she felt herself truly "a stranger in a strange land!"

The place where Condé stopped was Landrécies, the first town in the Low Countries.[1] Here he thought Charlotte would be safe, at least for a short time. Let us leave them in their retreat for a few moments, while we take a glance at the Monarch to avoid whom all this was done.

The King and his Court sat at play in His Majesty's cabinet at the Louvre on that eventful

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre. — Stanhope's Life of Condé.

night, when Monsieur Delbène and the Chevalier du Guet entered the room somewhat hastily, and whispered to the King. Henri rose immediately, and, going round the table to the place where Bassompierre sat, whispered in his ear,

"Bassompierre, my friend, I am lost! This man has carried away his wife into a forest—I do not know whether he means to kill her, or to take her out of France: take care of my money, and go on with the game, whilst I go and ascertain the details!"[1]

The King, however, did *not* go and ascertain the details. He went — to the Queen's chamber, where he tormented her, as she lay in bed listening to him, by frantic exclamations of sorrow, and extraordinary gesticulations. Truly, Kings are men: and never was there a more unmistakable proof of it than Henri the Great!

The next act of His Most Christian (!) Majesty was to send a threatening message to the Archduke Albrecht, Governor of the Low Countries, requesting him to select between the alternatives of delivering up the fugitives, or abiding the torrent of France's wrath. Sundry *gendarmes* were also despatched to the border, to seize the Princess, if they could get hold of her.

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

Condé was alarmed by the message, and still more so by the *gendarmes*. It was a dark and gloomy night when the news came to him. He ordered his coach at once, handed Charlotte in, followed himself, and the eight noble steeds gallopped away again. Charlotte, who had borne all the previous journeying with patience, now became superlatively angry. She saw nothing very terrible in the old King's admiration, and thought she had already suffered quite enough from Condé's caprice in the journey to Landrécies. She therefore gave vent to her feelings through her tongue. Condé did not act either kindly or wisely. Instead of reassuring and comforting the frightened and sorrowing girl of fifteen whom Providence had confided to his charge, so much against her own will, he sat silent and morose, replying to her angry questions or passionate reproaches, by silence or uncourteous monosyllables. So they drove on—Condé sullen, Charlotte cross and in tears —until he mounted the coach-box, and left her to weep inside, alone. So they drove on — never stopping through night or day but to change their exhausted horses; and Charlotte slept soundly from weariness and very sorrow, and awoke only to find the jaded horses checked before the Palace gates at Brussels.

A very courteous message was sent up by Condé to the Viceroy[1], and replied to in terms as cordial; and the Prince then handed out his dejected Princess, whom he conducted into the presence of the Archduchess. Isabel, herself the daughter of a French Princess, came forward to meet them, and spoke words so kind and gentle, that the tears came gushing back to the eyes of the sorrowing girl.

The Prince and Princess had resided only a few days at Brussels, when the Archduke received another and more strongly worded summons to deliver up the fugitives. In order to avoid a war with France, the Archduke suggested that Condé should quit them, leaving Charlotte in the care of the Archduchess. The Prince assented to the proposition, and travelled through Germany to Milan. The Princess felt relieved when she saw him depart, and was released from the burden of his society, for which the company of the gentle and amiable Isabel was an agreeable exchange.

The departure of Condé left Charlotte at liberty to carry out a plan which she had meditated ever since

[1] The Archduke Albrecht, son of the Emperor Maximilian II. and Maria of Spain; born 1559, died 1621. He married Isabel Clara Eugenia, eldest daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and Elizabeth of France; born at El Bosque, Aug. 12, 1566; married (by proxy) at Ferrara, and (in person) at Valencia, 1599; died Dec. 1, 1633. She was a benevolent and amiable Princess.

the journey to Landrécies. She wrote to the Pope, earnestly petitioning for a divorce.

Meanwhile, the Archduke Albrecht had replied to France, that the Prince of Condé was not with him: that the Princess was residing at the Court of the Archduchess of her own accord; and that he could not for a moment think of giving a rude dismissal to his guest. The reply of the French Monarch was a declaration of war. The hostile preparations were far advanced—flags were flying, and horses prancing, and swords and lances glittering in the streets of Brussels—when there came another message from the Court of France. They might lay down their lances, and refurl their flags, for — so ran the formula — it had "pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to call out of this transitory life to His eternal glory, the most high, mighty, and renowned Prince, Henri, King of France and of Navarre!"[1]

As soon as the news of the King's death reached Milan; the Prince of Condé instantly set out for Paris. He appears to have been in no haste to recall his Princess. He did not return by way of Brussels; he left her there until after the *sacre* of the new King (Louis XIII.), and when he did think of

[1] It was on the 14th of May, 1610, that Henri the Great was thus "cut off in the blossom of his sin," by the dagger of Ravaillac.

her, instead of going himself to fetch her, he despatched her sister, the Countess d'Auvergne[1], to bring her to Paris.

For nine years after her arrival in Paris, we lose sight of our heroine in a great measure; she did not remain long in the capital, but resided chiefly at Bourges. Condé is prominent enough. In 1613, we find him earnestly opposing the projected marriage of Louis XIII. with the Spanish Infanta.[2] In 1614, he was a member of the "Princes' League," and published a manifesto against the policy of the Queen Regent.[3] When the Spanish marriage was finally resolved upon, Condé withdrew to Clermont to prepare for war. The "Princes' League" was joined by the Huguenots, under the Maréchal Laval, and by the Dukes of Bouillon, Mayenne, and Longueville. The League, however, did not come to blows with the army of the Government. The Regent negotiated with her opponents; and, in 1616, the Treaty of Loudun was signed, which gave great advantages to the party of the League. Condé now became the head of the Regent's council, and was all-powerful with her for a

[1] I cannot identify this lady in Anderson's Royal Genealogies.

[2] Ana Maria Mauritia, daughter of Philip III. of Spain and Margarethe of Germany — commonly called Anne of Austria.

[3] Marie de' Medici, widow of Henri IV.

season. The Queen at length perceived that he was endeavouring to gain over the young King her son an influence which would be the death-blow to her own. She took instant measures to destroy it and remove him, and for this purpose invited him, with apparent friendship, to spend a few days at the Louvre.

On the morning of the 25th of September, 1616, Condé suddenly awoke, and found his bed surrounded by officers of the royal household. Nearest him stood Bassompierre, the man whose dearest hopes he had been made the instrument of destroying, and who now told him, in the low tones of his melodious voice, that he was a prisoner in the hands of the King, and must prepare at once to appear in His Majesty's presence. While Condé was dressing, the young King, under the instructions of his mother, was occupied in holding a *lit de justice* upon his cousin; and before the Prince had completed his toilet, he was informed that the pleasure of the King was to consign him to the Bastille. Thither he was conducted under a strong escort.

The winter of 1616, and the spring of the following year, rolled away slowly and wearily to the active, though stern and gloomy spirit of the imprisoned Prince. Bitter must his thoughts have been during

those nine desolate months. The trial for divorce between himself and Charlotte was still pending in the Roman Court. Now, there could be no doubt that she would gain her end, and that speedily.

On the night of the 29th of June, 1617, Condé lay alone on his wretched bed in the Bastille. He was positively ill from imprisonment, weariness, and vexation. He felt sad and desolate; and, like Elijah, "he requested for himself that he might die!" At that moment the bolts of his prison-door were slowly withdrawn, and the door opened and closed again. It had evidently admitted somebody, for a dark shadow crossed the room in the twilight, and he felt some one kneel by the side of his miserable pallet. Hoping nothing, and rather vexed to be intruded on by any one, Condé asked, in a husky and somewhat cross tone, —

"Who is there?"

He sprang up in amazement the next instant, for it was the well-known voice of Charlotte de Montmorency that had answered him.

"*You* here, Madame!" he exclaimed: "and why?"

The Princess's voice trembled as she replied, "To serve you — to comfort you — to make you love me!"

The stern heart was touched. Condé clasped her in his arms, and wept aloud. Charlotte wept also; and in those tears they shed that night, melted away all the resentment and the heart-burnings which had been between them hitherto. The mutual hatred of the Prince and Princess of Condé was from that hour a thing of the past.

No sooner had Charlotte discovered that her husband was unhappy, than she flew to the Louvre, and earnestly begged the King to permit her to visit him. His Majesty took an unreasonably long time to decide, but at length he gave his consent for Charlotte to see the Prince, on condition that she also remained a prisoner, and quitted the dungeon only when her husband did. The noble Princess at once consented to abide by these hard conditions; and we have seen how she was rewarded.

Shortly after her arrival at the Bastille, Charlotte took that terrible disease, the small-pox: she recovered from it without the smallest detriment to her beauty.

The King ordered the release of Condé from the Bastille, on the 15th of September; but it was only to transfer him to the Castle of Vincennes. Thither Charlotte followed him; and in that stately fortress, on the 21st of December, 1617, she was prematurely

confined of twin sons, who both died immediately, while she herself remained for twenty hours hovering between life and death.[1] She recovered, after her life had been completely despaired of by her physicians; but there were many works for her to accomplish, and many sorrows to pass through, ere death took her. On the 27th of August, 1619, was born Charlotte's only daughter, Anne Geneviève, who lived to become "the heaviness of her mother."

The imprisonment of the Prince and Princess at Vincennes lasted for more than two years. On the 20th of November, 1619, their dreary captivity was terminated.[2] The King most graciously went to Chantilly to receive them, and took them with him to Compiègne; whence they journeyed to Notre-Dame-de-Liesse.

We now find the Princess much in the society of her husband's aunt (who was, however, about her own age), Louise, Princess de Conti. They were both playfully-disposed dames, for Charlotte had completely recovered her old gaiety; and they delighted in playing off practical jokes upon the officers of state and the young nobles. Bassompierre relates that one day the two Princesses drew

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre.

[2] They were liberated at the request of the Duke de Luynes, the King's favourite.

him into a window, where they both began laughing so heartily that neither of them could speak. Louise was the first to recover her gravity, and she informed him that, after due deliberation, the conclave of Court ladies had been engaged in assigning spouses to all the bachelors; and that to himself fate had decreed Mademoiselle de Luynes. Bassompierre let them have their laugh; but, though they pressed him hard, he would make no promise.[1] The wife who really was decreed for Bassompierre was the very Princess Louise who rallied him on the subject.

In 1620, Charlotte gave birth to another son, who did not survive his nativity; and, on the 8th of September, 1621, at Paris, was born her fourth son, Louis, who afterwards bore the name of the "Great Condé."

The Lent of 1622 found the Princess ill in bed.[2] The nature and duration of her illness is not stated; but in the close of that year, we find the Princesses of Condé and Conti in attendance on the Queen at Lyons, and lodging in the Archbishop's Palace.[3]

Charlotte, shortly after this, became engaged in political intrigue,—the only time that her name is ever mixed up with it, except when the interests of her sons, at a later period, forced her to action.

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Indeed, the motive by which she was impelled on this occasion, was an idea that some one had put into her head, that the projected marriage of the Duke of Orleans with Mademoiselle de Montpensier would exclude her son from the succession.[1] She questioned Bassompierre as to how this marriage could be prevented. The advice given her by that gentleman was the counsel of a courtier, but not that of a Christian.

"Madame," said he, "you have two great affairs to look to: first, the return of your husband to Court[2]; secondly, to hinder, or delay as much as possible, the marriage of Monsieur. Your wisest course is to join the party of the Queen and the Cardinal[3]; and to *appear* to desire this marriage, and request everybody to help it forward! The King, in this case, from the dislike which he entertains to the party of the Queen, will oppose the marriage, and when you find the credit of the Queen's party low, and your own interests likely to suffer, you can easily slip out!"

"Madame la Princesse," adds Bassompierre, "took

[1] The Duke of Orleans was Gaston, youngest brother of Louis XIII. After the King and his brother, of whom the former was at that time childless, and the latter unmarried, the Prince of Condé was next in the royal succession.

[2] Condé was again in temporary disgrace.

[3] Richelieu.

my counsel very well, and at once commenced putting it in practice."[1]

In 1625, at the betrothal of the Princess Henriette Marie to the King of England[2], the Princess of Condé was among the ladies who followed the Queen; and on the ensuing day, she bore the Princess's train at the marriage, accompanied by the Princess of Contì and Countess of Soissons, each of the train-bearers being led by two noblemen of the Court, and their own trains carried by their squires.

The youngest child of the Princess — Armand, afterwards Prince of Contì — was born on the 11th of October, 1629.

The next memorable event in Charlotte's life was the death of her brother, Henri II., Duc de Montmorency. Richelieu condemned him to the scaffold; and though the Princess his sister, who was much attached to him, knelt at the feet of the powerful Cardinal to implore his mercy, he was inflexible. Montmorency died upon the scaffold, on the 30th of October, 1632.

In 1636 Condé was again in arms, leading the royal troops into Franche-Comté.

[1] Mémoires de Bassompierre. — The Duke married Marie de Montpensier, and the only child of the marriage was *La Grande Mademoiselle.*

[2] Charles I.

The Princess of Condé was present at the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIV.), which took place at St. Germain, on the 5th of September, 1638. She was accompanied by her daughter, the Duchess de Vendôme, and Mademoiselle de Vendôme.[1] In the ensuing winter, we find Charlotte in Paris, giving balls, parties, and private theatricals, at the Hôtel de Ventadour.[2]

Towards the close of the year 1640, the Princess was occupied in superintending the preparations for the marriage of her eldest son. The bride of the Duke d'Enghien was Claire Clémence de Maillé Brézé, niece of Cardinal Richelieu. The betrothal took place in the King's chamber, "as is customary in the case of Princes of the Blood,"[3] and was followed by a ballet at the Palais-Cardinal[4], attended by the King and Queen, with the whole Court. After the ballet came a ball, in the course of which the poor little bride, who was a mere child, and very short for her age, fell as she was dancing a *couronne*, in consequence of having such high-heeled shoes that she

[1] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier. The Duchess was Françoise of Lorraine; her daughter was Elizabeth, afterwards Duchess de Nemours.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Now the Palais-Royal.

could not walk. Instead of showing any compassion for the child, the whole company laughed heartily at her misfortune, not excepting her ungracious bridegroom, who thoroughly despised her, and was disgusted with his forced marriage altogether. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who hated the whole Condé family, says of the young Duchess d'Enghien, "Not only, in point of beauty and mental qualities, had she nothing which raised her above mediocrity, but she was also so childish, that for more than two years after her marriage, she still played with dolls; so that she was despised and ill-treated by all the family of Monsieur her husband, which she perceived, and constrained herself to visit me, for she had no joy or pleasure but when she was with me. I confess that she excited my compassion, and that this consideration alone caused me to put up with her visits; for I received no entertainment from them. The year after her marriage, she was sent to the Carmelite Convent of St. Denis, to learn to read and write, during the absence of Monsieur her husband."[1] The marriage of the Duke was much more private than the betrothal, the only persons invited to witness it being the relatives of the bride, "the Cardinal de

[1] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 56.

Richelieu not thinking the presence of royalty necessary to the honour of his family."[1]

A few years later than the period of which I am speaking, the young Duke d'Enghien was thus described. "He was not handsome; his face was of an ugly shape; he had lively blue eyes, and there was some pride in his look. His nose was aquiline, his mouth extremely disagreeable, because it was large, and the teeth stuck out too much. Nevertheless, in his whole appearance there was something great and proud[2], which made him resemble an eagle. He was not of the tallest, but his *taille*, in itself, was perfect. He danced well, and had an agreeable air, a haughty mien, a very beautiful head, and a long thin face."[3] To this description it may be added, that Condé wore a black moustache; he had large red lips, but scarcely any colour in the cheeks. In a beautiful miniature likeness of this Prince[4], the face tallies exactly with the description of Madame de Motteville, except the eyes, which, instead of being blue, are of a bright rich brown.

[1] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 60. The marriage took place on the 11th of February, 1641.

[2] Madame de Motteville seems to consider greatness and pride synonymous.

[3] Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Anne d'Autriche, par Madame de Motteville.

[4] Exhibited at Manchester in 1857.

The only daughter of Charlotte de Montmorency is thus sketched by the same hand that has drawn the portrait of her brother given above. "It was impossible to see her without loving and desiring to please her. Her beauty, nevertheless, consisted more in the colouring than in any peculiar perfection of feature. Her eyes were not large, but they were fine, bright, and soft; and their blue was beautiful — it was like that of a turquoise. The beautiful carnation of her complexion was to be compared to lilies and roses, and her fair sunny hair, accompanying so many other beauties, made her less resemble a woman than an angel, as our finite perception has imagined those celestial beings."[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier adds, "She was as beautiful as an angel."[2]

This pretty girl was married, in 1642, to the old Duke de Longueville, a widower of twice her age, whose daughter was little younger than her stepmother. The Duke was a dull, prosy, disagreeable man — a very unfit husband for the gay, lively, laughter-loving Anne. The nuptials were followed by a large *soirée* at the Hôtel de Longueville.[3]

The Duchess de Longueville was present one even-

[1] Mémoires par Mme. de Motteville.
[2] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 59.
[3] Ibid.

ing at a Court ball, when a couple of letters were picked up on the floor, accidentally dropped, no doubt, either by the writer or the receiver. The writing was that of a lady, the letters were addressed to a gentleman, and they were full of expressions of the deep attachment of the writer to the recipient. The ladies and gentlemen in the saloon amused themselves by trying to guess the names of the two parties. Madame de Montbazon, a lady whose enmity to the Duchess de Longueville was founded on envy of her superior charms and accomplishments, strenuously maintained that the letters in question were in the hand of Madame de Longueville, and had fallen from the pocket of Monsieur de Coligny. The Duke d'Enghien thereupon challenged the Duke de Beaufort, the suitor and supporter of Madame de Montbazon; while another duel was fought between Monsieur de Coligny and the Duke de Guise, in which the champion of Madame de Longueville was worsted.

Upon this unfortunate event, the Duchess de Longueville and the Princess of Condé threw themselves in tears at the feet of the Queen[1], demanding that Her Majesty should compel Madame de Mont-

[1] Anne of Austria.

bazon to give public satisfaction for the affront which she had offered to the character of the Duchess. The Queen decided that the petition of the injured and angry ladies should be granted. It was settled that all parties should meet at the Hôtel de Condé, where Madame de Montbazon should read an apology, to which the Princess was to make a suitable reply. Now arose a fresh difficulty; for the fair antagonists could not agree on the terms of the apology. Cardinal Mazarin, as a last resource, was appealed to, to draw up the document in question; but when the Prime Minister, with much amusement to himself, had executed his important task, "there was an hour's discussion upon every word!"[1] Madame de Montbazon was extremely unwilling to submit at all; but on the interference of the Queen, she reluctantly yielded. On the evening appointed for the reading of the apology, the Princess assembled all her friends in her saloons, the Duke of Orleans and his daughter, Mademoiselle, being present among the rest. "Madame de Montbazon, who was splendidly dressed, entered the apartment of Madame la Princesse with much haughtiness."[2] She read aloud the apology, from a paper tied to her fan.

[1] Lord Stanhope's Life of Condé.

[2] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, i. 86.

"Madame, I come here to assure you that I am quite innocent of the wickedness of which I have been accused. No person of honour would have pronounced such a calumny. Had I committed such a fault, I should have submitted to the penalties which the Queen would have laid upon me; I should never have shown myself in the world, and I should have requested your forgiveness. I entreat you to believe that I shall never be found wanting in the respect which I owe to you, and the opinion which I entertain of the virtue and merit of Madame de Longueville."

"Madame," answered the Princess, reading also from her fan, her face wearing the expression of contemptuous haughtiness, and without descending in the least from the majesty which she knew so well how to assume[1], "I willingly believe the assurances which you give me, that you took no part in the calumny which has been published. I defer to the command of the Queen too much to do otherwise."[2]

No sooner had the apology been made, and the answer received, than each of the irritated ladies tore to shreds the important bit of paper over which so many hours had been wasted. As Charlotte flung

[1] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 87.
[2] Ibid., i. 86.

the remnants of hers into the fire, she said, in an under tone, to those who stood near her,

"I will never go anywhere again, where I am likely to meet that woman!"[1]

A short time after this, a picnic was given, in Bernard's garden, by Madame de Chevreuse, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and other ladies. The Queen was invited, and the Princess of Condé also made her appearance. Shortly after the arrival of the latter, Madame de Montbazon thought proper to present herself. The quarrel between the inimical ladies was at once renewed in all its fury, proving how shallow their apparent reconciliation had been. The Princess declared that she would eat no supper, unless Madame de Montbazon retired. Madame de Montbazon refused to depart. "The affair was a long time in agitation, and the conclusion was not agreeable for those who were hungry. After two or three hours' going and coming from one party to the other, they only decided to separate without supper. The next morning, Madame de Montbazon received a command from the King to retire to one of her country houses."[2]

The summer of 1644 was passed by the Prince

[1] Life of Condé.

[2] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 90.

and Princess of Condé at Chantilly, where they gave magnificent entertainments to all their friends.[1]

In the midst of all these quarrels and splendours, happened an unexpected event, which entirely changed the after course of Charlotte's life. The Prince of Condé was suddenly taken ill, on the 24th of December, 1646. His affection for his wife, which had never been violent, and for some time had seemed very cool, appeared suddenly to return, and he spoke to her most tenderly. He then sent for his children, and gave them his benediction, "on condition of being good Catholics."[2] He expired at Paris, about midnight, on the 26th of December, the third day of his illness; and, after seven years of unhappy—and thirty of contented—wedded life, Charlotte de Montmorency was left a desolate widow. The Prince had made very favourable mention of his wife in his will. He was a man whose natural sternness had amounted to cruelty, and his love of economy to avarice. When he was declared heir presumptive to the crown by Henri IV., his whole fortune was estimated only at 10,000 *livres;* at his death, he left in his house half a million *livres.*[3] "Those who had seen him in his

[1] Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, i. 122.
[2] Mémoires par Mme. de Motteville. [3] Ibid.

youth said that he had been handsome; but in his later years, he became ugly and uncleanly, and there were few signs of his beauty. His eyes, which were very large, were red, his beard neglected, and his hair, which was generally very greasy, he passed behind his ears; so that he was by no means fascinating to look at!"[1]

The Princess of Condé was supposed not much to regret her husband's death. "The Queen," says Madame de Motteville, "went to see Madame la Princesse, more to congratulate than to condole with her!"[2] That gossiping wit, Madame de Rambouillet, went so far as to declare that "Madame la Princesse had only two happy days with Monsieur le Prince;—the day he married her, on account of the high rank he gave her—and the day of his death, which set her at liberty to do as she pleased."[3] We shall soon find, however, that if the day of her husband's death were a day of happiness to Charlotte, it was the last she ever spent on this side the grave.

Ere the close of the year 1646, another event took place, which must have roused many a recollection in the heart of Charlotte de Montmorency, when the news of it reached her ear. It was the death of the

[1] Mémoires par Mme. de Motteville. [2] Ibid.
[3] Lord Stanhope's Life of Condé.

oldest acquaintance she had—of one to whom she had ever looked up as a counsellor and a friend, more than to any other person. Worn out by anxiety, disappointment, a life of fatigue, and a dreary imprisonment of ten years within the walls of the Bastille, died of a broken heart, in the same year as his rival, Condé, François de Bassompierre, Marshal of France. His life, from 1609 to 1646, is a most brilliant, a most melancholy, history. He was plenipotentiary from the French Court to the English; he was wealthy, envied, admired by all men; he married (clandestinely) Charlotte's beautiful friend, Louise Marguerite of Guise, Princess Dowager of Conti, a direct lineal descendant of the mighty Charlemagne. Yet he was a most unhappy man. Hardened in iniquity, he became the most dissolute courtier of the dissolute Court of the Regency. He lived—a "whited sepulchre:" he died—of a broken heart!

CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCY,

PRINCESS OF CONDÉ.

CHAP. III.

Description of Charlotte in her later Years. — She quits Paris with the Court in the War of the Fronde. — Assists Queen Henrietta of England. — Quarrels of her Sons. — Princess reconciles them. — Condé quarrels with Mazarin. — Their Reconciliation. — Princess warns her Son to beware of the Cardinal. — Visits the Queen. — Arrest of Condé and his Brother. — Princess ordered to quit Paris. — She requests two Days' Grace. — Visited by numerous Persons. — The Princesses depart to Chantilly. — Timidity of Charlotte. — Her unwillingness to take active Measures for the Release of her Sons. — Distracted by differing Counsels. — Departure of her Daughter. — Princess's Manner of passing her Time. — Her Stratagems. — Escape of the Princess Clémence and her Son. — Princess eludes the Vigilance of her Custodian, and repairs to Paris. — Petitions the Chambers for the Release of her Sons. — Entreats the personal interference of the Duke of Orleans. — Petition refused by the Chambers. — Princess departs to Châtillon. — Her Avarice. — Princess falls ill. — Change in her Character. — Last Message to the Queen. — Her dying Message to her Daughter. — Death of the Princess. — Her Will. — Release of her Sons. — Account given of her Death in the Gazette de Loret.

"Among the Princesses," says Madame de Motteville of the subject of our memoir, "she who had the precedence was pre-eminent also in beauty, and, though

not young, she still caused admiration to those who saw her. Her beauty was great when I was at Court in my infancy, and it lasted till the close of her life. We had praised her during the Regency of the Queen, fifty years before, and in that praise there was no flattery. She was blonde and white; her eyes were blue, and perfectly beautiful; her mien haughty and full of majesty[1]; and the whole of her person was pleasing at all times; her manners were agreeable, except when she showed pride, which was rude and full of bitterness, against those who dared to displease her."[2]

Louis XIII. was dead[3], and his decease had been almost immediately preceded by that of his broken-hearted mother, Marie de' Medici, who expired at Cologne in poverty and exile.[4] Another little King filled the throne, and another Queen-Mother was at the helm of state; the latter[5] being the very Infanta whose marriage the late Prince of Condé had been so anxious to prevent. The Queen had given all her support to Cardinal Mazarin, to whom she was pri-

[1] Several of her contemporaries speak of the majestic stateliness of the Princess's mien.

[2] Mémoires par Madame de Motteville.

[3] He died May 14, 1643.

[4] July 11th, 1642.

[5] Anne of Austria.

vately married.[1] The Duke of Orleans[2] and the Princes of Condé disliked the Cardinal extremely, and in this they were joined by the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, who aimed at distinguishing himself through the fall of Mazarin. A strong party was formed by these four against Mazarin, which was joined by the Duke d'Elbœuf, the Duke de Longueville, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and, most heartily of all, by the only daughter of our heroine, Anne Duchess de Longueville. The anti-Mazarin party took care to fan into a flame the already excited animosity of the Parisians to the Cardinal. The insurrection which at this time took place in Paris is known in history as the war of the Fronde. The party above described fomented the disturbance, but for some time their encouragement was given secretly.

When Anne of Austria fled from Paris, panic-stricken at the first rise of the Fronde, Charlotte, now Princess Dowager of Condé, was one of the companions of her journey. The Queen, the little King, the Princess Dowager, the Princess Clémence, the Prince

[1] The Duchess of Orleans has stated this, on the authority of her husband, the youngest son of Anne of Austria. The only thing Philippe of Orleans loved was his mother; and he was not likely to have spread an *untrue* report at all derogatory to her.

[2] Gaston, brother of Louis XIII.

of Conti, and Madame de Sennecey, the Queen's first Lady of Honour, occupied the wheeled saloon which the courtesy of our ancestors termed a coach. The royal party waited a few minutes for Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the Queen having sent for her, wholly unconscious that that young lady was a *Frondeur* in her heart. Mademoiselle's quick eyes at once discerned, on reaching the coach, that the Princess Dowager was seated in the pleasantest part of it, and Her Royal Highness immediately determined to supplant her; for between these two ladies there was a species of chronic feud.

"I shall place myself either on the back or front seat," said she; "I don't like the cold, and I want to be comfortable."

"The King my son and I are there," replied the Queen, "and Madame the Princess-Mother."

"We will leave her there, then," answered Mademoiselle, perhaps discerning a slight reproof in the Queen's tone or manner; "young people ought to give up the good places to the old ones."

And with this remark, admirably calculated to irritate Charlotte, who had no desire to be considered old, Mademoiselle took her seat at the door, by the side of the Prince de Conti.

"Were you not very much surprised at my reso-

lution to depart?" demanded the Queen of the newcomer.

"Not at all," coolly replied the Princess; "Monsieur had informed me of it beforehand."

Now, Monsieur had not done anything of the sort, as Mademoiselle herself confesses in her Memoirs; but he was not present to hear the untruthful assertion of his eldest daughter, and Her Royal Highness's statement therefore went uncontradicted. Anne of Austria, however, suspected the falsehood, and quickly replied,

"What made you go to bed, then?"

The Princess was quite as shrewd as the Queen.

"I was very glad," she answered, "to lay in a stock of sleep, not knowing whether I should have any bed at all to-night."

The scene which presented itself, when the fugitive Court arrived at St. Germain-en-Laye, verified the prognostication of Mademoiselle. The Queen's flight had been so sudden, that not the slightest preparation was made for her reception; and when her departure became known to the Parisians, they were so angry at the idea of the deception she had practised on them, that they refused to permit any furniture or supplies of any kind to pass to St. Germain for the use of Her Majesty. Their favourites, Mademoiselle

de Montpensier and the Princes of Condé, were permitted to send for what they pleased. The first night, however, in the unfurnished and (in some parts) unfinished Palace, was very desolate to all parties. "Those who had beds had no hangings, and those who had hangings had no clothes!" Mademoiselle slept—on the 6th of January, be it remembered—in a room without any glass in the windows. We are not informed how Charlotte was provided for; but there can be no doubt that her sons furnished her with necessary comforts, as anything bearing their names was allowed to quit the strictly-guarded gates of Paris.

The Princess Dowager had been only a very short time at St. Germain, when her younger son placed her in a most unpleasant position, by returning to Paris with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Longueville. This greatly annoyed the Queen, who had already seen reason for suspicion that the Princes of Condé would ultimately join the party of the Fronde. Anne of Austria was moreover vexed that the Duchess de Longueville had declined accompanying her to St. Germain, and had, instead, sent a message by the Princess her mother, pleading delicate health as her reason for remaining in Paris; the departure of the Prince of Conti, therefore, put the culminating point

to Her Majesty's wrath, which, in default of the presence of the actual criminals, vented itself in explosions upon the unoffending head of Charlotte. On their arrival in Paris, the Prince of Contì and the Duke de Longueville at once joined the Fronde, and the Prince of Condé did the same shortly afterwards. The complex history of the war of the Fronde would be too long to detail here, especially as it bears no reference to our heroine, though all her children were prominent actors in it—Condé and Madame de Longueville in particular. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Contì, before long, withdrew himself from the conflict; that Condé defended Paris valiantly against the royal troops, while Mademoiselle de Montpensier undertook first the siege, and then the defence, of Orleans; and that the war ended by both parties becoming so thoroughly wearied of it, that concessions were offered on each side, of which the result was peace.

The Princess Dowager of Condé proved one of the firmest friends of the unfortunate Queen Henrietta of England. During Henrietta's misfortunes, Charlotte bestowed no less than a hundred thousand *livres* on her whose bridal train she had borne twenty-five years before,

"When the spirit was young and the world was new."

The young Prince of Condé and his brother of Conti had never been on very good terms. The Princess has been accused of showing a marked partiality for the latter; he partook of her own disposition much more than his brother. He was not ill-natured, but he was indolent and apathetic. Condé, on the contrary, was brave, fiery, cruel, and selfish. Two natures such as these were not likely to agree. Soon after the close of the war, the brothers broke out into open hostility. The Princess Dowager interfered, and endeavoured most earnestly to reconcile them; and she succeeded in bringing about a state of apparent friendship — a sort of quiescent volcano — in the year 1649. Condé then turned his hostility from his brother to the all-powerful Cardinal who at that time swayed the destinies of France. Mazarin was more clever than he. They quarrelled—shook hands—and were reconciled; and the Cardinal seemed to his new ally the best friend he had in the world. On leaving the Palais-Cardinal on this occasion, Condé went to dine with his mother. He communicated to her the delightful news that the Cardinal was his friend.

"I doubt it!" said the Princess.

"Madame, you do wrong to doubt it!" returned the Prince warmly; "I can count upon him as much as I could upon yourself!"

"God grant, my son," replied Charlotte very gravely, "that you may not be mistaken!"[1]

The Prince replied by holding out a letter to her, which she perused with a trembling hand and beating heart. These were its contents.

"I promise Monsieur le Prince, under the good pleasure of the King, and by the command of the Queen Regent his mother, that I will never abandon his interests, but will sustain them towards all, and against all; and I entreat His Highness to consider me as his very humble servant, and to favour me with his protection, which I will merit by all the obedience that he may desire from me.

"To which I have signed in the presence, and by the command of the Queen.

"LE CARDINAL DE MAZARIN."[2]

The Princess shook her head distrustfully and sadly, as she gave back the Cardinal's letter into the hand of her son[3]; and when Condé, deaf to her warnings and entreaties, set out on his return to Court, she determined to follow him, and speak to the Queen, whom she considered as her firm friend. They had endured together the persecutions of Richelieu, and more than once had the Princess braved the fury of the Minister for the sake of the Queen. Charlotte, therefore, considered that she had

[1] Stanhope's Life of Condé. [2] Miss Pardoe's Louis XIV. [3] Ibid.

a just claim on the gratitude of Anne, and she thought that, if any danger did really menace her son, the Queen would give her some warning; for the Princess well knew how hollow were Mazarin's protestations of friendship, and that, whenever he smiled, it was just as he was about to strike.

When the Princess arrived at the Palace, she found the Queen, in full dress, lying on her bed. Anne received her with great cordiality, and began to converse with her in her usual familiar manner. While they were discoursing upon sundry matters, the Prince of Condé entered the room, to pay his respects to the Queen; but, not wishing to interrupt her conversation with the Princess, he retired in a few minutes. As Condé passed his mother, she held out her hand to him, and he pressed it respectfully and affectionately to his lips. It was the last time that the mother and son ever met. Charlotte was still seated by the bed-side of the Queen, when it was announced to Her Majesty that Cardinal Mazarin and her council were awaiting her. The Queen rose, and took an affectionate leave of Charlotte — and she, too, never saw her again.

The Princess had returned to the Hôtel de Condé, and was seated calmly in her drawing-room with the Count de Brienne, the cordial demeanour of the

Queen having entirely quieted her fears, when her daughter, the Duchess de Longueville, rushed into the apartment with a face as pale as death. She exclaimed only, "Ah, Madame, my brothers!" and then sank down, wringing her hands in silent agony.

The Count de Brienne now rose, and the Princess saw in his face that he knew something of the cause of this.

"*Hélas!*" she cried, "what is all this? My sons! my children!—Are they dead? What has been done to them?"

"Madame," said the Count with some emotion, "I cannot disguise from you any longer, that I have been commissioned by Her Majesty to break to your Highness, as a friend, what I had not hitherto ventured to name: — that the Princes have been arrested by order of the Queen. I have, moreover, the painful duty of furthermore commanding yourself, in Her Majesty's name, to quit Paris without a day's delay. The Duke d'Enghien and the children of the Duke de Longueville[1] must accompany you."

As soon as the Princess had recovered a little from the severe shock which this terrible news

[1] These were Charlotte's grandchildren — the only son of Condé and Clémence, and the children of Anne.

occasioned, she sat down to write to the Queen. She informed Her Majesty that she was ready to obey her command to retire to Chantilly; but she entreated permission to remain for one day at home, to arrange her affairs, and to spend another in devotion at the Carmelite Convent. That done, she would relieve her royal friend from the encumbrance of her too close vicinity.

The Queen replied, in a courteous though cold manner, that Madame la Princesse was at liberty to postpone her journey for two days, as she requested.[1]

During those two days, the Hôtel de Condé was besieged by crowds of condoling visitors. All Paris seemed to have gone to see the Princesses. Among others came the Commandeur de Jars, a man politically hostile to Condé, but an honourable man, who sympathised with the unfortunate ladies in their painful position. A rather odd anecdote is connected with his visit; but its apparent frivolity is characteristic rather of the times than of the Princess. She said to him, weeping bitterly as she spoke,

"Commandeur, you have always been one of my friends. You see the state to which I am reduced! May I beg one favour from you?"

"Yes, Madame," replied he; "and if it be in my

[1] Mémoires par Madame de Motteville.

power, there is nothing which a man of fortune can do, that I will not with pleasure undertake to serve you."

"My poor son, the Prince of Condé," resumed the afflicted Princess, "is infirm, delicate, and inconvenienced in his present situation; he will suffer much from not having his valet with him, whose duty it is to serve him; I beg of you to prevail upon the Queen to give orders that he may be sent to him; with that I shall be in some degree comforted."[1]

The two days of grace at length expired, and Charlotte, accompanied by Clémence, her daughter-in-law, her daughter Anne, her grandchildren, and Mademoiselle de Longueville[2], set out for Chantilly. The Princess left her faithful servant Lenet behind in Paris, with orders to report and advise as he saw best. Soon after their arrival in the country, Lenet wrote to the two Princesses and the Duchess, recommending that the little Duke d'Enghien should be sent into Burgundy, and that the Princess Dowager should place herself at the head of the party in favour of Condé. This, however, was not advice likely to be adopted by Charlotte. She was naturally timid, and of a somewhat indolent disposition;

[1] Mémoires par Madame de Motteville.

[2] Marie, daughter of the Duke de Longueville; wife of Henri Duke of Savoie Nemours. She was the step-daughter of the Duchess Anne.

and another, and a worse, failing was gradually growing upon her. The prevailing vice of her later years was avarice. No advice was welcome to her, which necessitated the scattering of her hoarded treasures. She sent no written answer; but the messenger whom Lenet had despatched to her, reported that the Princess Dowager had not permitted him to deliver the letter with which he was charged for the young Princess. Clémence was no longer a timid child; she had now become a loving, an enduring, an heroic woman; and Charlotte, well knowing that Clémence would have been up and doing in an hour after the receipt of Lenet's letter, prevented such a catastrophe by throwing it into the fire unopened. The same fate attended Lenet's letter to herself, as soon as it was read. She even forbade the courier to see the Princess Clémence, stating that such matters were not fit to be communicated to a person of her age. (The Princess Clémence was about twenty years of age at this time.) She desired him, furthermore, to reply to Lenet for her, that she felt certain that the slightest demonstration on the part of either of the Princesses, would cause them both to be committed to prison. "As for me," continued Charlotte, "I wish to live quietly, and weep over the misfortunes of my House in my retirement at

Chantilly; I hope to obtain from GOD, by prayer, the grace to make known the innocence of my sons to the King. All my friends can act as they think proper; but I am resolved not to interfere in anything which may endanger my own liberty. I beg Monsieur de Lenet to continue to write to me, and I trust that he will ever love our unfortunate House."

Poor Princess! Her friends *did* act as they thought proper — namely, sent her such a vast amount of contrary advice, that her brain was almost distracted with it. "She hardly knew," says Lenet, "whom to trust, nor upon what course to determine. Her natural vacillation was aided and increased by the thousand differing counsels she received."[1] He describes her as actuated, one moment, by courage, vengeance, and maternal love — ready to do anything that would restore her sons to freedom: while the next instant, her natural timidity and her increasing covetousness stepped in, and she would do nothing. "Sometimes she feared to be arrested like them — sometimes, that they would be poisoned if a war were attempted — sometimes, that their imprisonment would last beyond her life, if she remained inactive: and she never retained the same resolution for one hour."

[1] Life of Condé.

At length Clémence, Anne, and Lenet persuaded her to agree to the following scheme. It was proposed that a war should be carried on, either on the frontier, or in some of the provinces; that the Princess Dowager should remain at Chantilly, not taking any ostensible part in the movement; and that her friends should attempt to gain over one of the two parties into which it appeared likely that the Court would be soon divided. To this proposition Charlotte reluctantly assented. The Duchess de Longueville, accompanied by her step-daughter, quitted Chantilly and proceeded to carry it into effect.

Lenet, who was kept constantly (though secretly) travelling between Paris and Chantilly, has described the Princess's mode of passing her time at the latter place. "When I was at Chantilly," he says, "I often had the honour of walking with the Princesses, the Duchess de Châtillon and Countess de Tourville. These promenades were the most pleasant things in the world. The Princess Dowager had an agreeable wit and sparkling conversation; she often spoke with regret of the Queen's ingratitude to her, recalling many services she had rendered her during the life of the late King [1], of which she related to us

[1] Louis XIII.

many curious particulars. She sometimes described to us, with horror, the character of Cardinal Richelieu; then she told us many singular and interesting anecdotes of the love of Henri IV. for herself. . . . The evenings at Chantilly were not less amusing than the walks; for after the usual prayers had been read in the chapel, which everybody attended, all the ladies retired into the apartments of the Princess Dowager, where they played at various games, and sang: there were often fine voices, and always very agreeable conversation, and stories of Court intrigues and gallantries[1]; which made life pass as pleasantly as it was possible to us attendants, who nevertheless shared very sincerely the grief of the Princesses. Sometimes we read, in private conclave with the Dowager, the letters of the Duchess de Longueville, and the serious or satirical publications which were set afloat in favour of the Princes and against the Cardinal."[2]

At length Charlotte herself was forced to action. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of April, 1650, she received news that the royal guards were approaching Chantilly. She sent out messengers to reconnoitre, who confirmed the information

[1] Surely Charlotte should have had enough of those!

[2] Life of Condé.

which had been given to her. After dinner, she assembled her little council in the apartment of Madame de Châtillon. Every member of it was of opinion that there was no longer safety at Chantilly, especially for the little Duke d'Enghien; and Lenet proposed that the child should be confided to him, and he would engage to transport him in safety beyond the Loire. The Princess Clémence here interposed, with some emotion, and entreated the Princess Dowager to permit her to accompany her little son, wherever they might determine to send him. With tears in her eyes, Charlotte thanked her daughter-in-law for her brave and affectionate proposition. At five o'clock, while they were yet discussing the subject, Blanchefort, an agent of the Princess, entered the room, to inform her that he had met a gentleman-in-ordinary to the King, in the great road through the forest, who had told him that he was on his way to Chantilly to visit the Princesses. Something must now be done, and only a few moments remained in which to arrive at a decision. Immediately after the agent had retired, an equerry entered, to announce the arrival of Monsieur du Vouldy, who brought letters from the King to the Princesses. Lenet's suggestion was the one resolved upon. The young Princess had retired to bed, having a severe

cold accompanied with fever. Lenet begged the Princess Dowager to retire to her own apartment, lie down on her bed, and counterfeit illness. Charlotte adopted his suggestion, while he repaired to Clémence to inform her that the time for action had arrived; the Princess, careless of her own severe indisposition, rose at once, and Miss Gerbier, her Maid of Honour, a young English lady, went to bed in her place. Clémence herself went to the bedchamber of the Princess Dowager, who directed her, with Madame de Châtillon and Lenet, to conceal themselves behind the bed. Charlotte then commissioned her attendants to inform Monsieur du Vouldy that Her Highness was ready to receive him. The unsuspecting gentleman-in-ordinary was accordingly introduced into the apartment, and presented the King's letter to the Princess. The purport of the royal missive was, that His Majesty commanded the Princesses to retire to Châteauroux; Du Vouldy was sent to escort them thither, and on no account to lose sight of them until they were safely committed to custody in that place.

"Sir," said the Princess, "neither my age[1] nor my health is such as to permit me to set off, so suddenly, upon this journey commanded by His Majesty, or

[1] The Princess was only fifty-six.

rather by him[1] who persecutes me in his name. I shall write to the Duke of Orleans[2] to request him to obtain for me some time wherein to make my preparations. As for yourself, you can in the mean time deliver the King's letter to Madame la Princesse, and, after that, you can walk, or rest, or amuse yourself in any way you choose."[3]

Du Vouldy retired, and the attendant, previously instructed, led him to the apartment of the young Princess. Miss Gerbier personated her to the life, and played her part most admirably. She imitated her voice exactly; and as, whenever she saw Du Vouldy, she hid her face in her handkerchief, as if the sight of him made her cry, the royal agent never suspected the deception which was being practised on him. The Princess (as he supposed her to be) exclaimed most bitterly against the cruelty of the Queen and the Cardinal, and wept oceans of tears whenever the imprisoned Prince was named. She concluded the audience by requesting Du Vouldy to go and see her son; and as soon as he had quitted the room, the Maid of Honour relieved her oppressed feelings by a good laugh.

[1] Cardinal Mazarin.

[2] Gaston, youngest son of Henri IV. and Marie de' Medici; born Apr. 25, 1608; died at Blois, of apoplexy, Feb. 2, 1660.

[3] Life of Condé.

Du Vouldy was conducted into the nursery, where the gardener's son, a boy about the age of D'Enghien, had been dressed in the clothes of the little Duke; and as the child had received strict orders to be very shy and not to talk, the difference was imperceptible.

Du Vouldy then departed "to amuse himself," according to Charlotte's suggestion; and Lenet, coming from behind the bed, held a long consultation with the Princess Dowager. He proposed to carry off, that night, the Princess Clémence and her son, who were both concealed in the apartment of the Princess Dowager. It was a courageous proposition, but a dangerous one. The fortitude of Clémence failed not in the least, but Charlotte shrank from the idea.

"Where can you take them?" she asked Lenet, somewhat scornfully.

"To Montrond, Madame; and I am certain that I can convey them thither in safety."

"You wish to have us all in prison!" said the Princess, angrily.

"We are so at present, Madame," returned the imperturbable Lenet; "and even if they arrested us on the road, we could not be worse off than we are now."

"Continue, if you please," said the Princess Dowager, calming herself.

"It is very desirable," pursued he, "as your Highness was pleased to state this morning, that all your House should share the same fate, and that you should not be separated from Madame your daughter-in-law, and from Monsieur your grandson; yet no one could wish to expose a Princess like your Highness, in delicate health, and at an advanced age, to the fatigue and peril of so sudden and unexpected a journey. I suggest, therefore, that while Madame la Princesse and Monsieur le Duc go to Montrond, your Highness shall yourself proceed, a few days afterwards, to Paris, and present a petition to the Chambers for the liberation of the Princes." [1]

The little council assembled at Chantilly all agreed in pronouncing this to be the best course to adopt. The Princess Dowager, always timid and irresolute, held out for a little while; but, urged by all about her, she soon yielded her consent, on condition that her friend the Duchess de Châtillon should remain behind, and accompany her to Paris.

By this time night had set in. Lenet had procured a plain coach, of a dark colour, without armorial bearings, and stationed it in an obscure corner. The carriage had only two horses attached to it, but harness for four others was packed inside; these four being

[1] Life of Condé.

led out by themselves, as if for exercise. The young Princess, plainly attired, and bearing an assumed name, the Duke d'Enghien, dressed as a little girl, and the ladies selected to accompany them, were conducted by Lenet to the coach.[1] He was to be the principal personage of the party, and the Princess passed as his wife.

The parting between the two Princesses was extremely painful, though neither of them suspected that they would never meet again on this side the grave. The Princess Dowager embraced her daughter-in-law with many tears, and, after they had succeeded in calming themselves in some slight degree, she took an affectionate farewell of Lenet also. She gave him a few jewels of small value, to be sold, if necessary, for the expenses of the journey; and, as a proof of her regard for himself, she presented him with the gold watch which hung at her side.

"Lenet, my friend," said Charlotte, speaking through many tears, "remember me! In committing the young Duke to your charge, I confide to you the dearest thing which I have in the world. One thing I entreat you:—never let him fall into the hands of the Spaniards, or into those of the

[1] Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Condé, par Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé.

Huguenots: above all, confide him not to the Duke de Bouillon. And now—farewell!"

Even in this hour, the ruling passion of the Princess's mind was evident. She much wished them to strap on the coach a heavy coffer, containing a valuable service of gold plate. Lenet shook his head when he saw this. "We have a far more valuable treasure inside," said he, "we must not run the risk of losing that, which we shall if retarded by the weight of this coffer."

And now, the parting over, Clémence set out on her long and perilous journey. Her escape, however, was not contrived so secretly, but that rumours of it reached the ear of the Cardinal, who instantly questioned Du Vouldy on the subject. That much-deceived gentleman replied that the rumours were all nonsense, for he saw Her Highness at all hours of the day!

The Princess Dowager contrived to keep Du Vouldy in this state of enchantment, until, on the 16th of April, she received the reply of the Duke of Orleans, commanding her to obey the royal orders without further delay. That night, the Princess and the Duchess de Châtillon quitted Chantilly, and had arrived in Paris before their custodian had the slightest idea of the escape of his prisoners. The

Princess remained concealed for ten days at the house of Monsieur de Machault, Councillor of Requests, awaiting the first general assembly of the Chambers, on the 27th of April. When the day arrived, at five o'clock in the morning the Princess appeared at the door of the Great Chamber, followed by the Duchess de Châtillon, the Marquis de la Force, and others of her friends. She held in her hand a petition, in which she appealed to the Declaration of the 24th of October, and claimed the liberty of her sons. As the various councillors kept arriving, the unfortunate Princess begged them, each in turn, to present her petition, or at least to refrain from voting against it. "As for me," she added with tears, "they wish to send me a hundred leagues hence, and shut me up in a wretched prison. Is it not just that I should remain here, at Paris, to watch over the liberty of my children? And of what can I be reproached, but of being the mother of the Prince of Condé?"[1]

Poor Charlotte! — to councillor after councillor she presented her petition in vain. They all declared that they felt great compassion for her, but the service which she demanded was too dangerous. At length came Deslandes Payen, a rough, blunt man, who stopped and looked at her as she addressed him,

[1] Life of Condé.

and then, taking the petition out of her hand, said, "Madame, I will not allow fear to prevent me from doing my duty!" [1]

He passed into the Chamber with it, and boldly read it before them all. The Chamber, not daring to pronounce upon it without authority, resolved to adjourn its sitting to the next day but one, and to request the Duke of Orleans to be present; but in the mean time, it was resolved, that the Princess should remain in Paris under the protection of Parliament, in the house of one of the Presidents, which she was at liberty to choose for herself. She selected that of Monsieur de la Grange, situated within the walls. Deputies from the Chamber itself conducted her to the residence she had chosen; and all the nobility of Paris visited her there, not even excluding those of the royal household.

The Duke of Orleans accepted the invitation of the Chamber, and on the morning of the day appointed, he arrived, accompanied by Gondy, the Coadjutor of Paris, and the Duke de Beaufort. He passed through the Parquet des Huissiers, which was lined on each side by a tremendous crowd. From the crowd stepped forth the Princess Dowager of Condé, the first lady in the realm after the Royal Family, and flung herself at the feet of the Duke

[1] Life of Condé.

of Orleans as he passed, imploring justice for herself and for her children. Gaston, perfectly astounded at the way in which she had inveigled him, and not knowing what to say to her, slipped aside and hastened on, muttering some indistinct words as he did so. The Princess then turned to her old enemy, the Duke de Beaufort, and boldly demanded his protection. "As for you, Monsieur de Gondy," she added, "I ought to have a claim to your good offices, for I have the honour of being your kinswoman!"[1] The Duke, embarrassed and confused, escaped after his royal master; while the Bishop, according to his own account, "nearly died of shame."[2]

When all were assembled in the Chamber, Deslandes Payen read aloud the petition of the Princess Dowager of Condé. The Duke of Orleans rose to reply.

"Her Majesty the Queen," said he, "has no intention of using the least harshness towards Madame la Princesse. Her Highness was ordered to leave Chantilly, because one of her footmen was intercepted, bearing letters exhorting the garrison of Bellegarde to remain firm. Other letters also, to the Governor of Saumur, have been discovered. Let the Chamber look here!"

[1] Probably through her mother, Louise de Budos.
[2] Life of Condé.

As the Duke spoke, he laid on the table a copy of the treaty which Madame de Longueville had just concluded with Spain. This completed the downfall of the unhappy Princess. All voices were silent now. Not one member of the Parliament dared to speak in favour of the relatives of her who had thus allied herself and her party with the enemies of France. Charlotte herself, when this was communicated to her, felt her hopes die within her. She quitted Paris that night, for a neighbouring village, whence she requested the Queen's permission to reside with her faithful friend, the Duchess de Châtillon, at her castle of Châtillon-sur-Loing, beyond Montargis. She now ceased to struggle any longer against the misfortunes which seemed to pour daily upon her. Clémence, who had arrived in safety at Montrond, and was actively canvassing in the South, wrote piteous entreaties to her for funds; but not a sou did she or Lenet succeed in wringing from the money-loving Princess. In reply, she only wrote to the Governor of Montrond not to spend anything in keeping up the garrison! — an order which he carefully disregarded. The gold plate which she had been so anxious to preserve at Chantilly, accompanied her to Châtillon.

Neither body nor mind could sustain the weight of her sorrow any longer. A fever was wandering

about the neighbourhood, and it seized upon the weakened and careworn Princess.

Almost simultaneously with the commencement of her illness, a complete and wondrous change passed over the spirit of Charlotte de Montmorency. She who had been so frivolous, so proud, so ill-tempered, so vindictive, became grave, and humble, and gentle, and forgiving. We are not told what were the means by which this was effected; but I trust that there is satisfactory evidence to warrant us in believing that even at this eleventh hour, it pleased GOD, of His sovereign mercy, to bring this wandering sheep into His fold.

She made a general confession to the Archbishop of Sens, whom she charged with a last message to the Queen.

"Say to Her Majesty from me," said the dying Princess, "that I die her very humble servant, though my death is caused by the sorrow which I have endured on account of the persecution of my children. And O! beg her to reflect on death, and to remember that no one is exempt from the attacks of misfortune."

Deep as were the waters of affliction through which Charlotte had passed already, there was one sorrow, sharper than all, yet to suffer. As she lay in

her last agony, and the Duchess de Châtillon and Countess de Brienne stood by her bed-side, certain news reached her ear of what before this she had only dreaded and suspected — the shameless and disgraceful life of her only daughter.[1]

The cup of her earthly sorrows was now full. She turned her head towards the Countess de Brienne, and, clasping her hand, said,

"O my friend! send word to that poor, benighted creature at Stenay, of the state in which you now see me, and let her learn how to die!"

These were her last words.

"She lingered
To breathe one blessing o'er that precious head,
And then her hand unclasped, and she was of the dead."[2]

There were a few moments more of anxious watching — a few more low, quiet breathings — and then the changeful and troublous career of Charlotte de Montmorency closed in peace. She expired at the castle of Châtillon-sur-Loing, on the 2nd of December, 1650, aged fifty-six years.[3]

[1] The after career of the Duchess de Longueville was very different from its commencement. For twenty-seven years she was noted for her meekness, her gravity, her blameless demeanour. She died a persecuted Jansenist, and had she lived a few years longer, it is probable that she would have become a Protestant.

[2] Adapted from Mrs. Sigourney.

[3] "Madame la Princesse died," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "in the most beautiful and Christian sentiments possible."

The Queen, who had persecuted the Princess unrelentingly while living, gave her a splendid funeral at her death, as if the honours paid to the lifeless corpse could atone for the wounds which had been inflicted on the broken heart. Well might that now hushed voice have been supposed to whisper to that faithless friend,

> "Come not, when I am dead,
> To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
> To trample round my fallen head,
> And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
> There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
> But thou,—go by."[1]

The will of the Princess of Condé was liberal to all her friends. She bequeathed to the Duchess de Châtillon 15,000 *livres de rente*, and 15,000*l.* worth of jewels.

The sons for whom their mother had so deeply sorrowed, were liberated in the summer following her decease. The younger[2] made his peace with the Court by espousing the niece of Mazarin[3]; the elder[4] lived to prove himself most cruel and ungrateful to the devoted wife whose ceaseless efforts to secure his liberation deserved a better recompense.

[1] Tennyson's Poems.

[2] Armand Prince of Conti.

[3] Anna Maria Martinozzi, daughter of Mazarin's sister. Mademoiselle de Montpensier considered her "beautiful and well-made."

[4] The Great Condé.

The rhyming *Gazette de Loret* thus summed up the history and character of the Princess Dowager of Condé.

"Madame la Princesse, veuve,
Qui maintes fois a fait épreuve
Tantôt d'un destin glorieux,
Tantôt d'un sort injurieux,
De cent félicités diverses,
Et d'autant de rudes traverses;
Mais ayant toujours conservé
Un cœur haut, un cœur élevé,
Grand, bienfaisant, et magnanime,
Digne enfin d'éternelle estime!" [1]

Whatever may be thought of the character thus presented, perhaps this is, on the whole, the briefest and the truest summary that has been made of the history of Charlotte de Montmorency.

[1] Dreux de Radier. Imitated: —

A widowed Princess low is laid,
Who proof a thousand times hath made
Now of a glorious destiny,
Now of a fate of misery;
A thousand joyful hours hath passed,
A thousand times in woe been cast,
Yet ever cherished for her part
A high and elevated heart,
A generous, great, and noble name
And worthy of eternal fame.

A Queen and No Queen.

MARIE CLEMENTINE

OF POLAND, TITULAR QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Shee sayes, All women will have their wille;
This is their chief desyre.

OLD BALLAD.

CLEMENTINE OF POLAND,

TITULAR QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry and Birth of Clementine. — Her romantic Fancy for the Chevalier de St. George. — Adelaide of Orleans. — Embassy of Colonel Wogan. — Interference of the Empress. — Clementine and her Mother journey to Innspruck in secret. — Their Arrest and Imprisonment. — Wogan's Contrivances for the Escape of Clementine. — Prince Sobieski consents to the Plot. — Rumoured Arrest of the Chevalier. — Illness of Clementine.—Timidity of her Mother. — Second Appeal to Prince Sobieski. — Wogan's Preparations. — Clementine feigns Illness. —Writes to her Mother and Governess. — Her last Interview with her Mother. — Escape of Clementine. — Sets out on her Journey. — Leaves her Jewels behind her. — Journey to Breixen. — Clementine's first Attempt to learn English. — Arrival at Trent. — Journey continued. — Roveredo. — Downfall of the Coach. — Second Downfall. — Clementine asleep. — Alla. — Travellers proceed in a Cart. — They quit the Emperor's Dominions. — Séry. — Arrival of Misset and Tool. — Their Adventure. — Clementine's mischievous Message to the Governor of Trent. — Verona. — Chivoa. — Stellata. — Bologna. — Curiosity of the Bolognese Ladies. — Clementine's anxiety to proceed to Madrid. — Wogan deters her. — Cardinal Origo visits her. — Clementine married by proxy to the Chevalier. She proceeds to Rome. — Return of the Chevalier from Spain. — Their Marriage. —Curious Coincidences. — Release of the Princess Sobieski. — Death of the Empress. — Chevalier's Opinion of Clementine. — Medals. — Relic of Clementine. — Her Portraits.

—Letter from Clementine to the Duchess of Mar.—Her proficiency in English. — Birth of Charles Edward. — Medal. — Prince Charles given in charge to Protestant Tutors. — Anger of Clementine. — Quarrels with her Husband. — Anecdote of Prince Charles. — Letter of the Rev. Joseph Spence. — Dissimulation of Clementine. — Birth of Henry Duke of York. — Clementine's martial Feelings. — Charles Edward's resemblance to his Mother. — Character of his Brother Henry.

MARIE CASIMIRE CLEMENTINE, the fourth daughter of Prince James Sobieski of Poland, and the Princess Hedwige Elisabeth Amalie of Neüburg, was born on the 17th of July, 1702.[1] She had only one brother, who died in his infancy; and of her four sisters, the eldest and youngest died infants also. Thus, two sisters only, Marie Casimire and Marie Caroline, grew up with the subject of our memoir.[2]

Clementine Sobieski was a pretty, lively, romantic, quick-tempered, self-willed child. Three of these qualities — beauty, temper, and self-will — were hereditary. They were originally imported into the Sobieski family by our heroine's grandmother, Marie Casimire d'Arginen, wife and tormentor of the great Sobieski; they all became, in a high degree, the

[1] Three other dates — the 18th of May, and the 6th and 18th of July, are given for the Princess's birth. I have followed Wogan.

[2] The Princess Marie Casimire Sobieski died unmarried, in 1723, aged 28 years. The Princess Caroline married Godefroi Marquis de Turenne, and Frederic his brother.

property of her daughter, Thérèse, Electress of Bavaria, and descended, through her son, to Clementine.

The English Revolution and its consequences, had not ceased to be a frequent topic of conversation, during the early years of the little Clementine. Her romantic nature became deeply interested therein, and, when a very little child, she had already set her indomitable will upon the wearing of the shadowy or substantial crown of England. She delighted to call herself "the Queen of England," and caused every one about her to style her so too. The son of James II. had not so much difficulty in finding a royal lady willing to be his bride as might have been expected. The Princess Adelaide of Orleans[1], daughter of the Regent Duke[2], had the same idea as Clementine Sobieski. Both the young ladies appealed to their respective sires, begging them to secure the fulfilment of their wishes; but their requests met with very different receptions. The Duke of Orleans, who was perfectly aware of two things, which the world in general was not —

[1] Louise Adelaide, daughter of Louis II. Duke of Orleans, and Françoise de Blois; born August 3rd, 1698; took the veil Mar. 30, 1717; elected Abbess of Chelles in 1719.

[2] Louis II. Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Philippe I., by his second wife, Elizabeth of the Pfalz; born 1674; died 1723.

namely, first, that the English King was not likely to recover his crown unless he gave him effective help, and secondly, that he had no intention of doing so — prudently repulsed his sentimental daughter with,

"Nous verrons, ma fille — nous verrons!"

Prince Sobieski, who probably thought that, if he did not further the desire of *his* daughter, she would execute it herself, without asking his leave, promised his best assistance in the matter in question. The young Chevalier accordingly received sundry delicate intimations, that, if he chose to turn his attention towards Poland, he would not meet with a repulse. He took the hint. Already he had written to General Dillon, to request his opinion on he delicate subject of the choice of a consort: and Dillon (whether from his having also received a communication from Prince Sobieski, or merely by an odd coincidence, I cannot say) suggested the name of the young Polish Princess. The Chevalier at once assented, and Dillon accordingly gave instructions to Charles Wogan, an Irish officer in the service of the royal exile, to repair to Silesia as secretly as possible. Wogan took the precaution of commencing proceedings by a very roundabout continental tour, visiting nearly all the Courts of Germany, so that no suspicion might be excited by

his appearance at Olau, where the Prince and Princess Sobieski were residing with their daughters, under the protection of the German flag. The envoy made no communication to the elder branches of the family, but at once sought an audience of the Princess Clementine herself.

"Hitherto," said he, as he bent his knee before her whom he would hereafter acknowledge as his Sovereign, "your Highness has enjoyed an imaginary title: I am now come to offer you a real one." [1]

The Princess received the declaration with "graceful decency;" [2] her parents, with manifestations of extreme delight. Wogan returned immediately to Bologna, to inform the Chevalier that his proposal had been accepted. He was "much pleased" with the success of his ambassador.

The royal ladies in Silesia did not conduct their proceedings with an equal amount of secrecy and prudence. They took so long to make their preparations, and provided so splendid an outfit [3], that the secret of Clementine's future destiny transpired.

[1] Wogan's "Narrative of the Seizure, Escape, and Marriage of the Princess Clementina Sobieski."

[2] Ibid.

[3] Clementine Sobieski was considered the most richly dowered Princess in Europe; her marriage portion amounted to a million sterling. This was one reason why she was sought in marriage by the poverty-stricken Prince.

The Courts of Vienna and St. James instantly took measures to prevent the intended alliance. Urgent messages from George II. were transmitted to the Emperor Charles VI. But it was not these which decided the Emperor. Close by his side, in constant and confidential intercourse with him, stood the Empress-Mother, that Princess Eleonore of Neüburg, whose hand had been rejected by James II., when Duke of York, forty-six years before, and who now stood forth, with refined malignity, to endeavour to blight the prospects of his son. Ever since the hour when Lord Peterborough, the Duke's envoy, had decided, in his own mind, and sent home to say so, that the gentle and beautiful Maria Beatrice of Modena would be a fitter Duchess of York than the comely and common-place Eleonore of Neüburg, the German Princess had hated James and his descendants with a deadly hatred: and Eleonore was a good hater, as the event fully showed.

The Emperor, thus influenced, sent a request to Prince Sobieski to decline the Chevalier's proposal for the hand of the Princess Clementine. Not content with this, he placed spies about the young Princess, to prevent her escape. The Princess Sobieski, however, outwitted her sister the Empress. She set out with her daughter, the Countess

Gabriel, governess of the Princess, the daughters of the Countess, and Chateaudeau, gentleman-usher to the Princess Sobieski; and, unknown to all but the confidants of their flight, they pursued their journey in secret. The Imperial Court, on finding the Princesses gone, sent a threatening message to Prince Sobieski, requiring him to give up his daughter, or quit their dominions. The Prince, who seems to have inherited, in a quiet way, the family self-will, declined to do either. The Imperial spies at length succeeded in tracking the route which the Princesses had taken. Sister and niece though they were, the Empress had no mercy for them. They were arrested, and thrown into prison in a monastery at Innspruck. Here was a romantic situation for the romance-loving Princess!

The invention of Wogan did not fail him even at this critical moment. He coolly applied to the Austrian Ambassador for a passport for "Count Cernes and his family." He enlisted in the cause a brother Irishman, Major Misset, and his wife, who personated the Count and Countess; Wogan was the Count's brother, and the Princess was to pass for his sister. Two other officers, Captain Tool and Major Graydon, were also persuaded to assist in the plot. Wogan's next step was to obtain permission to speak

with Chateaudeau, and to engage him, on some pretence, to take a woman into the prison and bring her out again. He then posted off on the road to Bologna, along which, at each of the first four stages from Innspruck, he stationed relays of six horses. Having done this, he returned to Innspruck. He arrived in that city in the month of December, 1718, and, by means of Chateaudeau, requested the consent of the Princesses to the plot which the Chevalier and himself had concocted for their escape. The Princess Clementine replied that she was ready to submit in all things to the pleasure of her affianced lord, but that she wished to have her father's consent also to so dangerous a project. Off posted the energetic and unwearied Wogan at once to Olau, sought an interview with Princę Sobieski, obtained his full assent to the plot, and by February, 1719, had arrived at Strasburg, on his way to Innspruck. Here a terrible report arrested him, being no less than a rumour of the capture of the Chevalier himself at Voghera. Depressed and grieved at the news, Wogan continued his journey to Innspruck, where he again communicated with Chateaudeau, who told him that the report, which had reached Innspruck before him, had so distressed and agitated the bride as to make them fear even for her life. Happily the

contradiction followed the rumour in a few days; and Wogan earnestly pressed the Princess to make her escape at once.

The Princess Sobieski was less enthusiastic than her daughter, and much more timid. She commanded Chateaudeau to say to Wogan from her, that she could not think of the Princess Clementine undertaking a journey to Italy in so weak a state of health, and that before she could permit her to set out, she required a second order from Prince Sobieski. Any man less sanguine and determined than was Charles Wogan would have been thoroughly disheartened by these constant *contretemps*. He became only more energetic. The next post to Olau carried a letter from Wogan to Prince Sobieski, who replied, that his daughter, being engaged to the Chevalier, must follow his fortunes.

Armed with this weapon, Wogan assembled his assistants, Major Misset, his wife, Major Graydon, and Captain Tool, and caused them to swear secrecy concerning all the details of the plot. The woman who was to be led into the prison was Jenny, Mrs. Misset's servant girl, who was to receive for her services a large sum of money, and (what had most weight in Jenny's estimation) "a rich suit of damask." It was not thought advisable to admit

her into the secret; so she was informed that Captain Tool, being in love with a rich heiress, and unable to gain the consent of her guardians to his marriage with her, was about to carry her off without their knowledge, and wished Jenny to assist him by changing clothes with the young lady. Jenny, who appears to have been greatly amused by the idea, readily consented to play her part.

Wogan's preparations were now complete. He had secured "a strong travelling coach," (not, however, strong enough, as was subsequently shown) with "double braces, and spare tackle of all sorts." Nothing was wanting but to put the plan into execution. At this interesting moment Wogan received a note from Chateaudeau, to say that the Princess Sobieski, who feared the result of the undertaking, and was very unwilling to part with her daughter, requested them not to appear at the monastery, until eight o'clock in the evening of the 27th of April. Vexed as Wogan felt at the constant delay, there was no resource but to submit.

The evening appointed for the attempted escape of the Princess proved a cold, dark, stormy night. It "snowed and rained in abundance," says Wogan, in his natural and unaffected narrative of this

passage in my heroine's life. Just as they were ready to depart, Chateaudeau entered the inn, — not, as originally agreed upon, to assist, but to protest. The wild storminess of the night had terrified the timid Princess Sobieski, and she begged them to put off the enterprise until morning. This time, however, Wogan was not to be deterred from his purpose.

"The storm which has so much excited the fears of Her Highness," said he, "is our best security. If we leave the attempt till morning, we run the risk of losing it altogether."

All present were of his opinion; so they set out, Chateaudeau and Graydon first, Wogan walking behind them with Jenny. The Missets and Tool remained at the inn, to receive the Princess on her arrival. As they proceeded towards the convent, Chateaudeau, in speaking to Graydon, incautiously named "the Princess." No sooner said than Jenny took the alarm.

"Bless me, gentlemen!" she cried, in horrified astonishment, "surely Captain Tool isn't going to carry off a Princess? For my part, I think I'd rather not ——"

Wogan interposed with the golden argument, and Jenny pocketed his reasoning, and said no more.

A short time before they set out, the Princess Clementine had appeared as usual at supper, with the Princess Sobieski and her governess, the Countess Gabriel. Soon after supper, she complained of feeling indisposed, and said she wished to go to bed. This she accordingly did, the Countess Gabriel and her daughters assisting her to undress. She added, that if she were not better in the morning, she should not rise, but remain in bed the whole day. As soon as the Countess had closed the door, the Princess rose and dressed herself again, and then sat down to write two letters, intended to be produced, if necessary, exculpating the Princess Sobieski and the Countess from any participation in the plot.

"After the engagements," she wrote to her mother, "into which I have entered with the Chevalier de St. George, it would be no small blemish to my character to defer a moment doing what he thinks conducive to our meeting; which is a thing he not only so much desires, but which he has found means also to effect. These reasons, I hope, will be sufficient to excuse me to my father and your Highness, and incline you both to give me your blessing, though I do not ask your consent."

The short note which Clementine next wrote to her governess, was to beg her "not to take it ill that

she kept her a stranger to an affair which she could not impart to her without breach of honour, and endangering an enterprise, the success of which entirely depended on its secrecy."

The Princess then made up her jewels into a small package, and put on a cloak and hood lined with fur, which had been purposely made in anticipation of this cold and perilous journey. Then Clementine softly quitted her room, and repaired to her mother's bedchamber. The parting scene between the mother and daughter was a most painful one. Clementine controlled her feelings sufficiently to say,

"My dearest mother, I am just going, and must ask your blessing — the maid is come who is to take my place."

Then the young Princess burst into tears, and threw herself on her knees at her mother's feet. The Princess Sobieski was not less moved than her daughter. She was unable to speak a word in reply, but she threw her arms round her daughter's neck, and in this position they remained for some moments, both drowned in tears. Well might they weep! for never were the mother and the child to look upon each other's face again! A gentle tap at the door aroused the Princess Clementine, and she

sprang up and opened it, when Chateaudeau entered with Jenny. Jenny was in high spirits, and by no means overawed. She took a long stare at the young Princess.

"Madam," said she, joyously, "you little think how many you have made languish with an impatient desire to see you. I can't but say that you are very handsome, and richly worth the pains they have taken for you!"

As Jenny spoke, she pulled off her cloak, and threw it over the Princess's shoulders. She then took off her hood, which Clementine put on, over the furred one previously mentioned. As the Princess was tying her hood, Jenny observed that she was in tears.

"O cheer up!" said she, "cheer up! don't grieve at that rate! You fall into the hands of a man of worth and honour [referring, of course, to Captain Tool]; and you will presently meet with an agreeable lady [Mrs. Misset], who will be very careful to please you."

Jenny then, in the warmth of her simple heart, kissed the Princess, resigned her to Chateaudeau, and quitted the room, conducted by the Princess Sobieski, to occupy the bed which Clementine had left vacant.

Meanwhile Chateaudeau escorted Clementine to

the gate of the monastery, where he took care to say, "Good night, sister!" in a tone sufficiently loud to apprise Wogan and Graydon that their charge awaited them.

All around her were complete strangers, with the exception of Wogan, and he but little better; the storm was more violent than ever; and a long, wearisome, and dangerous journey lay before her,—when the young and delicately-nurtured Clementine Sobieski thus stepped from her prison into liberty. She was, nevertheless, the heroine and the Princess throughout. She kindly apologised to Wogan for having made him wait for her in the rain; but that gentleman, on his own confession, was so busy in avoiding the puddles, and so anxious for the future of his undertaking, that he did not reply to her gracious condescension. In crossing one of the streets which they had to pass, a very dirty kennel lay in their path. Wogan, discerning something white in it, which he supposed to be a stone, directed the Princess to step on that. She had no sooner done so, than she slipped into the dirty water above the ankle, the supposed stone being only a few floating straws. It was now Wogan's turn to apologise, which he did with much anxiety; but Clementine only laughed, and treated it as a matter of no con-

sequence. As soon as they arrived at the inn, Wogan committed her to the care of Mrs. Misset, who had some difficulty in relieving the Princess from her wet clothes, as Major Misset and Captain Tool had sat the fire out, and they dared not call for more fuel without running the risk of exciting suspicion concerning the new-comer. Mrs. Misset accordingly did the best she could under the circumstances, by pulling one of the sheets from the bed to wipe the Princess's wet feet, and giving her dry stockings and another pair of shoes. A bright idea presently struck her, which she executed by the ingenious insertion of the royal ankles into Wogan's and Graydon's little muffs — articles at that time fashionable for masculine wear. As soon as the Princess was thus made comfortable, she entered the coach, accompanied by Mrs. Misset; Wogan and Graydon attended her, Misset and Tool being left behind for obvious prudential reasons. They had not proceeded far, when Captain Tool came running up to the side of the coach, to ask if they were quite sure that they had left nothing behind. They instantly exclaimed that the little packet which the Princess had brought in her hand had been left at the inn by mistake.

"If that be all that is wanting," interposed

Clementine, "pray give yourselves no uneasiness about it!"

Tool, however, ran back to fetch it. Wogan was a good deal astonished on discovering afterwards that the parcel about which Her Royal Highness was so supremely indifferent, contained "a valuable set of her choicest jewels." As soon as it had been recovered, they drove on; and after passing the Brecmer mountain, about eight o'clock the next morning, they stopped at a little inn on the further side of the hill. Mrs. Misset here noticed that the Princess looked very pale; and Clementine, on being questioned, confessed that she felt extremely faint and sickly. Mrs. Misset pulled a little bottle out of her pocket, from which she administered a few drops to the Princess; and, after taking these and a glass of wine, Clementine seemed much revived, and continued her journey without any further complaint. They proceeded, on quitting the Brecmer, along the banks of the Adige, a journey in which all Wogan's efforts were needed to prevent the sleepy coachman from overturning the carriage into the river. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th, they arrived at Breixen. Here the Princess's attendants tried to induce her to eat, she having taken nothing but a couple of eggs since she left Innspruck; but

she would only eat some more eggs (accompanied, it is to be presumed, by bread); and on being asked if she were not sleepy, she declared herself very wide awake. At Breixen they found that the Princess of Baden[1] was travelling just ahead of them, and she consequently took all the fresh horses, while they were obliged to be contented with those which were unharnessed from her carriage, and therefore already tired. During the evening journey between Breixen and Trent, the Princess Clementine was very lively, and made Wogan talk to her all the way. "She delighted to learn something about England, the manners and considerable families in England, the dress and beauty of the ladies." She beguiled her journey by getting Wogan to teach her various English words and phrases, which, as her instructor was an Irishman, it may be doubted whether she acquired with a pure accent.[2] He informs us that she had a remarkably good memory. Wogan also entertained her with an account of the Chevalier's descent on Scotland four years before.

At twelve o'clock they arrived at Trent, the prin-

[1] The Princess of Baden would probably be either the eccentric Margravine Sybille of Saxe Lauenburg, or her daughter the Princess Auguste Marie Johanna of Baden, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. The latter was a girl two years younger than Clementine.

[2] The language in which Clementine conversed with her companions was most likely French.

cipal town and the most dangerous point in their route. Here the Princess, who began to feel the warmth of the Italian climate, which she was rapidly approaching, threw off her fur hood, and divested her ankles of their muff-encasements. She would take nothing to eat but a biscuit, with a glass of wine. With much difficulty they procured fresh horses, and drove on to Roveredo. At this place no horses could be obtained, and they were compelled to proceed with those they had. The Princess wished for a cup of tea at Roveredo, and after some difficulty it was brought her, "in a porringer smelling of oil; but she drank it as if it had been the best in the world." When they had proceeded two leagues from Roveredo, Wogan and Graydon joyously congratulated the Princess on having at length quitted the Emperor's dominions — which, however, still lay on one side of the road.

"It is too soon to sing 'Victoria' yet," replied the Princess; "we are not yet entirely out of danger; Bologna is still at some distance, and we have hardly made a stage yet without some accident."

Scarcely had the last word quitted the lips of Clementine, when the axle-tree broke, and down came the "strong travelling coach." The Princess quietly got out, simply saying,

"This signifies nothing: a little patience will overcome it all."

Among Wogan's "spare tackle of all sorts" there was no axle-tree, and at the spot where the coach broke down, there was no one who could repair the damage; so it was patched up by the two officers, as well as the case admitted, and a couple of peasants were hired to walk beside it, and give it a push on either side, whenever it showed a recumbent disposition. The ladies re-entered the vehicle, and they proceeded slowly towards their destination. Under these unfavourable circumstances, the philosophic Princess laid her head on a cushion, and fell asleep; the first time that she had done so since leaving Innspruck. Her Royal Highness was still sound asleep, when the coach broke down a second time. So heavy was her slumber, that she showed no signs of consciousness, until, as Graydon was lifting her out in his arms, her foot "fell" into a pool of water.[1] The coldness of this awoke her, but not fully, for the first word she said was "Mother!" and on awaking the next instant more thoroughly, she said to Graydon, playfully,

"What say you to this Wogan, who always finds

[1] Colonel Wogan must be responsible for this extraordinary statement.

stepping stones to wet me? It was rather unlucky just now, for I never slept better in my life!"

The second accident to the coach happened about two miles from the village of Alla, and the ladies walked on till they arrived there, where the Princess of Baden had preceded them; and Wogan and Graydon had to search the whole place for workmen who could make a new axle-tree. They soon came to the conclusion that to wait till their own carriage was ready would be running too heavy a risk. Fortunately they discovered a vehicle, which, says Wogan, "really was a cart," and he requested the innkeeper to find them horses.

"What on earth are you in such a hurry for?" asked the latter; "cannot you wait till your own carriage is mended? I do not feel sure that all is right, by this unreasonable haste!"

Wogan contrived both to lull the man's suspicions and to obtain the horses, and they set out again. In the cart, rude as it was, the Princess fell asleep a second time; and Wogan awoke her to look at the boundary wall which separated the Emperor's dominions from those of Venice; and, if his words are to be taken literally, a *Te Deum* was chanted by the joyous party in the cart.

At five A.M. on Sunday, the 30th of April, the

travellers arrived at Séry. The first act of the Princess was to attend mass with Mrs. Misset. After mass, Clementine was anxious to lie down and sleep, but this could not be done in the inn, and Wogan sallied out to find a house where she could remain safely during her stay. Meeting with a respectable burgess, he inquired if he could direct him to any house where some ladies might be made more comfortable for a few hours than they could be in the very uncomfortable little inn.

"O! if those be the two strange ladies whom I saw at church this morning," replied the burgess, good-naturedly, "they are quite welcome to come to my house, and I am sure my wife will do her best to make them comfortable."

The Princess and Mrs. Misset accordingly repaired to the habitation of the obliging burgess, where Clementine obtained some tea—a beverage for which she appears to have had a very English liking — and lay down on a bed, without taking off her clothes.

At nine o'clock Major Misset and Captain Tool made their appearance, much to the delight of Wogan and Graydon, who were beginning to feel great uneasiness concerning their safety. They too had an adventure to relate, having remained in Trent until they were quite sure that the Princess had

passed through that city. At the inn at Trent, they met with a German courier, who informed them that he had come from Innspruck. Fearing lest he should be the bearer of some missive to intercept the Princess, Misset and Tool became very friendly, and administered a large dose of brandy to him. The German's heart warmed, and his tongue loosed, under the influence of the brandy; and he asserted that he was dreadfully tired, having come from Innspruck post haste, carrying an order to the Governor of Trent to stop a Princess who had made her escape from Innspruck.

"O! don't trouble yourself," said Misset, passing the brandy-bottle; "the Princess has passed already, I am pretty sure. You do look tired! Lie down and go to sleep, and we will take care of you!"

The half-drunk courier needed little further incitement to get him to bed; and as soon as they heard him sound asleep and snoring, "afraid lest he should come to life again," Misset and Tool set out for Séry as fast as they could travel. Wogan agreed with them that Séry was too near the border for safety; and accordingly, as soon as Misset had concluded his hurried narrative, Wogan hastened to the burgess's house, where he roused the Princess, and urged her to push forward to Bologna at once.

Clementine was ready in an instant, and on taking leave of her friendly burgess, she mischievously begged him to "give compliments to the Governor of Trent from a lady who had not time to do it herself as she came through, for reasons which he would soon know!"

The road now lay through Verona to Chivoa, at one point winding round a steep precipice, where the ladies walked for greater safety. They arrived late at night at Chivoa, where the Princess had the relief of undressing and going to bed in an ordinary manner, for the first time since her departure from Innspruck. The next day, which was the first of May, they reached Stellata, and on the second, they arrived in safety at their long-wished-for haven, Bologna. But a sad disappointment awaited Clementine at Bologna. The Chevalier was in Spain. So eager and excited was the Princess at the thought of seeing her future husband, that Wogan had hard work to prevent her from instantly setting out, wearied as she was, to join him at Madrid. He succeeded in doing so with much difficulty, principally by frightening her with the idea that her kind aunt the Empress might intercept her at sea; and Clementine reluctantly gave up her project. She requested Wogan to preserve her incognito, and suggested that notice of her arrival should be sent to her

old friend, Cardinal Origo; and meanwhile she lay down again to rest. Wogan gave out that the ladies were from Flanders; but this announcement did not stifle the curiosity of the Bolognese dames, who, under the pretence of inquiring after their friends in Flanders, came to the inn and requested to see the newly arrived ladies. Wogan told them (which was quite true) that the ladies were too fatigued with their journey to receive any one; and they unwillingly departed. Wogan then called upon Cardinal Origo, and had hard work to convince the simple-minded old priest of the truth of his statements. As soon as his Eminence's comprehension had fully realised the stupendous fact that the Princess Clementine was at that moment within a walk of him, the aged Cardinal held up his hands to Heaven, and blessed GOD for His merciful providence in bringing her safely to "the haven where she would be." He then at once set off to see her, and urged her strongly to lay aside her incognito. Clementine was firm on this point, but she accepted the offer of her kind-hearted old friend to remove to convenient lodgings, which she did on the following day, when the Cardinal again visited her, and sent her presents consisting of "a toilet" and some artificial flowers. He also requested her to make use of his box at the Opera.

On the eighth of May, Mr. Murray of Broughton arrived from Madrid, to act as proxy for the Chevalier in the ceremony of marriage, and brought with him a Mr. Maas, an English priest, to officiate on the occasion.

On the morning of the ninth of May, the Princess rose very early, and after hearing mass and receiving the sacrament, she sent a message to the Marquis of Monti Bouloris, an old friend of her father, to request him to stand as the proxy of Prince Sobieski in giving away the bride. When all parties were assembled in the Princess's drawing-room, Murray of Broughton read aloud the declaration of the Chevalier, authorising him to marry, in his name, the Princess Marie Clementine Sobieski. Mr. Maas, then, turning to the royal bride, asked if she also assented to the marriage; upon which she gave her consent "with a grace not to be expressed." She then received the nuptial ring from the hand of the graceful and imposing Murray[1] — the man who, twenty-five years

[1] Upwards of fifty years after the marriage of Clementine, the mother of Sir Walter Scott noticed that her husband was in the habit of receiving at dusk every evening, a tall stranger enveloped in a heavy cloak, who came in a sedan chair, and departed in the same manner, after a long conference. Determined to unravel the mystery, one night, just before the time at which the stranger usually departed, Mrs. Scott ventured to enter the room, carrying a waiter with two cups of tea; and remarked, in reply to her husband's glance of displeasure at her intrusion, that as she thought the

later, proved himself so false a friend, so foul a traitor, to her gallant son — and the ceremony closed by Cardinal Origo pronouncing the benediction.

As soon as the marriage by proxy had taken place, and the company present had bent the knee to hail Clementine Sobieski Queen of Great Britain, the whole party quitted Bologna for Rome, at the express persuasion of Cardinal Origo. Here Clementine was compelled to wait, and in the mean time amuse herself as best she might, for four long months, until the return of her bridegroom from Spain. Immediately upon his arrival, they were married in person, at Monte Fiascone, in September, 1719, by no less a person than the Pope himself.

The life of Clementine Sobieski shows some very singular coincidences. Murray of Broughton and

gentleman must need refreshment after their conversation, she had come to offer it them. Mr. Scott still seemed displeased, and declined the proffered tea: while the mysterious stranger, a very handsome man, in rich attire, rose, and, with a mixture of grace and melancholy, accepted it. Immediately afterwards he departed; when Mr. Scott, taking up the cup from which he had drunk, to the astonishment and indignation of his wife, threw it out of the window.

"I forgive your little curiosity, Madam," he sternly remarked, "but you must pay the penalty. I may receive into my house, on business, persons wholly unfit to be entertained as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray's of Broughton!" It only remains to be added, that the father of Sir Walter Scott was very far from being a Jacobite.

Charles Wogan were both in the train of the young Chevalier in 1745; but the latter remained faithful to death, while the former basely betrayed his master and his friend. Cardinal Origo, who pronounced the nuptial blessing over Clementine's head in 1719, gave the last benediction at her funeral in 1735.

The Empress had no reason for detaining the Princess Sobieski in captivity, after the escape of the Princess Clementine. That exemplary and affectionate sister, therefore, gave orders for the release of Hedwige. But the escape and marriage of Clementine caused the death of Eleonore. The Empress expired on the 19th of January, 1720, to the last full of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness!"

The Chevalier resided, after his marriage, at the Palazzo degli Santi Apostoli, Rome. He was at first extremely pleased with his bride; and wrote to General Dillon, to say that he found in her "the loveliness of seventeen, and the good sense of thirty."[1] Long before Clementine had arrived at the latter age, he had found reason to change his opinion.

Two medals were struck for Clementine, on the occasion of her marriage. The first bore the inscrip-

[1] Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders.

tions, "Jacob. III. R., Clementina R." The reverse depicted Hercules, leaning on his club, and taking the hand of Venus; and the inscription on this side was, "Regium connubium, Kal. Sept. M. D. CCXIX."[1] The second medal, struck to commemorate her escape from Innspruck, represented the bust of Clementine herself, looking towards the left hand, and attired in rich robes and the royal mantle. Inscription, "Clementina, M. Brit. Franc. et Hib. Regina." On the reverse was to be seen the figure of the Queen, seated in a chariot, drawn by horses at full speed; Rome in the distance. This was inscribed, "Fortunam causamque sequor. Deceptis custodibus. M. D. CCXIX."[2]

A relic of the Queen is preserved in the museum of Stonyhurst College, called a mitten, but in shape bearing more resemblance to a cuff. It consists of black nett, edged at each end by a deep border of ermine.

At the same place are to be found two original portraits of Clementine. The one which, judging from the face, appears to be the earlier, represents her as fair-complexioned, with an oval face, a broad forehead, small compressed lips, a small prominent chin, and very little colour: a countenance which

[1] Histoire de Charles Edouard, par Amédée Pichot. [2] Ibid.

decidedly merits the criticism of the French proverb —"Lèvres serrées, nez pointu!" The hair is turned back from the forehead over a roll, and powdered; her eyes are a mixture of grey and hazel. She wears a dress of orange brocade, the royal mantle, lined with ermine, and a sky-blue ribbon, crossing from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist. The later portrait, which is the more life-like, gives her a more blooming complexion, and a much larger mouth; the eyes are of even more indefinite colour. In this painting, the Queen wears a dress of very pale sky-blue, the royal mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, and the light blue ribbon, as in the other portrait. The hair is dressed in a similar style to that of the earlier likeness, and she wears a low head-dress of jewels.

The following letter is probably one of the first written by Clementine after her marriage; and it exhibits the lamentable fact, that whatever might be the accomplishments of Her Majesty, orthography was not one of them. It is given verbatim — commas and accents included.

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MAR.

"Montefiasconi, 23° Sept. [1719.]

"Je vien de recevoire, votre chère letre par Mr. Clepen, et vous sui bien obligé, de l'attention que vous avé eu, de mervoyér dutée, lequell ne sauroit que étre bon venant de vous; vous me marquez avoire de la peine á ecrire le fransoi, mai votre esprit vous, laprendera bientot. Le Roi me charge de vous faire, se compliment et soy et aussi persuadez, de l'estime que j'auray toujour pour votre merite.

"CLEMENTINE R.

"J'ambrase de tous mon coeure la charman petite, J'espere dan peu de le pouvoire faire personnellement, et a vous de même. Nous nous porton très bien; l'aire d'icy est foie bonne.

"A la Duchesse de Mar."[1]

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[1] I present a translation of the above, so far as its meaning can be unravelled.

"I have just received your dear letter sent by Mr. Clepen, and am much obliged to you, for the attention which you have shown in sending me some tea, which cannot but be good coming from you. You seem to me to have difficulty in writing French, but your good sense will soon teach it you. The King charges me to make his compliments to you; and be also persuaded of the esteem which I shall ever have for your merit.

"CLEMENTINE R.

"I embrace with all my heart the charming little girl [probably the Duchess's daughter]; I hope shortly to be able to do so personally, and yourself as well. We are very well; the air of this place is very good."

It will probably strike the reader, that if the Duchess had *more* "peine à écrire le Français" than the Queen, her letters must have been extraordinary specimens of French composition!

The Queen *de jure* had attained one accomplishment, which was not possessed by any Queen of England *de facto*, from 1714 to 1760. She spoke English fluently and correctly. Caroline of Anspach did neither.

On the 30th of December, 1720, Clementine gave birth to her eldest son.[1]

"This at any rate, is no suppositious child," exclaimed the midwife who presided, alluding to the absurd scandals which had been cast on the birth of his father: "here at least is a real Prince!"[2]

The little Prince was baptized Charles Edward Louis Casimir; and his birth was formally notified to the "Elector of Hanover," at the Court of St. James. A medal was struck on this occasion, the obverse representing James and Clementine, the reverse being a woman leaning on a column, and pointing out Great Britain on the globe to a child she carried in her arms: the mottoes were, "Provi-

[1] The date usually given is the 30th of *November*; but the inscription on the medal struck at the time proves it inaccurate.

[2] Histoire de Charles Edouard.

dentia obstetri," and "Carolo Principi Valliæ, nat. die ultima, a MD. CC. XX."[1]

Prince Charles was entrusted, in the first instance, to a Mrs. Sheldon, a woman of low birth and lower tastes, who soon obtained great influence over his mother. When he grew old enough to quit female tuition, his father gave him in charge to the Earls of Inverness and Dunbar. They were both Protestants —a fact which annoyed the Queen excessively. It was on this occasion that the Chevalier, to his surprise and annoyance, began first to perceive the true character of his graceful and well-spoken spouse. Clementine and James were equally determined: he —that the Prince should continue with his present instructors; she—that they should have nothing more to do with him. Mrs. Sheldon, who was completely in the interest of Lord Mar, the enemy of Lord Inverness[2], kept up the Queen's rage at the boiling point. Clementine remonstrated—her husband attempted to argue with her; she wept—stormed—threw herself into a torrent of passion—all to no purpose. James was grave, silent, and resolved; and Clementine gave up, not because she was convinced, but because she was tired of scolding.

The Palazzo degli Santi Apostoli had a private

[1] Histoire de Charles Edouard. [2] Memoirs of the Jacobites.

chapel attached to it, which was given up by the Chevalier to the Protestant members of his household. English divines officiated there; and the little Prince Charles frequently attended. One Sunday, when he was present, a morsel of the plaster became detached from the ceiling, and fell into his lap; it was a portion of the moulding which ornamented it, and represented a *thistle*. A short time afterwards, another fragment of the plaster fell on the Prince's knee, and this proved to be a *rose*.[1] The sanguine Clementine took this for an assurance that her son would one day be master of the countries symbolised by these flowers. But it was not to be so; and few were really more concerned in forwarding the downfall of her hopes than Clementine herself, who, evidently, was far more bigoted than her husband.

The following letter, which gives us a glimpse of the private life of the Queen, was written (probably about 1724) by the Rev. Joseph Spence, to his father, a staunch Hanoverian, who had forbidden his son to hold any intercourse with the Chevalier, on any pretence whatever, during his visit to Rome.[2] After describing his surprise at the toleration of a Protestant chapel in the palace of a Romish Prince, he thus proceeds.

[1] Memoirs of the Jacobites. [2] Ibid.

"In some days after, as my friend and I went to take the evening air, in the stately park called Villa Ludovici, there we met face to face, on a sudden, with the Pretender, his Princess, and the Court. We were so very close before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency; common civility obliged us to stand sideways in the alley, as others did, to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his star and garter, as well as by his air of greatness, which discovered a majesty superior to the rest. I felt at that instant of his approach, a strange convulsion of body and mind, such as I never was sensible of before; whether aversion, awe, or respect occasioned it, I can't tell. I remarked his eyes fixed on me, which, I confess, I could not bear—I was perfectly stunned, and not aware of myself, when, pursuant to what the bystanders did, I made him a salute. He returned it with a smile, which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. As he passed by, I observed him to be a well-sized, clean-limbed man[1]; I had but one glimpse of the Princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again;

[1] There are two original portraits of the Chevalier at Stonyhurst College. They represent him as rather slender in figure, oval-faced, pale complexion, and dark greyish-blue eyes. In most of his portraits, there is a very pleasing expression of the lips.

however, my friend and I turned off into another alley, to reason at leisure on our several observations. There we met Dr. Cooper; and after making some turns with him, the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder, and resolved to let them pass as before, in order to take a full view of the Princess. She is of a middling stature, well-shaped, and has lovely features; wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper[1], are painted in her look. When they came to us, the Pretender stood, and spoke a word to the Doctor; then, looking at us, he asked him whether we were English gentlemen; he asked us how long we had been in town, and whether we had any acquaintance in it; then told us that he had a house, where English gentlemen would be very welcome. The Princess, who stood by, addressing herself to the Doctor, in the prettiest English, I think, I ever heard, said, "Pray, Doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of music, invite them to my concert, to-night; I charge you with it,"—which she accompanied with a salute in the most gracious manner. It was a very hard task, Sir, to recede from the honour of such an invitation, given by a Princess, who, although married to the Pretender, deserves so much in regard to her person, her house,

[1] The last-named quality she certainly did not possess.

and family. However, we argued the case with the Doctor and represented the strict orders we had to the contrary; he replied, there would be no prohibition to a traveller against music, even at the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church: — that if we missed this occasion of seeing this assembly of the Roman nobility, we might not recover it whilst we stayed in Rome; and, that it became persons of our age and degree, to act the part of gentlemen, without regard to party humours. These arguments were more forcible than ours[1]; so we went, and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman nobility, the concert composed of the best musicians of Rome; a plentiful and orderly collation served; but the courteous and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest. We had a general invitation given us whilst we stayed in town, and were desired to use the Palace as our house; we were indispensably obliged to make a visit next day, in order to return thanks for so many civilities received; these are things due to a Turk. We were admitted without ceremony. The Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England. He told me some passages of myself and father, and of his being

[1] Theirs being *only* based on the fifth commandment!

against the followers of King Charles I. and II., and added, that if you, Sir, had been of age before my grandfather's death to learn his principles, there had been little danger of your taking party against the rights of a Stuart.

"He then observed, how far the prejudices of education, and wrong notions of infancy, are apt to carry people from the paths of their ancestors: he discoursed as pertinently on several of our neighbouring families as I could do; upon which I told him I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of England. His answer was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws, customs, and families of his country, so that he might not be reported a stranger, when the Almighty pleased to call him thither. These and the like discourses held, until word was brought that dinner was served; we endeavoured all we could to withdraw, but there was no possibility for it, after he had made us this compliment.

"'I assure you, gentlemen, I shall never be for straining any man's inclinations; however, our grandfathers, who were worthy people, dined, and I hope there can be no fault found that we do the same.'

"There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers, well served, unto which some of the

qualified persons of his Court, or travellers, are invited; it is supplied with English and French cookery, French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef, and what we call Devonshire pie; he also prefers our March beer, which he has from Leghorn, to the best wines; at the dessert, he drinks his glass of champagne very heartily; and, to do him justice, he is as free and cheerful at his table as any man I know. He spoke much in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded that he had not many enemies among them: then he carried a health to them. The Princess, with a smiling countenance, took up the matter, and said,

"'I think then, Sir, it would be but just that I drink to the cavaliers!'

"Some time after, the Pretender begun a health to the prosperity of all friends in England,—which he addressed to me. I took the freedom to reply, that as I presumed he meant his own friends, he would not take it ill that I meant mine.

"'I assure you, Sir,' said he, 'that the friends you mean can have no great share of prosperity till they become mine; therefore here's prosperity to yours and mine.'

"After we had eat and drank very heartily, the Princess told us we must go see her son[1]; which could not be refused. He is really a fine, promising child, and is attended by English women, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us, saying, that as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him brought up by their hands; and that in the country where she was born, there was no other distinction but that of honour and dishonour. These women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us, to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that, to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us that she did not question but the day would come when we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her the compliment, that being hers, he could not miss being good and happy."[2]

We here see how perfectly Clementine could dissemble when it suited her purpose; how she could inform English visitors that *she* was bringing

[1] Prince Charles.

[2] The above letter is undated, but as Prince Charles was at that time the only son of Clementine, it could not have been written later than the winter of 1724–5.

up her son among Protestants, when in reality she was daily contending with her husband on that very subject! Soon after this interview of Mr. Spence with the exiled family, another little Prince arrived, to be another — and a more serious — cause of strife to his parents. Lord Inverness (the Protestant nobleman who had so greatly roused her Majesty's ire) writes thus to Lockhart of Carnwath (March, 1725): — "This serves chiefly to acquaint you that about eleven o'clock, Tuesday, the sixth of this month, the Queen was safely delivered of a son, who has been named Henry Duke of York; the mother and child are doing well."[1] The little Prince's full name was Henry Benedict Maria Clement.

The Queen was very anxious to instil martial feelings into the breasts of her little sons. She devoted herself completely to their education while they remained in the nursery. Charles resembled her most, both in person and disposition; her features are to be distinctly traced in his, and his fiery, sanguine nature was unquestionably derived from her. Henry was not very like either of his parents in personal appearance, though in some points he bore a slight resemblance to his father; his character was quiet and gentle, without either the

[1] Lockhart Papers.

gloominess of James or the vivacity of Clementine. The bigotry of the Queen was inherited by neither. Henry remained a Romanist to the close of his life, though he never showed any particular zeal for his faith; and whether Charles retained that faith until his death, is, to say the least, a doubtful matter.[1]

[1] See Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders, Life of Charles Edward.

CLEMENTINE OF POLAND,

TITULAR QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

CHAP. II.

Prince Henry committed to his Brother's Protestant Tutors. — Clementine's Anger. — She retires to the Convent of St. Cecilia. — Annoyance of her Husband. — She writes to Cardinal Paolucci. — Her Jealousy. — James's Letter to Clementine. — Clementine's Letter to her Sister Caroline. — Writes to her Husband. — His second Letter. — Clementine's Advisers. — James writes a third time to her. — Proposes Terms of Reconciliation. — Employs the Princess Piombino to convey them. — Clementine writes to her Husband. — Her Interview with Cardinal Alberoni. — She denies the charge of Jealousy. — Fourth Letter from James to Clementine. — He yields to her. — Dismissal of Lord Inverness. — Clementine quits her Convent. — Death of George I. — James leaves Bologna. — Clementine's arrival there. — Her Ill-temper. — James writes to her to rejoin him at Avignon. — Her refusal. — He returns to Bologna. — Reconciliation of James and Clementine. — Decay of her Health. — Keysler's description of her. — Last Illness. — Death of Clementine. — Grief of her Husband. — — Her Funeral. — Inscriptions set up in her honour.

THE little Duke of York was still an infant of a few months old, when the Chevalier declared his intention of committing him to the care of his brother's Protestant preceptors. He moreover thought proper to dismiss Mrs. Sheldon. The Queen wept, and

prayed him to reverse his decision: — James stood firm. She threatened him — he treated it with contempt. Clementine determined that she would be firm too, and see which could hold out the longest.

On Tuesday, the 15th of November, the Queen drove out, as usual, in her carriage. When her footman inquired where she desired to go, she commanded him to drive to the Dominican Convent of St. Cecilia. On arriving there she alighted, and after a few moments' converse with the portress, prepared to enter the house.

"At what hour shall we await your Majesty?" respectfully inquired the attendant.

"Not at all," was the reply of the Queen; "drive back to the Palace."

The Chevalier was extremely surprised, and somewhat annoyed, at this strange act of the Queen. He could only suppose that she wished to remain for a few days at the convent, for purposes of devotion; but he wondered at her doing even this without previously informing him. There had been no particular quarrel between them for a short time, which made the Queen's conduct the more inexplicable. It was explained shortly. Cardinal Paolucci, the Papal Secretary of State, visited the Chevalier on the following day, and put into his hand a letter

which he had just received from the Queen. She therein stated, that she should remain at the convent, until her husband saw the error of his ways, in giving up his children to the care of heretics.[1] "A Protestant," she added, has been appointed governor to my eldest son, by which his religion is endangered, and heretical notions may be infused into him."[2]

The remark has frequently—and justly—been made, that the Chevalier appears to most advantage in his letters. He was not an unkind husband, but there can be little doubt that he was an unfaithful one. Rumour had long whispered a tale of scandal, in which figured the names of the Chevalier and Lady Inverness; and this, though always most emphatically denied by James, was probably the true source of the enmity borne by the Queen both to the Earl and Countess.

On the 20th of November, the Chevalier wrote to his self-willed Queen the following letter.

[1] It has greatly surprised me to find, in all the modern works which have come under my notice, in which this royal quarrel is named, that the Queen is regarded as the injured party! The more I examine the contemporary records, the more I become convinced that Clementine was the persecutor, and that the Jesuits were the real promoters of the quarrel.

[2] Lockhart Papers.

THE CHEVALIER TO THE QUEEN.

"From Rome this 9 Nov[1]., 1725.

"Your conduct towards me, the threats which have been made, and the public insult of your retreat into a convent, do not touch me so nearly as the sorrow and disgrace to which you are about to expose yourself, by so extraordinary a step. I feel it all, indeed, as I ought to do; but at present I have not the least resentment against yourself, for I feel every moment more and more convinced that the malice and cunning of our enemies have imposed upon your youth and the weakness of your sex.

"You ought to have been persuaded, long ago, that I will be master in my affairs and in my family; but it is not yet too late to recollect yourself. Restore yourself, therefore, to reason, to duty, to yourself, and to me, who await your submission with open arms, to confer on you peace and happiness so far as they are in my power.

"But if, notwithstanding these last efforts of my tenderness, you persist in the resolution with which you have threatened me, it will always be a consolation to me to think that I have neglected nothing that could prevent you from doing so.

"I entreat you once more, my dear Clementine, to think seriously on this subject.

"JACQUES R."[2]

During the next few days of her residence at the Convent of St. Cecilia, the Queen wrote the following

[1] New Style.

[2] Lockhart Papers. The original of this letter is in French.

epistle to her sister. We shall here see her own account of her conduct.

THE QUEEN TO MADAME DE TURENNE.[1]

"DEAR SISTER,

"I received yours of the third of November last. I was so much in hast when I wrote to you last, that I had not time to inform you of a peice of news which I doubt not has very much surprised you. Mr. Hay[2] and his lady are the cause why I am retired into a convent. I received your letter on their behalf, and returned you ane answer, only to do you a pleasure, and to oblige the King; but it has all been to no purpose; for instead of making them my freinds, all the civilitys I have shown them have only served to make them more insolent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such ane extremity, and I am in such a cruell situation, that I had rather suffer death, than live in the King's Palace, with persons that have no religion, honour, nor conscience; and who, not content with having been the authors of so fatall a separation between the King and me, are continually teasing him every day, to part with his best freinds and his most faithful subjects. That at length determined me to retire into a convent, after having been fretted for six years togather, by the most mortifying indignitys and affronts that can be imagined. I desire you to make my compliments to

[1] It should be stated that Lockhart of Carnwath expresses some doubt as to the authenticity of this letter.

[2] In her Majesty's enmity to Lord Inverness, she gives him the name which would have been bestowed upon him by a partisan of the House of Hanover — utterly ignoring the title conferred by her own husband!

the Bishop of Ambrun, and to tell him from me, that as I take him to be my freind, I doubt not but he will do me justice on this occasion. He is very sensible that they were strong and pressing reasons that determined me to take so strong a resolution, and he has been a witness of the retired life I alwayes led. And you, my dear sister, ought to have the same charity for me. But, whatever happens, I assure you that I would rather chuse to be silent under censure, than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the King, for whom I alwayes had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a tender and respectfull affection.

"CLEMENTINE R."[1]

On the 21st of November, Clementine wrote also to her husband. The substance of her letter may be seen from his reply. He answered her at once, for his letter is dated on the following day.

THE CHEVALIER TO THE QUEEN.

"From Rome, this 11 Nov. [N. S.] 1725.

"I am very glad, Madame, that you have written to me on this occasion, since it affords me the opportunity of fully explaining my sentiments to you in the same manner, having wished to avoid doing so by speech, after having known, by long experience, that you are so prejudiced against everything that comes from me, that you could not hear me with patience. I even fear that my sentiments have not been well nor clearly explained to you, and I am

[1] Lockhart Papers.

willing to believe that you have not in any way authorised the disrespectful and indecent manner in which they have sought to negociate with me on this subject.

"It is certain, Madame, that I have always loved you only, and that I have never desired anything more than to please you in all things; excepting always when you desired an unreasonable thing, or where my honour and the interest of my affairs were concerned.

"I know only too well that we have often had disturbances and uneasiness, but I should have suffered them, on my part, with more tranquillity, if I had not seen that they were caused less by the vivacity of your temper, than by your too great readiness to listen to little complaints and insinuations, and fancying yourself offended in the persons of those who brought them to you; and you cannot but remember with what patience I have suffered your pouting ill-humours for more than two years; and that, at times when you would scarcely speak to me, or look at me, I have taken no other course but that of silence.

"I hope you will reflect, that not only have you always possessed my affection without partner or rival, but that, as well as my situation and state permitted me, I have neglected nothing which could contribute to your gratification. In matters of money I have never limited you; you were able to go where you pleased; you saw whom you chose; and you wrote and received letters without restraint; and you know, moreover, that far from encouraging your solitary and retired habits, I have done my best to incite you to take more amusement, which would have contributed also to mine; but except in this, in all things and everywhere I have left you entirely at liberty to follow your own taste and inclination; reserving only to myself the management of my family and of my affairs.

"I cannot, Madame, recover from the astonishment

which has seized me, at the extravagant and unjust ideas which have been instilled into you against Lord and Lady Inverness, because neither you nor any other person ever told me a single fact upon which they could be based; and I think myself obliged to state, that Lord Inverness, far from having attempted to prejudice me against you (which no one has hitherto had the boldness to do) has principally applied himself to profit by the liberty which I allow him of speaking freely to me, to exhort me to patience and gentleness, whenever he saw that I was not quite satisfied with you; and as to the Countess, both yourself and all the world hath seen with what zeal and even affection she has served you during several years; and to this moment neither of them can understand in what way she can have failed in respect to you—which would have been to fail in respect to myself.

"You cannot have forgotten that, three years ago, seeing that Lord Inverness was disagreeable to you, though how or why I could not discover, I took from him, at his own request, the management of the household, so that since that time, it has not been possible for him to give you any subject of complaint; and since that period, his wife has not approached you except when you have asked for her; so that the prejudices which you entertain towards them at present are the most incomprehensible things in the world.

"I was certainly incapable of recommending to you any mean action; but it is not to have a true idea of greatness to suppose that it can be wounded by a gracious word or behaviour towards those persons who may have been shocked by some slight ebullition of anger or impatience.

"Such being the state of things, I could not but be equally surprised and displeased, when a threat was announced to me, that if I did not dismiss an able, faithful, and laborious minister, you would retire into a convent;

for even had I been disposed to put another in his place, after such a menace my honour was engaged to continue him; but without having recourse to this motive under present circumstances, I could not displace him without ruining my interests, and throwing my affairs into the greatest confusion. Yet, annoyed and afflicted to be continually the object of your unjust anger, as he has been for so long of that of my enemies, he has requested his dismissal, and nothing less than my positive orders retain him near me. See, Madame, in what embarrassment you place me: and where is there an honest man who will dare to serve me, after the scenes which you have exhibited to the world? And do not be surprised, if I expect you to testify your remorse for the want of respect which you have shown me, and for the injury which you have done to yourself and to me by so unheard-of a disturbance; and after that you must open your heart to me without reserve: in consideration of this, I will forget the past, and only think of the future in order to render you contented and happy.

"For what concerns your eldest son, it is true that I did give a general order that his governor and sub-governor should never quit him for an instant, and, in fact, they always come with him into my room, though they have not always done so in yours, when you were dressing. The reason for this order was, principally, to hinder him from escaping, and being alone among the servants, where children never learn anything good; and I never imagined that you could be offended by it, or take it in such a manner as you have done; but since you make it a matter of consequence, certainly it is not my intention to prevent you from seeing the child alone whenever you wish it.

"With respect to Miss Sheldon, it is a long time since she requested leave to retire; and I have not been pleased

with her since then. I had my reasons for removing her, and this ought not to offend you, being the master of my family and of my children: but all the world has been able to remark that your excessive irritation did not commence, nor arrive at its height, before I took my son out of her hands, and from those of the women, though you have never said anything against the persons to whom I confided him, and for whom I knew you entertained esteem — particularly for him who treated of and concluded our marriage.

"I protest to you, Madame, that I know no just cause which you can have to complain of me; for if I did know it, I should certainly remedy it: and I am persuaded that if you will give yourself the time to reflect, without prejudice, you will be touched by all that I have just written to you, and by the gentleness and goodness of my conduct towards you; that you will repent of the past, and that you will not push things to extremity, which, indeed, you cannot do without precipitating yourself into the direst misery, nor without being responsible for it before God and before men.

"I am surprised and mortified that you should have taken so important a resolution without the participation of the Prince your father; for I am persuaded that he would have done his utmost to calm you, and to prevent you from following the counsel of those who are not afraid to sacrifice your reputation and your peace to personal or wicked views and considerations.

"You have here, my dear Clementine, all that I am able to say to you upon this sad and deplorable subject. Make it, I beseech you, the ground of a profound meditation; remember that it is glorious to confess an error, and that it is only by correcting it that you can make yourself happy. Resist no longer the last effort of my tenderness, which

only awaits your return to revive, and never more to abate, nor know an end.

"JACQUES R."[1]

This appeal to her better feelings, the Queen did not condescend to answer. She was completely supported in her sullen behaviour by the adherents of Lord Mar, and by Cardinal Alberoni, who was then at Rome. Surrounded by such influences, it was not to be expected that she would listen to her husband, or that his pleading for reconciliation would produce any effect. A fortnight after he had despatched to her the letter last quoted, the Chevalier wrote to Lockhart (Dec. 8, 1725), "The Queen continues still in the convent, without giving me any mark of repentance or submission."[2] On the 19th of January, in the following year, he says again, "The Queen is still in the convent; and her advisers continue still, under a false pretence of religion, to procure my uneasiness from the Pope to such a degree, that I wish myself out of his country. .... I pity the Queen's situation with all my heart; and wish she may soon give me an opportunity of shewing her how much preferable my love and tenderness for her ought to be to the advice of her pernicious councellours."[3]

[1] Lockhart Papers. The original of this letter is in French.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

Once more, on the 20th of February, James wrote to his wilful spouse. He told her she had had time enough to consider; that he was sure she had been "ill persuaded;" he added, that he could not dismiss Lord Inverness, but he conjured her to throw off her prejudices, and not sacrifice her own honour and interests.[1]

On the 2nd of March, there is another letter from the Chevalier to Lockhart, in which he states that he has lately received a proposition from a subject whom he greatly esteems; that it is necessary to give the Queen some sort of satisfaction, and he therefore proposes that the Duke of Ormonde should take Lord Dunbar's place of governor to the Princes, and Lady Inverness should retire until the Queen thinks fit to recall her: but Lord Inverness must remain in his present position.

"I am glad," (the Chevalier proceeds), "of any opportunity to engadge the Queen to open her heart to me; but as she had already refused to hear Cardinal Gualterio, though charged with a message from the Queen of France[2], in return for the letter the Queen writ to her on her retreat,

[1] Lockhart Papers.

[2] Marie Charlotte Sophie Félicité Leczinska, elder daughter of Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland, and Catherine Opalinska: Queen of Louis XV.

I desired the Princess Piombino, who went frequently to see the Queen in the Convent, and for whom the Queen expressed particular regard, these many years, to ask the Queen from me, what was her opinion of the proposalls of reconciliation sent to me? The Queen told the Princess Piombino that she had then the headache, and could not enter into those matters; but the next day, she writ her word that she was much surprised at the message she brought her the day before; and that if she did not know her, she would have thought she had been imposing on her. . . . . Next time the Princess came to see her, she desired her to medle no more in these matters; and it seemed as if the Queen doubted if the propositions made to her were authentick . . . . I writ her a letter . . . . and sent Foster to deliver it to her. She told him she had the headache[1], and would answer it as soon as she could: and two days after, I received a very long letter from her, which, tho' writ all in her hand, I can plainly discover to be in Cardinal Alberoni's style; and it is contrived in terms no wayes becoming either a wife or a Queen. She takes no notice of the memorial[2], but rails extremely against Lord Inverness, without accusing him of any particular fact, or giving any reason. . . . By the whole strain of her letter, I see very plainly, that if I yield to her, I must expect to receive the law from her, and, according to her way of thinking, not keep a Protestant about my person: since, in answer to what I say of Lord Inverness's fidelity, she puts me the question, 'S'il est infidel à Dieu, sera-t-il fidel à son maître?' . . . . I shall be always ready to forgive the Queen, whenever she will live with

[1] Clementine's headaches seem to have come at command.

[2] The long letter above given.

me as a wife ought to do; but I would not purchase even my restoration at the price of being her slave. . . . I have nothing left to do, but lay aside all passion and resentment, and be readie to receive the Queen's submissions, when she's inclined to make them, and retract, in some shape or other, those lybells to which she hath lent both her hand and name, tho' they are plainly dictated by Cardinal Alberoni, who was tother day 6½ hours at the Convent of St. Cecilia. Till then, I cannot, in honour, nor upon any account, see the Queen's face; and in the mean time, I am not so blind as not to see the meaning of the Queen's whole conduct, in all its extent and all its consequences. It is such as will engadge me to mention her no more, and I shall content myself with remembering what I am and what I ought to be—which will not be forgot on this occasion, by those who know the duty of a subject."

Our next information concerning this self-willed lady, is derived from Lord Inverness, who writes to Lockhart on the first of May, to say that the Queen herself has contradicted the reports spread to the effect that her conduct was owing to jealousy.[1]

There remains another letter from James to Clementine—apparently one of his last efforts to induce her to return to him on his own terms. This letter is written in English.

[1] Lockhart Papers.

THE CHEVALIER TO THE QUEEN.

"September the 17, 1726.

"Notwithstanding the bad success of the many steps I have taken to convince you of my affection and tender regard, my compassion for you encreases in proportion with the misfortunes I see your separation from me exposes you to. The circumstance of my departure from Rome with our children very speedily, ought to make a feeling impression on you. I am sure it raises in me all the loveing sentiments I ever had for you, and presses me to sollicite you anew with all the earnestness possible not to lett slip soe favourable a conjuncture of returning to your family, assuring you at the same time that you will find in me a fond husband, ready to forgett what is past, and wholly intent on provideing for your happiness and tranquillity for the time to come.

"Consider, I beseech you, my dear Clementine, what you owe to God, to yourself, to me, to our children, and to the world; reflect on it seriously, and it will be impossible for me to believe that you can hold out any longer in a resolution that draws consequences after it for which you will ever after be accountable to God and Man. I flatter myself the more that you will noe longer persist in it, that I had yesterday from the Popes own mouth that the only motive you ever laid before his Holyness to justifie your separation from me, was that I gave my son a Protestant Governor. Since I as Father and King am solely accountable for his education I hope that after serious reflection you will think it just and fitting to submitt in this to my judgement and conscience. But if, as God forbid, you should be resolved to remain always separated from me, I will send Sir William Ellis to inform you of the measures

I shall take for your maintenance in a Nunnery, with the regrett of not being in a condition to suit that to my inclination, but to my powere ability. Whatsoever be the event Madam, I shall have the comfort of having done my part, and complyd with my duty, since I omitted nothing that might prevent your misfortune, in the midst of which you shall always find in me, sentiments that are becoming a Christian, a Husband, and a King.

"J. R."

At length Clementine had her wilful way. The Chevalier, wearied out with her perversity, "over-talked and over-worn," and feeling that every week she remained in the convent was a fresh blow to his political interests, yielded at last, and very unwillingly gave the dismissal which Lord Inverness had so long and urgently requested. It was in July, 1727, that Clementine gained the triumph for which she had so eagerly striven; and she at once quitted her conventual refuge. The Chevalier was at Bologna, and the Queen travelled to that place to rejoin him.

It is rather singular, that she was now placed in precisely the same circumstances as when she first reached Bologna on her marriage. The night before her arrival, the news came to Bologna of the death

[1] Lockhart Papers.

of George I. at Osnabrück.[1] The Chevalier saw at once, that he must put in his claim now or never. He therefore hurried off to Avignon, leaving a kind message for the Queen. When Clementine arrived on the following day, she found and warmly embraced her children, but on being informed that political events had compelled the Chevalier to depart just before her arrival, she fell into a fresh fit of sullenness.

On reaching Avignon, the Chevalier found the political atmosphere in such a condition, that he resolved to remain there for some time, in readiness to take immediate advantage of any circumstances that might seem propitious. Being also desirous of accomplishing at once the reconciliation with his wife, he wrote to her, to request her to join him at Avignon.[2] When Clementine had been in nearly the same position, in May, 1719, it had been almost impossible to induce her to remain at Bologna; in November, 1727, it was as impossible to persuade her to leave it. The froward Queen would not go to her husband. His having given a thought to his restoration or anything else, while she was in the way, was in her eyes a crime of the highest

[1] George I. died in his carriage, on the road to Osnabrück, on the night of June 11th, 1727. [2] Lockhart Papers.

magnitude. She replied to her husband's affectionate summons, by a cold and distant letter. She said, that she could not at present quit Bologna, for three reasons:—first, she did not think that her children were in good hands, and therefore she could not leave them:—secondly, Cardinal Polignac had told the Pope, that the King of France[1] would seize and stop her, if she entered his dominions;—thirdly (the true reason, as usual with a lady, came last), she had heard a surmise that the Earl of Inverness was as much in the King's favour as ever. She therefore begged his Majesty to excuse her for not obeying his commands.[2]

James was extremely pained and annoyed by this letter. It proved to him that Clementine was far more bent on having her own way, than on being reconciled to him, and hated Lord Inverness more heartily than she loved her husband. That portion of her letter which related to her children was absurd; for she had unconcernedly forsaken them for two whole years, and left them in the hands of any one whom James might choose to appoint; and if her reason for quarrelling with him had really been his choice of tutors for her sons, she surely would have redoubled her own care for them, and

[1] Louis XV. [2] Lockhart Papers.

watched well over them herself. As to her second reason, the Chevalier had been anxious to send for her two months before, but then he thought it unsafe, and did not wish to expose her to a long and troublesome journey to a place from which he might be obliged to depart before her arrival: he therefore delayed until her journey might be performed in perfect safety. The last reason given by the Queen was undoubtedly the true one.

The Chevalier returned to Italy as soon as possible. George II. was securely seated on the English throne, and James's residence at Avignon was no longer necessary. The long-estranged husband and wife met at Bologna, in January, 1728. The reconciliation was complete, and nothing more is heard of the wayward temper of the Queen.

Two years of conventual life caused a great change in Clementine. She entered the Convent of St. Cecilia, a beautiful, high-spirited, vivacious, fiery-tempered woman; she left it with her health destroyed, and her beauty all gone; her vivacity was exchanged for gravity, and even sternness; and she gave herself up, more than she had ever done before, to a life of complete seclusion. She was only about thirty years of age, when Keysler wrote of her—"The Princess is too pale and thin to be thought hand-

some; her frequent misfortunes have brought her very low, so that she seldom stirs abroad unless to visit a convent. She allows her servants no gold or silver lace on their liveries; this proceeds from what is called her piety, but is partly owing to ill-health, and partly to the jealousy, inconstancy, and other ill qualities of the husband." [1]

The life of the Queen after she returned to her husband was but a slow march to the grave. Her constitution was completely broken up; probably her conventual austerities had a considerable share in this: and after a long and wearisome illness, during which she was most affectionately and assiduously attended by her husband, Clementine Sobieski Stuart drew her last breath, at Rome, on the 18th of January, 1735, aged 33 years.

The generally stern fortitude of the Chevalier gave way on the death of his wilful Queen, and he wept long and bitterly. The Pope, with much kindness and delicacy of feeling, transmitted to the sorrowing and poverty-stricken exile a sufficient sum to enable him to put himself and his household into mourning. The expenses of the Queen's funeral were defrayed

[1] Keysler was no friend to the Chevalier. He is not commonly accused of jealousy, though frequently of inconstancy; but even the latter he always denied strenuously himself. "Other ill qualities" is so indefinite a phrase that nothing can be said about it.

by the "Apostolic Chamber." The account given of it in the *Giornale di Roma* was translated and published in England. It is given below nearly in full, the original spelling being preserved, but not the capitals, which would have been too cruel a strain upon a modern fount of types.

"The corps of the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, cloth'd in her ordinary habit, was carry'd, upon Tuesday, the 18th[1], in a coach, follow'd by five others (in which were her ladies and other servants in mourning), accompany'd by a great train on foot, with torches and wax candles, but without ombrello's, from the Palace[2] where she dy'd, to the Church of the Holy Apostles. At the gate of the church, the corps was taken out of the coach by the gentlemen who belong'd to the deceas'd, and placed upon a bed of state made on purpose; they were met at the door of the church by all the fathers of the convent, each having a lighted wax candle in his hand; and being come to the middle of the church, they plac'd the corps upon a frame, surrounded with twenty-four large wax candles; and then the usual office for the dead was perform'd with musick, and afterwards the absolution pronounced.

"Then the same gentlemen carried the corps to an inner chamber, in the Most Reverend the Father-Minister-General's apartment, accompanied by Monsignor the Pope's Major-Domo, Monsignor Gamberucci, Archbishop of Amasia, the Masters of the Ceremonies to His Holiness, there being likewise present, by a particular dispensation from the

[1] Of January — the day of her death.

[2] The Palazzo degli Santi Apostoli.

Pope (otherwise not allow'd), her Excellency Donna Isabella Acquaviva d'Arragona, Dutchess Strozzi [1], and the Ladies and Maids of Honour of the Court of the deceas'd Princess. In presence of these, and of the necessary attendants, the body was open'd and embalm'd, under the direction of Monsignor Antonio Leprotti, private physician to His Holiness.

"This ceremony being perform'd, the Dutchess Strozzi, (who had attended the Princess in her sickness), and the ladies present, cloth'd the corps in the habit of a Dominican nun, in honour to the convent to which she had retir'd for some time [2]; after which it was carry'd to the chapel of the above-mentioned Father-Minister, where a Swiss guard attended.

"But His Holiness Clement XII., to show his particular esteem for this most excellent Princess, gave orders, from a generosity peculiar to his great mind, that the most solemn obsequies should be performed in honour of her, at the Church of the Holy Apostles, upon Sunday, the 23rd, and accordingly gave the direction of it to Monsignor Colonna, Major-Domo of the Apostolic Palace [3]; which was perform'd in the following manner.

"Upon Sunday, the 23rd, about noon, the ladies, being admitted into the chapel, dress'd the corps in robes with rich gold clasps, and laced [4] with gold and ermine, over which was put a mantle of purple velvet, lin'd with ermine, with black tufts adorn'd with gold lace. Upon her legs

[1] This lady was probably the wife of Filippo Strozzi, Prince of Forano.

[2] The Dominican Convent of St. Cecilia. See above. The habit of a Dominican nun consisted of a white dress, black mantle, white wimple, and black hood lined with white.

[3] This odd name most likely denotes the Palazzo degli Santi Apostoli.

[4] Or, as we should now say, *trimmed*.

were silk stockings with gold clocks, and the shoes were of purple velvet, embroidered with gold; and upon her hands, white gloves, adorned after the same manner. Upon her head was a bonnet of purple velvet, border'd with ermine at the edge, under which her hair, hanging loose about her neck, &c.

"The corps, thus adorn'd, was privately convey'd to the great church, and placed upon a bed of state, prepared for that purpose, in the middle of the church, and cover'd with a rich brocade, having a sumptuous canopy, with a crown at the top of it. The whole church being richly adorn'd, with ornaments proper for mourning, and enlighten'd with an infinite number of torches and wax candles. Thither came their Eminencies the Cardinals, to the number of thirty-two, in purple habit (which is their habit of mourning), where they assisted at vespers, mattins, and the office for the dead: all which were perform'd by turns, by the mendicant friars. The usual absolution was afterwards sung by the choir of the convents, and those of the Pope's chapel.

"After this follow'd the solemn procession of conveying the corps to the basilick or Church of St. Peter's; which was done in the following manner.

"The mournful procession was begun by the boys of St. Michael's and of the Orphans, each of them with two torches before him. After them went all the numerous confraternities, with torches in their hands, and the different ensigns or standards of the Society; viz: those of the B. Sacrament, of the Nativity, of the Guardian Angels, of the Jesu, of St Joseph, &c.

"After the confraternities appear'd the cross of the Reverend Chapter of St. Peter's, attended by the mace-bearer, and four of the inferior officers of the church, in their surplices, with lighted torches.

"After them follow'd the religious of different Orders, all with lighted candles; viz.: the barefooted Augustines, the Capuchins, with the other different divisions of the Franciscians; those of St. Augustine, St. Dominic, &c. After all the different Orders of Regulars, walk'd the clergy of St. Peter's, and those of the Holy Apostles, with the Chamberlain of the clergy of Rome in the middle; all in their surplices and stole: accompanied by the choir of St, Peter's and the whole Chapter in their distinguishing habits, according to their different degrees, and all with candles, with their mace-bearers before them.

"All these having pass'd by four and four, follow'd (but without any precise order) the gentlemen and servants of the deceas'd Princess: and after them the bed of state, upon which was the body, in the manner above describ'd, and looking beautiful and majestick even in death. Round this, at the four corners, were carried, by four of her servants in mourning cloaks, standards with her arms[1]: and four gentlemen of the same Court held the rich cover by four corners, upon which were embroidered her arms, with this inscription in gold letters.

"MARIA CLEMENTINA, &c.[2]
ANNO MDCCXXXV."[3]

"The Swiss guards attended the corps, which was likewise surrounded by five hundred torches, carried by

[1] The royal arms of Poland are, Argent, an eagle displayed gules.

[2] The "&c." doubtless denotes the royal title — "Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regina."

[3] This inscription settles the date of Clementine's death. Anderson gives it Jan. 7, 1734, a year too early; while Mr. Jesse, though he refers to this very translation of the account of the funeral ceremony in the *Giornale di Roma*, places her demise in 1765, thirty years after it actually took place!

the gentlemen appointed out of the several confraternities, and by the students of the English, Scotch, and Irish Colleges, in their surplices.

"Next after the bed of state follow'd the cavalcade of the Pope's family [1], viz.: Monsignor Colonna, Major-Domo, the Most Reverend the Archbishop, and other prelates of the Palace, the Masters of the Ceremonies, Prothonotaries, Chaplains in Ordinary, and other officers; attended by the Captain of the Swiss, with a detachment of his halberdiers, as also by macebearers, with their silver maces, the grooms and other servants carrying torches before them.

"Lastly came ten coaches, all in mourning—three of which had tassels of gold at the bridles of their horses, three others, tassels of black silk mixed with gold, and the other four were without tassels. In these coaches were the ladies of that Court.

"In this order the procession went from the Church of the Holy Apostles to St. Peter's, along the several streets (which all together go by the name of the Pope's Road, and is all paved with broad stones), the whole way lin'd with guards, but even they scarce sufficient to keep off the crowd, which flocked from all parts to see and join in this mournful solemnity. By a particular order from the Governor of Rome, no other coaches were allowed to pass those streets thro' which the procession was to go. The balconies and windows were full of the nobility and gentry, of both sexes, in tears.

"About seven o'clock they arrived at St. Peter's; where as soon as the corpse had entered the church, the doors were shut, and the bed of state was carry'd to the chapel of the choir, where the Most Reverend Chapter celebrated

[1] We should now say, 'the Pope's *household*.'

solemn devotions, and which, by the order of his Eminence Cardinal St. Clement, arch-priest, and the rest of the Reverend Chapter, was handsomely adorn'd with black, having rich gold cords hanging down, with twists made of black and white silk, which made the Princess's arms, and the emblems of death. All the chapel being illuminated by great torches set upon silver standards, Monsignor Cervini, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and canon of St. Peter's, performed the usual offices of absolution. Then four gentlemen of the Court of the deceased, mounting the steps placed by the bed of state, remov'd the corps, and laid it upon a couch prepar'd for it in the chapel; when the ladies taking off the robes, leaving that of St. Dominic, (which had been beneath the others) put the vail of the nuns of that Order about her head.

"After the corps was thus order'd the four gentlemen above-mention'd put it into the coffin, upon a matress of white taffeta, with a pillow of the same, placing the regalia at her feet; and then her gentleman-usher putting a vail of white taffeta over her face and whole body, the coffin was close shut up, with the usual ceremonies, and put into another coffin, according to custom, and consigned, in the presence of the Major-Domo, by the gentleman-usher, to the Chapter, to be deposited (for the present) in the vault of the said church.

"On Monday, 24th of January, the Cardinal Arch-priest, and the Reverend the Chapter, having caus'd an high tomb to be set in the middle of the 'foresaid chapel, in which was placed the coffin, with the corps, cover'd with the rich covering before mention'd, above which, upon a cushion, were placed the mantle, &c., and like those which were put in the coffin (a large canopy being over the tomb), the solemn obsequies were then perform'd. High mass was sung by several choirs, and cele-

brated by the aforesaid Patriarch of Jerusalem. After which follow'd the absolutions (or, as they may be call'd, lustrations) round the tomb, call'd '*Ceremoniale Majoris Potentiæ;*' at all which were present the Archbishop of Hierapolis, the Bishops of Cyrene, Constance, and Marciana (all canons of St. Peter's) the whole Chapter of that church, together with the Chevalier's Court, in deep mourning, besides several Cardinals and other prelates.

"The obsequies being perform'd, the Chapter, with the cross before them, follow'd by the ladies of the deceas'd Princess, and others of her train, went in procession from the chapel to the confessional, near the great altar at St. Peter's; the confraternity of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament carrying the tomb, which they set down at the entry to the confessional; then taking out the coffin, all the clergy and gentlemen belonging to the deceas'd Princess went down stairs with the corps, to the vaults under the church; the ladies staying in the confessional, because they are not allowed to go into the vaults. Monsignor Origo perform'd a short office below, and, depositing the corps in the open vault, return'd into the church.

"Thus ended the ceremonial, but not the universal sorrow for this great and most excellent Princess."

The following inscriptions were set up in St. Peter's in honour of the Queen:

Over the outside door.

"To
MARIA CLEMENTINA, &c.[1]
EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED
FOR PIETY TO GOD,

[1] The "&c." of course denotes the title, "Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

CHARITY TO OTHERS,
DENIAL TO HERSELF.
CLEMENT XII., POPE,
DECREED THESE OBSEQUIES TO BE PERFORMED,
WITH ALL REGAL HONOURS,
IN ROME.
HER DEATH
ALL VIRTUOUS MINDS LAMENT!"

Over the inside of the same door.

"BY THE UNHAPPY DEATH OF
MARIA CLEMENTINA, &c.
GRAND-DAUGHTER OF JOHN III.,
KING OF POLAND;
WORTHY CONSORT TO
[JAMES III. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,][1]
EXCELLENT MOTHER TO
MOST ACCOMPLISHED PRINCES;
IN WHOM, WHILE SHE LIVED,
ROME BEHELD A MIND TRULY GREAT
AND CHRISTIAN;
AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH
UNDAUNTED AND CHEERFUL.
THE ORPHAN HAS LOST HIS SUPPORT,
THE POOR THEIR RELIEF,
THE SICK THEIR COMFORT,
THIS CITY ITS ORNAMENT,
RELIGION ITS BRIGHTEST EXAMPLE!
ALL RANKS OF PEOPLE,
MOURN, LAMENT,
AS IF THERE WERE A GENERAL DECREE
FOR GRIEF."

---

[1] In the account of the funeral ceremony, whence these translations are taken, this line is left blank.

Over the right hand entrance.

"WHO CAN REFRAIN FROM GRIEF?
WHO CAN ABSTAIN FROM TEARS?
OUR HOPES ARE VANISHED.
BUT HER MEMORY SHALL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN,
NOR OUR AFFECTION LANGUISH."

On the right side of the church.

"WEEP, WEEP, YE VIRGINS,
LAMENT, YE MATRONS:
SHE WHO TAUGHT YOU MODESTY
AND DIGNITY OF MANNERS
IS NO MORE.
WHO NOW SHALL GUIDE YOUR STEPS
TO HONOUR OR TO FAME?"

Over the left hand entrance.

"ROMANS AND STRANGERS,
MOURN IN YOUR HABITS AND YOUR HEARTS,
TO DO JUSTICE TO THIS SOLEMN SCENE.
AND WHILE AT HOME WE RELATE
THIS MELANCHOLY STORY,
AND GIVE HER FOR A PATTERN TO
POSTERITY,
PROCLAIM, THESE HONOURS AND THESE PRAISES
ARE THE LEAST REWARD OF
SO MUCH VIRTUE!"

On the left side of the church.

"MISTAKEN MORTALS!
WHAT, AS A CALAMITY,
HAS BEEN BOTH YOUR PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE CONCERN,

PROVES TO HER ETERNAL HAPPINESS!
NOR WAS SHE TORN FROM US
BY CRUEL DEATH,
BUT GRADUALLY SANK TO SLEEP,
AND, WAKING, FOUND IMMORTAL BLISS,
NOT HUMAN GREETINGS,
BUT ANGELS', MEET HER IN JOY
TO JOIN IN HALLELUJAHS.
THE CROWN SHE MERITED
AND VALUED MOST,
SHE HAS FOUND IN HEAVEN!

SORROWING MORTALS,
REFLECT AND PROFIT BY THIS
GREAT EXAMPLE,
AND LET YOUR VENERATION
NOW TAKE THE PLACE OF SORROW."

The inscriptions were flattering, and one at least was more worthy of heathen, than of Christian, Rome; the magnificence was the shadow of a lost reality.

Thus, in the vaults of St. Peter's Church at Rome, far away from the land of her fathers, far from the throne which it was hers to share by hereditary right, were laid, "for the present," awaiting that second English Restoration which never came, the mortal remains of Marie Clementine Stuart, *de jure* Queen of England.

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APPENDIX.

I.

THE WILL OF WILLIAM LONGUÉPÉE, EARL OF SALISBURY.[1]

✠ In the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

This is the will of William Longuépée, Earl of Salisbury, made in the middle of Lent, in the year from the incarnation of our LORD 1225, when it was disposed and provided that he should go into Gascony in the service of our Lord the King.

Imprimis, I, William Earl of Salisbury, direct that the

[1] Printed in *Excerpta Historica*, p. 341. The original Latin is so curious, and so well illustrates the style of almost unintelligible abbreviation used in those days, that I subjoin the first sentence, as a specimen of the whole.

"✠ In Nomine p̃ris et fĩ et sp̃ sc̃i Am. Hoc est testam̃tū Will̃i Longesp̃ Com̃ Saℓ̃ fc̃m ī media q̃drag̃ ab incarnac̃oe anno M° C. C. XXV° q̃ dispōitū et pvisū fuit q̃ idē comes iret ī Wascoñ ī ꝟvic̃o d̃ni R. —" etc. The date of this will, Lent, 1225, shows that what Longuépée dictated on his death-bed must have been a codicil or additional clause.

debt which I owe to my Lord the King since my last account this year before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster, be paid to my Lord the King from the proceeds of my wardships, saving such part of it as my bailiffs can show to be overcharged.

Item, I direct that my other debts be paid from the proceeds of the land of William de Vescy[1], which I have in my wardship, except the manor of Cathorp with its appurtenances, from which I assign two hundred pounds towards the building of the blessed Mary, of the essart of Bentlewood. But when those two hundred pounds shall have been received from the said manor, it shall return to the payment of my debts until the full age of the said heir.

Item, I assign to the satisfaction of prizes unjustly taken to my use out of war by myself or my men, the moiety of all the proceeds of the wardships of the land of the heir of Earl Hugh le Bigod; and the other moiety to reward those who have served me, except the manor of Aclee[2] with its appurtenances, from which I assign two hundred marks to the new building of the church at Salisbury.[3] But when these two hundred marks have been received from that manor, it shall return to pay my debts as aforesaid, until the full age of the heir of the said Earl Hugh le Bigod.

Item, I assign to the building of the House of God's Place, of the Carthusian Order[4], all the profit of the wardship of the land of the heir of Richard de Camville[5], of which I am now seized, until my heir be of full age.

---

[1] Afterwards married to Isabel, the eldest daughter of Longuépée.

[2] Oakley. — It may be considered doubtful whether Longuépée knew the Saxon tongue; which will account for his odd spelling of several names derived from that language.

[3] The present Cathedral.

[4] At Hatherop.

[5] Ida, or Idonia de Camville, affianced to Longuépée's eldest son William. She was his senior by some years.

Item, I assign to the same House, a chalice of gold, with beautiful emeralds and rubies, a pix of gold with pearls, and two vials of silver, of which one is gilt and the other is plain: also its great chapel-furniture, *viz.* a chasuble of red samite[1], and a cope for the choir of red samite; a tunicle, a dalmatica of saffron-coloured sendall[2] finely wrought, an alb with ornaments, an amice, a stole, a fanon[3], with napkins, and all its relics. *Item*, I assign to the same house a thousand ewes, three hundred muttons, forty-eight oxen, and twenty heifers.

Item, to the House of St. Mary of the essart of Bentlewood, my feast-day chapel-furniture, which I have been accustomed to carry with me, except the aforesaid two vials of silver, which have been assigned with the great chapel-furniture aforesaid. And I bequeath to the same House my book called a portehois.[4] Also to the said House I give twenty cows, three hundred ewes, an hundred muttons, thirty-two oxen, thirty goats, and an hundred pigs.

Item, to the House of Bradenstoke, three hundred ewes, ten cows, and seven heifers.

Item, to the House of Bernecester[5], two hundred ewes, ten cows, and eight oxen.

Item, to the House of Terrente[6], one hundred ewes, eight oxen, and seven heifers.

Item, to the House of Kinton[7], an hundred ewes and six cows.

Item, to the House of St. Helen of London, ten cows.

---

[1] Samite was an exceedingly rich material, the warp being of silk, and the woof of gold.

[2] "A species of rich thin silken stuff, very highly esteemed." *Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Words.*

[3] A maniple, or scarf worn over the left arm of the officiating priest.

[4] A breviary.

[5] Burcester. [6] Tarrent Keynes. [7] Keynton.

Item, to the House of the Ivied Monastery[1], fifty ewes and ten cows.

Item, to the House of St. John of Wilton, five cows.

Item, to the House of Brumor, fifty ewes and four cows.

Item, to the House of Bradley, an hundred ewes and ten cows.

Item, to the House of Christchurch, fifty ewes.

Item, to the House of Farley, an hundred ewes and ten cows.

Item, to the House of Bruynton[2], an hundred ewes and ten cows.

Item, to the House of St. Denis without Southampton, fifty ewes and ten cows.

Item, to the lepers of the hospital of Salisbury, five cows.

Item, to the lepers of the hospital of Wilton, five cows.

Item, to the House of Hundeslawe[3], ten cows.

Item, to the Hospital of St. Bartholomew of London, eight oxen.

Item, to the House of St. Radegund without Dover, ten oxen.

Of this my will I appoint these executors; *viz.* the venerable Fathers, S[tephen] Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord of Bath, the Lord of Lincoln, and the Lord of Salisbury, Bishops; to order, confirm, and defend the same: *item*, I appoint the venerable men and my friends, the Lord William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, the Lord William de Wanda, Dean of Salisbury, and Master Edmund[4], Treasurer of the Church of Sarum, to observe and consult, and firmly assist in the execution of the same: also I appoint my beloved and faithful Sir Adam de Alta Ripa[5], Knight, and Sir I. Bonet, Clerk, faithfully to exe-

[1] Ivychurch.
[2] Bruton.
[3] Hounslow.
[4] Of Abingdon.
[5] This is the original form of the name now spelt Dealtry.

cute the same by the counsel and aid of the aforesaid personages. Moreover, for the greater security and attestation of this will, my Lord the King, at my request, has caused to be affixed to this writing his own seal, together with the seals of the aforesaid personages, and together with my seal.[1]

---

[1] Longuépée's seal represents him on horseback, in a complete suit of chain armour, bearing his shield, az., six lioncels rampant sable (3, 2, 1), and having his sword in his *left* hand. On the trappings of the horse also the lioncels are to be seen.

II.

CHARACTER OF JOHN OF GAUNT.

The very singular "Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre Richard, Traictant particulierement la Rebellion de ses subiectz et prinse de sa personne, composee par un gentilhom'e francois de marque, qui fut a la suite dudict Roy," (1399,) throws considerable light on this subject. This metrical chronicle has been printed, with a translation, in the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*. There are ten manuscript copies known, of which all but three are mere transcripts of each other. The most early and authentic is in the British Museum.[1] The author was in the company of Richard II. from the time of his landing in Ireland until his entry into London as the prisoner of Henry IV. In this chronicle, Sir John Holland, Duke of Exeter, is found saying to his brother King Richard, speaking of Henry of Lancaster, his brother-in-law: — "Let him be told that he was banished by consent of his own father. . . . Let him take pattern from his father, who all his life was gentle and courteous, *nor would ever think or act disloyally against you.*"[2] But the most remarkable testimony to the loyalty of John of Gaunt is that of Richard himself. "Ah! dear uncle of Lancaster!"—so the fallen King apostrophised his dead uncle — "*had I believed you, this man would not now*

[1] Harleian MSS. 1319.

[2] Histoire du Roy Richard, Harleian MSS. 1319.

have offended me: you told me truly, that I did wrong to pardon him so often, for he would still continue to offend me. Three times have I pardoned his misdeeds, and this is the fourth offence he has committed. . . . . Ah! dear cousin of Bretagne, alas! you said truly, at your departure, that I should never be safe while Henry of Lancaster was alive. Alas! three times have I saved his life! for once *my dear uncle of Lancaster*—on whom GOD have mercy!—*would have put him to death*[1], *for the treason and villainy of which he had been guilty.* All night did I ride to preserve him from death, and his father yielded him to my request, telling me to do with him as I pleased. How true is the saying, that we have no greater enemy than the man we save from the gallows! Once he drew his sword on me in the chamber of the Queen, on whom GOD have mercy! He was of the council of the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel: he consented to my death, *that of his father*, and all my council. All his offences towards me have I pardoned, *nor would I believe my uncle his father, who three times condemned him to death.*"[2] It would appear from this valuable chronicle, that in John of Gaunt loyalty was superior to his affection for his own son; and the notes to the translation, in the *Archæologia*, raise a doubt as to the death of John of Gaunt having any reference (as usually stated) to the banishment of Henry; and the comparison of various circumstances suggests the pro-

[1] This seems to have been during the Regency of John of Gaunt: in this case the rebellious and treacherous disposition of Henry must have shown itself very early.

[2] Histoire du Roy Richard, Bibliothèque Impériale, $\frac{8448}{2}$, *Ambassades.*

bability of the cause of his broken-hearted end being rather the troubles which that wicked and wayward son was bringing on his King and country.

III.

LETTERS FROM THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN TO THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

The autograph letters of Maximilian I. are all curious: but two in particular are so extremely odd (and the oddness is of a kind which is lost by translation), that I subjoin the originals here.

I.

TRES CHIERE ET TRES AMÉE FYLLE,

. . . . Envoyons demain Monsieur de Gurce, Evesque, à Rome devers le Pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyssons accorder avec luy de nous prenre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que après sa mort pourruns estre assuré de avoer le Papat et devenir prestre et après estre sainct, et que il vous sera de nécessité que après ma mort vous serés contraint de me adorer dont je me trouveré bien gloryoes.

Je envoye sur ce ung poste devers le Roy d'Arogon pour ly prier quy nous voulle ayder pour à ce parvenir dont yl est aussy contant, moynant que je résingne l'empir à nostre commun fyls, Charl, de sela aussi je me suys contenté.

Le peuple et gentilhomes de Rome ount faet ung allyance contre les Franchoes et Espaingnos et du l'empire d'Almaingne et ne veulent avoer ne Françoes, Aregonoes ne mains null Vénécien.

Je commance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx dont ii^{e} ou

iii^{c} mylle ducats me ferunt un grand service, avecque la parcialité qui est déjà entre eos.

Le Roy d'Arogon à mandé a son Ambaxadeur que yl veult commander aux Cardinaulx Espaingnos que yl veulent favoryser le Papat à nous.

Je vous prie, tenés ceste matère empu secret; ossi bien en briefs jours je creins que yl fault que tout le monde le sache; car bien mal esté possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matère secretement, pour laquell yl fault avoer de tant de gens et de argent, suceurs et pratike. Et à Diu. Faet de la main de vostre bon père

MAXIMILIANUS, FUTUR PAPE.

Le xviii jour de Septembre.

P.S. Le Papa a ancor les vyevers dubls et ne peult longement fyvre.

A ma bonne fylle l'Archiduchesse d'Ostrice, Douairiere de Savoye.

II.

MA BONNE FILLE,

J'ay resçeu par le peurteor de cestes les belles chemises et huves, lesquelles avés aydé de les faere de vostre main, dont sumus fort jeouieulx, principalement des ce que je trouve en sela que vous vous soussés du corps de nostre person, mesmement que quand ceste anné nous pourterons nostre couraige, lequel est rude et pésante, que adunques nostre povir du cors sera reconforté à l'encontre du bon senteor et dusceur de telle belle thoele, lesquels usunt les angels en paradis pour leor abillement. Et nous feruns aussi bien tost bonne diligence pour vous aussy remercier de ung image d'un futur sainte, aussy fabriké de nostre main. Pour les mavès nouvelles, que je eu tous le

jour du cousté du Roy d'Arragon, je ne a volu déspescher ceste pourteor, serviteur de messire Loys. Mès pour ce que tout est venu ancor bien par les lestres de Messire André de Bourgo, je ly ay despesché à haste pour vous peurter ceste bonnes nouelles; et à Dieu.

Escript de la main de vostre bon père, qui désirt unefoes vous bien tost veor.

Faet le xvii[e] de Mai.

MAXI.

IV.

INVENTORY OF THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE'S PROPERTY.

Marguerite was as fond of music as of poetry. No less than twelve composers were under her special patronage; and several of her own songs were set to music. The catalogue of her library, so far as the manuscript books are concerned, still exists. There was probably another for printed books, which has perished. The books were bound in cramoisie, blue, black, and green velvet. Among them are to be found the following titles.

"A very good, great, and very rich book on vellum, all written in letters of gold, and illuminated, covered with frized cloth of gold, and having clasps and hinges of gold—entitled *The Book of the Gospels.*"

The Chronicles of Froissart.
The First and Second Decade of Titus Livius.
The Romance of Sir Lancelot du Lac.
The Fortress of Faith.
Boccacio's Unfortunate Nobles.
Cæsar's Commentaries.
The History of Merlin.
The Epistles of Seneca, in French.
The Old Testament.
The Golden Legend.
Lucan's Pharsalia.
The Chronicles of Troy.

The Art of Chivalry.

The Problems of Aristotle.

A French Bible. (These books were all illuminated.)

The Legends of various Saints, the first legend illuminated.

The Decretals.

A Genealogy from Adam to CHRIST, "covered with green velvet, and with latten nails."

The Genealogy of all the Kings of France, illuminated. (Maximilian was curious in genealogies; he wrote several times to Marguerite, desiring her to send him those of the Kings of England, France, etc.)

The City of GOD. (This was doubtless a translation of St. Augustine's celebrated work *De Civitate DEI.*)

The Nature of Birds.

The Ten Moral Axioms of Philosophers, "a little book covered with green velvet, gilt clasps, and on the clasps are the arms of Savoy."

Ovid's Metamorphoses, in rhyme.

The Book of the Ten Commandments of our LORD, with the difference between sins venial and mortal.

A Latin Bible.

The Sainct-Graal, "in bad language."

"A large parchment book written in Hebrew or other characters which nobody understands, without any title which anybody can read, covered with blue velvet, gilt clasps!"[1]

A list of Marguerite's paintings and objects of *vertu* follows; by which it appears that she possessed portraits of

Charles V.	Christiern II. King of Denmark.
Philip the Fair.	Philippe le Bon, her great-grandfather.
Queen Juana.	

[1] *Correspondance de Maximilien I.*

Mary Tudor, Duchess of Suffolk.
Mdlle. de Mon-Lambert, as St. Margaret.
The Duke of Milan.[1]
Isabel of Portugal, the Empress.
"The Queen Donna Isabel."[2]
The Countess Horn.
Henry VII. of England.
The Cardinal de Bourbon.
The Archduchess Marguerite.
Her little dog "Boute."
The Queen of Portugal (her niece Leonor).
The Emperor Friedrich IV., her grandfather.
Madame de Charny.
Madame de Charolais.
The Duchess de Nemours.[3]
Charles VIII. of France, Marguerite's first husband.
Philibert Duke of Savoy, her third husband.
Jean Duke of Burgundy, her great-great-grandfather.
Isabel Queen of Denmark, her niece.
Marie Queen of Hungary, her niece.
Marie Duchess of Burgundy, her mother.
The Archduke Ferdinand, her nephew.
Charlemagne.
The Duke de Berri, etc.

There is no mention of any portrait of her father, the Emperor Maximilian; nor of her second husband, Juan Prince of the Asturias. Several of the pictures are entered in the catalogue in very odd terms — viz.:[4]

"Trois pourtraictures faictes sur thoille à la semblance de Mesdames Lyénor, Ysabeaulz et Marye, seurs du Roy."

---

[1] Probably either Luigi *il Moro*, or his son and successor Massimiliano Ercole.

[2] Most likely Isabel the Catholic, Queen of Castilla.

[3] Charlotte de Longueville, wife of Philippe, first Duke of Savoie-Nemours.

[4] "Three portraits done upon cloth in the likeness of my Ladies Leonor, Isabeau, and Marie, sisters of the King."

"Another painting upon cloth in the likeness of the King, he being a young Prince, badly enough done."

"A picture of three old faces well made, having the appearance of wise men."

"A little picture of a God of pity being in the arms of our Lady; having two folding leaves, in each of which there is an angel, and above the leaves there is an annunciation in white and black."

"Another little [picture of] our Lady saying her hours; made by the hand of Michiel; which Madame calls her darling."

"Autre paincture sur thoile à la semblance du roy, lui estant josne prince, assez mal faicte."

"Ung tableau de trois vieulx visaiges bien faiz, ayans semblance de sages gens."

"Ung petit tableaul d'ung dieu de pityé estant es bras de Nostre Dame; ayant deux feulletz, dans chascun desquelz y a ung ange, et dessus lesdits feulletz y a une annociade de blanc et de noir."

"Ung autre petite Nostre Dame disant ses heures; faicte de la main de Michiel, que Madame appelle sa mignonne."

The next list is an inventory of the tapestry belonging to the Archduchess, from which it appears that in this material she possessed the histories of Alexander the Great, Esther, and St. Helena, besides many other pieces with various devices, and some with the arms of Aragon, Spain, and Milan.[1] The greater part of the tapestry came with her from Spain. Next follows a list of table-linen, napkins embroidered with gold, silver, cramoisie, blue, carnation, green, violet, grey, red, yellow, white silk, and all sorts of pretty and inconvenient needlework. Many of these also came from Spain. This inventory of tapestry and linen is entirely in Marguerite's own hand.

[1] The last-named had probably been the property of her step-mother, who was a Milanese Princess.

V.

WILL OF THE ARCHDUCHESS MARGUERITE.

This will, which had been executed in 1508, bequeathed all her possessions to her father, and after him to her nephew the Archduke Charles; in default of heirs of the Archduke, the succession was to pass to his brother Ferdinand, and lastly, to his sisters. Marguerite directed her body to be interred in the Church of St. Nicolas de Tolentin, near Bourg en Bresse. She bequeathed considerable sums to this church, to the Friars Minors, to Notre Dame de Bourg, the Hospital of St. Antoine, the Hôtel-Dieu, and various other charities of the same town; she gave marriage-portions to an hundred young girls, left a considerable legacy to her sister-in-law, Claude, natural sister of Philibert of Savoy, and bestowed pensions and gifts on all her officers and servants. The codicil which Marguerite now signed confirmed this will except in the first clause, appointed the Emperor Charles V. her sole heir, and bequeathed "one of her best rings," to be selected by her executors, to his brother Ferdinand. Lastly, "in order not to abolish the name of the House of Burgundy, she prays and beseeches the Emperor that his pleasure may be to retain in his own hands the said county of Burgundy, so long as he shall live; and that, after his decease, it may fall to that one of his heirs who shall inherit the neighbouring lands.[1] And in conclusion, for the universal good of

[1] His son, Philip II., inherited the Netherlands.

Christianity, and its safety, she supplicates him to maintain, keep and observe peace and friendship with the Kings of France and England."[1] The greater number of those whom the will named as executors being dead, the names of the following persons were substituted in the codicil.

The Count of Nassau, Chamberlain of the Emperor.[2]

The Count of Hoochstraten, *Chevalier d'Honneur* of the Emperor.

Jean de Berghes.

Louis de Flandre, Lord of Pract.

Pierre de Rosimbos, Maître-d'Hôtel to the Emperor.

Antoine de Montécut, Almoner and Confessor to the Archduchess.

Jean Ruffault, Lord of Neuville, Treasurer of the Emperor.

Jean de Marnix, Lord of Toulouse, Secretary to the Emperor.

Guillaume des Barres, Secretary of the Archduchess.

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[1] *Notice sur Marguerite.*

[2] Probably William I. Count of Nassau-Idstein.

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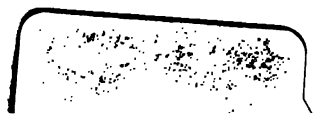
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